



THE



# LEISURE HOUR

OCTOBER, 1887.

## Contents.

- The Lone House: A Gal-  
loway Story By AMELIA  
E. BARR. II. . . . . 685
- Phayre Phenton: A Story  
of the Garibaldian Revo-  
lution. By TIGHE HOP-  
KINS, Author of "I WIXT  
Love and Duty." XV.—XIX. 651
- The Hessian Fly . . . 668
- Jean Paul Richter . . . 671
- An Intending Emigrant.  
By CHARLES MACKAY . 673
- Val d'Aosta. By MADAME  
LINDA VILLARI . . . 674
- A Lament . . . . . 679
- Glimpses of Queen Anne's  
Days. By JOHN STOUGH-  
TON, D.D. . . . . 680
- A Pastoral. By CHARLES  
D. BELL, D.D. . . . 682



## Contents.

- A Man Overboard (Page  
Engraving.) . . . . 694
- A Gallery of Illustrious  
Literary Characters.  
I. Goethe—Carlyle—Cole-  
ridge. By JAMES MASON 690
- Industrial Ireland . . . 695
- The Second Queen's Royal  
Regiment . . . . . 699
- The Derby Crown Porce-  
lain Works. By FRED.  
J. AUSTIN. . . . . 703
- A Few Days in Normandy  
on a Tricycle . . . . 709
- Professor Leone Levi . . 713
- Between Boards . . . . 714
- Varieties . . . . . 716

### ALMANACK FOR

### OCTOBER, 1887.

1 S	☉ rises 6.2 A.M.	8 S	Mars a morn'g. star	16 S	19 S.A.P. TRIN. New	24 M	Mich. Law Sit. beg.
2 S	17 SUN. APT. TRIN.	9 S	18 SUN. APT. TRIN.	17 M	☉ least dist. from ☉	25 T	☉ rises 6.43 A.M.
3 M	{ Full } 3.47 A.M.	10 M	{ 3 QUAR. 4.57 A.M.	18 T	☉ rises 6.31 A.M.	26 W	Clock af. ☉ 15m. 56s.
4 T	{ great. dis. from ☉	11 T	☉ rises 6.19 A.M.	19 W	Daybreak 4.39 A.M.	27 T	☉ sets 4.42 P.M.
5 T	Clk. af. ☉ 11m. 19s.	12 W	Pisces S. 11.30 P.M.	20 T	Aquila S. 5.48 P.M.	28 F	Venus grst. brincy.
6 W	Divs. due at Bank	13 T	Venus ris. 3.53 A.M.	21 F	Twil. ends 6.47 P.M.	29 S	{ great. dis. from ☉
7 T	Venus a morn. star	14 F	Fire Insurs. expires	22 S	☉ sets 4.52 P.M.	30 S	21 SUN. APT. TRIN.
8 F	☉ sets 5.24 P.M.	15 S	☉ sets 5.6 P.M.	23 S	20 S.A.P. TRIN. 31 Q.	31 M	{ Full } 9.31 P.M.

LONDON:  
56, Paternoster Row, and 164, Piccadilly.

# KEATINGS BEST COUGH CURE.

Sold everywhere in  
Tins. 1/1½ each.

## LOZENGES

DRESS FABRICS  
FOR  
Gentlemen.

PRIESTLEY

"Perfection  
of Dress Fabrics."  
—Court Journal.

PRIESTLEY

To be  
obtained from all  
Leading Drapers.

TRADE MARK:  
The Varnished  
Board.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.

# EPPS'S COCOA.

ONLY BOILING WATER OR BOILING MILK NEEDED.

## 'COCOON' KNITTING WOOL.

Having had numerous complaints from Ladies that they have had inferior wool balled in the same style as **COCOON** Wool, sold to them as **Genuine COCOON** Wool, please note that none is **Genuine** unless bearing the word **COCOON**, which is our Registered Trade Mark, on the band encircling the ball, and that all others are substituted solely for the sake of extra profit to the retailer.

Directions for knitting a number of useful articles free of charge on receipt of stamped & addressed envelope, mentioning name of this paper.



The fastest possible Dyes are used for Cocoon Wool.

WOOD & BURTT, Spinners, Holmfirth.

# SULPHOLINE SOAP

ENSURES A  
FAIR BEAUTIFUL SKIN.  
Tablets 6d.  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

# 5 GOLD MEDALS BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

FOR CAKES, PASTRY,  
PUDDINGS AND  
WHOLESOME BREAD



# SYMINGTON'S PEA FLOUR



For Soups, &c. Sold in Packets and Tins.

## PEA SOUP SEASONED AND FLAVOURED

Ready for the Table in a few minutes.

Sold in Packets and Tins by GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Export Agent, J. T. MORTON, LONDON.

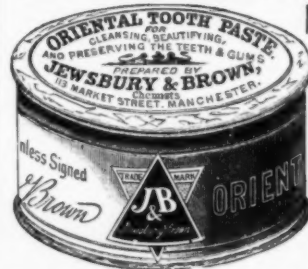
## FOR KEEPING THE MOUTH CLOSED IN SLEEP.

Tucker's Patent Contrivance. Approved and ordered by the MOST EMINENT PHYSICIANS in LONDON, as a "PROTECTOR" for the Throat and Chest at Night. Sold by Chemists everywhere, price 3s. It Prevents Dryness and Parching of the Tongue and Throat, which is followed by Indigestion and Dyspepsia. To sufferers from Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and all Diseases of the Chest, it is a great comfort to wear, and materially assists the Cure, promoting warmth and quiet sleep. It also prevents the DISTRESSING SNORING that arises from Indigestion.

P.S.—DEAFNESS is often caused and always increased by Sleeping with the Mouth Open.

# JEWBSURY & BROWN'S Oriental Tooth Paste

WHITE, SOUND  
TEETH,  
HEALTHY GUMS  
TO OLD AGE.



TOOTH PASTE

CAUTION.—The only genuine is JEWBSURY AND BROWN'S.

Pots 1/6 and 2/6. All Chemists. 60 YEARS IN USE.



CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMERS,  
3s. 6d., 5s., and 6s. each.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LAMPS,  
THE BURGLAR'S HORROR,  
1s. each.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS,  
SINGLE WICKS, BURN NINE HOURS.

CLARKE'S "FAIRY" LIGHTS,  
DOUBLE WICKS, BURN TEN HOURS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE. WHOLESALE AT THE  
"PYRAMID" AND "FAIRY" LAMP AND LIGHT WORKS,  
CHILD'S HILL, LONDON, N.W.

N.B.—See that the Trade Mark "PYRAMID," or Trade Mark "FAIRY" is on every Lamp and every Light.

**WRIGHT'S** PROTECTS FROM FEVERS MEASLES  
PROMOTES THE HEALTHY ACTION OF THE SKIN  
**COAL TAR SOAP** SMALL POX &c. A LUXURY FOR THE BATH. INVALUABLE FOR THE NURSERY.  
THE ONLY TRUE ANTISEPTIC SOAP. BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL. MOST EFFECTIVE IN SKIN DISEASES. LANCET.  
TABLETS 6d. SOLD EVERYWHERE. RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

RELIEF FROM COUGH IN TEN MINUTES.

## HAYMAN'S BALSAM OF HOREHOUND

The most certain and speedy remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, and all DISORDERS of the CHEST and Lungs. In the nursery it is invaluable, as children are fond of it.

Prepared only by A. HAYMAN & Co. (late of Neath),  
15, Albemarle Street, St. John's Square, London, and  
sold by all Chemists.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per Bottle.

# Fry's Cocoa

## Pure Concentrated Cocoa

Prepared by a new and special scientific process securing extreme solubility, and developing the finest flavour of the Cocoa.  
FROM SIR CHAS. A. CAMERON, M.D., President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland. "I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well. It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs are weak."

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR A SAMPLE AND COPY OF MEDICAL TESTIMONIALS.



**ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S IRISH**  
DAMASK TABLE AND HOUSE LINENS,  
COLLARS, CUFFS AND SHIRTS. } At Wholesale Prices.

**CAMBRIC POCKET  
HANDKERCHIEFS**

Samples and Price Lists Post Free.

PER DOZEN.

Children's ... 1/2	Hemstitched
Ladies' ... 2/4	Ladies' ... 2/11
Gents' ... 3/6	Gents' ... 4/11

By Appointments to the Queen and  
Crown Princess of Germany.

**ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, BELFAST.**

Telegraphic Address—"Linen," Belfast.

# NESTLE'S FOOD

For INFANTS,  
also for  
CHILDREN and  
INVALIDS.

PREPARED IN VEVEY, SWITZERLAND.

The Basis of NESTLE'S FOOD is choice Milk from Swiss Cows, to which is added a little sugar and some Wheat Flour, the insoluble parts of which have been excluded by a special PROCESS OF BAKING. The product obtained in this way acts as a solvent upon the caseine and prevents the milk from curdling in large lumps, thus rendering the whole compound, which is of the highest nutritive value, as digestible as MOTHER'S MILK. It is recommended by the highest medical authorities throughout the world.



'For OCTOBER contains—

A South Aspect.  
The Heir to the Boat. By ISABELLA  
FVVIS MAYO.  
A Discontented Boy. By SAR-  
C. J. INGHAM.  
The True Goodness of True  
Greatness.  
Poetry:—Autumn. By RICHARD  
WINTON. "I will hear the  
Heavens." By the Rev. NEWMAN  
HALL.  
Sabbath Thoughts.  
Natural History Notes on the Re-  
vised Version of the Bible.  
Things New and Old.  
A Letter from the Rev. William  
Romaine.  
Homely Light on Hallowed Texts.  
Scripture Exercises.  
Monthly Religious Record.



1

Each Series  
ation to 5



# THE SPRING OF HEALTH.



## SUNNY MOMENTS.

your FRUIT SALT daily, and have not had one headache during that time; whereas, formerly, everything but the plainest food disagreed with me. I am now almost indifferent as to diet. One quality your medicine has above others of its kind is that it to the patient does not become a slave, and I am now finding myself able gradually to discontinue its use. I cannot thank you sufficiently for conferring on me such a benefit; and if this letter can be used in any way, I shall be really glad, merely begging that the initials only of my name may be published.—I am, Sir, yours gratefully, TRUTH."

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT versus BRANDY.**—"There were a few attacks of mild dysentery, brought mainly on by ill-considered devotion to brandy, or biliousness produced by the same cause. For the latter we used ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which is simply invaluable."—See CORAL LANDS, Vol. I.

**SUCCESS IN LIFE.**—"A new invention is brought before the public and commands success. A score of *abominable imitations* are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."

**CAUTION.**—Legal rights are protected in every civilised country. Examine each Bottle, and see the capsule is marked "ENO'S FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S FRUIT SALT WORKS, HATCHAM, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.



**C. A. RICKARDS,**  
MANUFACTURER OF PURE DYE  
**SEWING & MACHINE SILK TWISTS,**  
Also "Imperial Knitting Silk." Shade-Cards  
and Agents' Names given on application at the Works,  
BELL-BUSK MILLS, via LEEDS.

Original Maker of the *rayds*, Fancy Buttonhole Silk Twist  
on reels, and the new *scoids* "BELL" Reel of BLACK  
MACHINE SILK, three sizes, Stout, Medium, and Fine, all  
same price per gram.

London Warehouse—6, LOVE LANE, WOOD STREET, E.O.

Latest Designs in perfect goods (guaranteed.) Money returned if goods not suitable.

**LACE CURTAINS**  
DIRECT FROM THE LOOMS.

Samples and Illustrations from SHEPHERD & BROOKE, Peveril Works, Nottingham.

**COLOURED DIAGRAMS AND PICTURES**  
FOR LECTURERS.

The Religious Tract Society

NOW ISSUE THE

DIAGRAMS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED BY THE  
WORKING MEN'S EDUCATIONAL UNION.

These Diagrams are intended for the use of Lecturers, and are executed in a bold, attractive style. Each is 3 feet by 4 feet in area, printed on cloth, adapted for distant inspection, and coloured for gas or candle-light. They are durable and very portable. Although arranged in Sets, they may be obtained singly at 3s. each Diagram. They are eyeleted for convenient suspension.

Detailed Lists, giving the number of Diagrams in each Series, may be had with full particulars on application to 56, Paternoster Row, London, E.O.

## GREENOCK WORSTEDS AND HOSIERY

The Cheapest and Most Durable in the Market.

Great Reduction in Prices.

Berlin Fingering and Double Berlin, reduced to 2½d. per oz. 4-ply Berlin Fingering, 5d. per cut. 5-ply Berlin Fingering, 6½d. per cut. Stockings and Socks (knitted, not woven), from 4d. to 2s. per pair. Bicycle and Shooting Stockings, 2s. and 3s. per pair. Hand-knitted Hosiery and Fancy Goods from stock or made to order. Retail Stores or Agents in every town in Scotland and England. Write for Samples and Price Lists to the manufacturers,  
**FLEMING, REID & CO., Greenock.**

Orders above 100s., carriage paid; 5 per cent. discount allowed on orders above 500s.

## DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT

Is the HARDEST, TOUGHEST, and most Enduring CEMENT ever discovered.

It securely and neatly mends China, Glass, Fancy Articles, Papier Maché, Toys, Fossils, Shell, Bone, Broken Pipes, Vases, Jugs, Vases, &c.; Cigar Holders, Picture Frames, &c.; and for Fastening Taps on Billiard Cues is unrivalled.

DAVY'S DIAMOND CEMENT, price 1s. of all Chemists.

Post Free for 1s. 2d. from the Proprietors, BARCLAY & SONS, 95, Farringdon Street.



SAVE TWO PROFITS BY PURCHASING DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY.

**LINDSAY'S**  
**IRISH LINENS**  
Irish Linen made up  
Pillow Slips, 8s. 9d. per dozen. Frilled ditto, 1s. 3d. each. Linen Sheets, twilled or plain, made up ready for use, all sizes and qualities. Damask Table-Cloths, Napkins, Diapers, Sheetings, Towellings, Glass Cloths, Shirtings, Pillow Linens, &c.

SAMPLES and PRICE  
LISTS Post  
Free.

**CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.**

Hemmed Ready for Use. Children's Bordered, from 1s. 4½d. per doz. Ladies' Bordered, from 1s. 11½d. per doz. Gentlemen's Bordered, from 3s. 9d. per doz. Embroidered and Col. Bordered.

J. LINDSAY & CO., Limited, BELFAST.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO H. M. THE QUEEN.

MAPLE & CO. NEW CARPETS.

MAPLE & CO. NEW DESIGNS.

**CARPETS for STREET-LIKE WEAR.**—MAPLE & CO.'S No. 4 quality is an extra stout Brussels Carpet, suitable for rooms where there is constant tread, and woven with regard to durability rather than elaboration of design. A Carpet of this grade, with border 5ft. by 9ft., can be had for 40s.

**CARPETS for STREET-LIKE WEAR.**—The "Maple" Brand Brussels Carpet is a special extra quality, made of selected yarns, and in all the Jubilee and other new designs and colourings, including some most wonderful replications of famous Eastern Carpets. This quality cannot fail to afford permanent satisfaction in use.

**CARPETS for STREET-LIKE WEAR.**—Saxony Carpets are strongly recommended alike for their richness of effect, elegance of design, and wear-resisting qualities. Messrs. Maple & Co. laid some miles of this fabric in the Hotel Metropole, the First Avenue, and the Great Eastern Hotels, where it can always be seen by visitors.—Maple & Co., European and Oriental Carpet Warehouse.

**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.**

# MAPLE & Co

**TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON.**

*The Largest FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT in the World.*

**NOTICE.**—Complimentary, Wedding, and Birthday Presents, an immense variety. Acres of Show-rooms for the display of goods, both useful and ornamental, from 1s. to 100 guineas. The variety is so extensive and varied that an inspection is solicited.

**POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.**—Messrs. MAPLE & CO. beg respectfully to state that this Department is now so organised that they are fully prepared to execute and supply any article that can possibly be required in Furnishing at the same price, if not less, than any other house in England. Patterns sent, and quotations given free of charge.

DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

SPECIMEN DINING ROOMS.

MAPLE & CO., Manufacturers of DINING-ROOM FURNITURE. The largest assortment to choose from, as well as the best possible value. Three more houses have just been added to this important department. Half a century's reputation.—Catalogue free

MAPLE & Co.'s NEW SPECIMEN DINING ROOMS, decorated and fully appointed with furniture in pollard oak, broom pendule mahogany, antique carved oak, American walnut, and other woods are now open to the public, and should be seen by all intending purchasers.

THESE ROOMS are not only helpful as showing the effect of the furniture when arranged in an apartment, but also most suggestive as regards decorative treatment, as well as a guide to the entire cost of furnishing in any selected style.—MAPLE and Co., Decorators and Furnishers.

**ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.**

USED BY HER MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

Gold Medals and Diplomas of Merit at all Exhibitions.

*"The Favorite."*  
**Needham's**

**Polishing Paste**  
TRADE MARK  
DAZZLING MIRROR FINISH.

The reputation of nearly a century as the most reliable preparation for cleaning and brilliantly polishing BRASS, COPPER, TIN, BRITANNIA METAL, PLATINOID, &c. Can be obtained Retail Everywhere, in 6d. and 1s. Pots; 2d. and 1d. Tins; and 1d. Cardboard Boxes.

Inventors and Sole Manufacturers—

**JOSEPH PICKERING & SONS, SHEFFIELD.**

LONDON OFFICE: ST. GEORGE'S HOUSE, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

PREPARED CONCENTRATED  
**CALIFORNIAN BORAX**

THE "HOUSEHOLD TREASURE"

(Specialite for Personal and Domestic Uses.)

Is supplied by all Family Grocers and Oilmen.

THIS IS  
THE  
ORIGINAL  
AND ONLY  
PREPARED



SAFE  
AGREEABLE  
AND  
ABSOLUTELY  
PURE

In Packets, 6d., 3d., & 1d. Uses and valuable receipts with each.

Patent Borax Co., Discoverers and Sole Makers, Birmingham. Borax Book "HOME AND HEALTH AND BEAUTY," with Sample Packet, free by post for Two Stamps.



In the New Patented LEE FINISH  
**"MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL.**  
(Registered Trade Mark.)

SPECIAL ADVANTAGES.

The depth of tone in all shades is unequalled. Will NOT SPOT with RAIN.

IF WET, can be dried before a fire and STILL RETAIN its original lustre and appearance.

Shades are ABSOLUTELY FAST and will NOT SOIL, light gloves or dress materials.

The ERECT PILE, which can only be obtained by the LEE FINISH causes it to drape as gracefully as the best Silk Velvet and PREVENTS CREASING.

Owing to the peculiar nature of the LEE FINISH, this Fabric is much LIGHTER in WEIGHT and consequently LESS FATIGUING in WEAR than all other makes.

In the new "LEE" FINISH, the Patentees have most successfully overcome the drawbacks common to all makes of Velveteen and Cotton Felt Fabrics finished by the ordinary process, producing at a much lower cost, and bringing within the reach of all purses, the beautiful fabric "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL, which has been pronounced by connoisseurs to be equal in appearance to and wear better than the best Lyons Silk Velvet. The Wear of every yard is guaranteed, and for the protection of the public every yard is stamped with the registered Trade Mark, "MY QUEEN" VEL-VEL, obtainable from all the best drapers throughout the United Kingdom, from 1s. 6d. to 5s. 6d. per yard.

SOLE PROPRIETORS—

**FELSTEAD & HUNT, 41, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, & 9, Fountain St., Manchester.**

THE LATEST NOVELTY FOR HOUSE DECORATION!

A NEW MATERIAL,

Entirely superseding the  
Old-fashioned Blind, combining  
**ELEGANCE,  
DURABILITY,  
UTILITY,  
ECONOMY.**

Plain Colours & Fancy Patterns.  
Artistic Designs, Charming  
Combination of Shades to  
match modern Furniture  
and Decorations.



Requires no Washing.—Will Sponge Clean.—Rolls up Straight.—Does not Crease.—Requires No Hemming.—May be Cut to any Width without Fraying.—Is easily Fixed to existing Rollers.—Is unaffected by Heat, Damp, or Exposure to the Weather.—Not liable to Fade.—Will stand Rough Wear.—Does not Darken the Rooms.—Protects Carpets and Furniture from the Heat and Bleaching Glare of the Sun.—The cheapest and best in the World.—In all widths varying from 28 to 72 inches.

Can be obtained from all Drapers, Upholsterers and Cabinet Makers.

RE.

MS.

ers of  
e largest  
possible  
added to  
repata-

PECI-  
ed and  
brown  
ed oak.  
open to  
tending

help-  
ure when  
estive as  
le to the  
style—

FREE.

AX

BLE

TELY

ack.  
Borax  
free by

H

L.  
ark.)

be ob-  
o drape  
PRE-

LEE  
ER in  
FATI-  
es.

whacks  
ss, pro-  
"MY  
et. The  
REN"

ster.

!

Sponge  
Does not  
umming,—  
without  
existing  
y Hem,  
Weather.  
ll stand  
rken the  
d Furni-  
leaching  
pest and  
thru vary-

IL. H









NORMANDY PIPPINS.

THE  
decar  
Neap  
quen  
delici  
marc  
blank  
the sa  
of hi  
upon  
eveni  
perha  
adven  
boots  
He  
was th

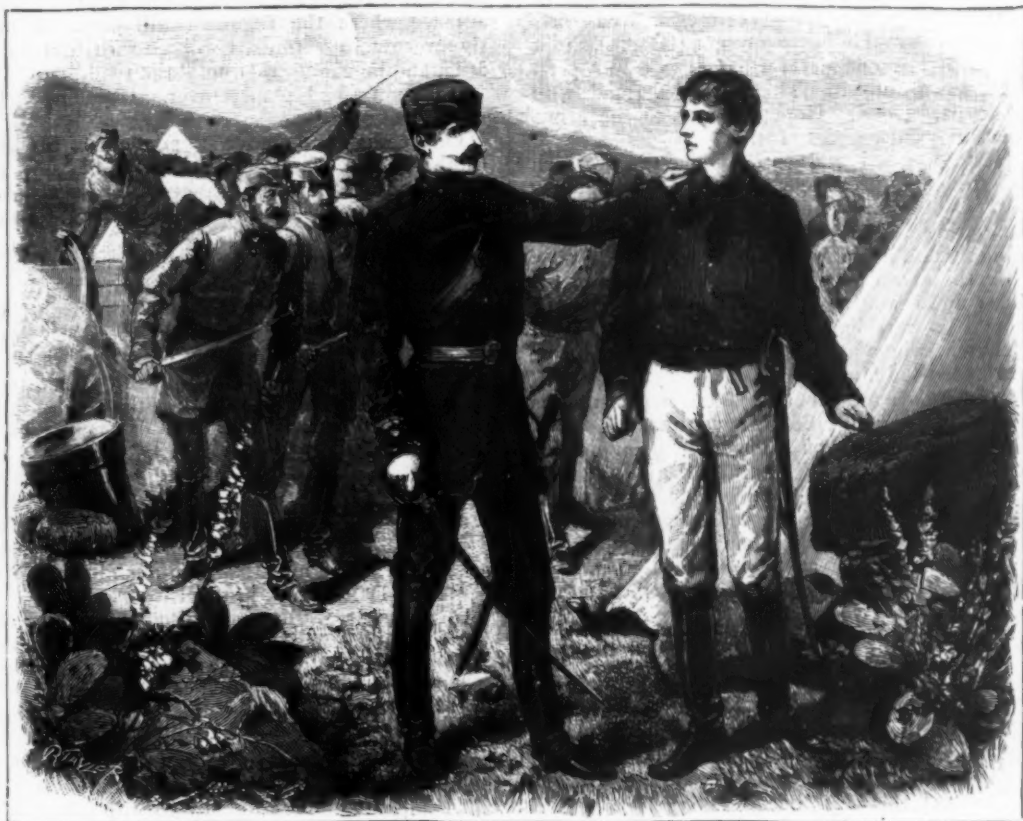


## PHAYRE PHENTON:

A STORY OF THE GARIBALDIAN REVOLUTION.

BY TIGHE HOPKINS, AUTHOR OF "TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY."

CHAPTER XV.—OLIVIERO KNOWS A SHORT CUT, AND WILL SHOW THE WAY.



"YOU WILL BE CHARGED AS A SPY."

THE first thing Phayre noticed in the morning was that the mule had breakfasted on its halter, and was away. Phayre had better be decamping, too, for daylight might restore to the Neapolitans the valour which the ghost had quenched in them. He had slept well, and a delicious morning summoned him to begin his march before the enervating heat of noon. The blanket—a luxury only when one could carry it at the saddle-bow—he left behind him as the price of his night's lodging, and struck out at once upon the road he had been following the previous evening. His arms of defence (of offence, too, perhaps, should one chance upon that wished-for adventure) were in his belt, and his money in his boots.

He carried besides only one other article. This was the letter given him for Giulietta by the lady

in search of a husband on the field of Milazzo. Madame Vannucci had said that as Phayre, while on the march, was quite as likely as herself to have the first tidings of her daughter, the letter would be better in his keeping than in hers. He had, therefore, retained it; and it may be added to his credit that he had at Messina made all possible inquiries in the distressed lady's behalf. As the result of these, he had been placed in doubt as to the veracity of what he had told the lady regarding her husband's capture. He was uncertain now whether that officer had been made prisoner at all. Possibly he had been taken, and had either effected his escape or been rescued. Phayre, at all events, had done what he could in the matter.

As to the letter, it has been mentioned that it bore neither name nor address; but before quitting Messina, Phayre had written Giulietta's name

upon it, with a view to its being furthered should anything befall himself.

At midday he rested under a grove of oaks, made bower-like by festoons of vines; but catching an echo of running water, of which refreshment he stood much in need, he again pushed forward a little, until, from the brow of a hill, he looked down upon a fair-sized town. Approaching this presently, his ears warned him that it was by no means as empty as the village he had passed through the day before; and the nearer he drew the more certain he became that it was full of soldiers. Were they friends or foes? Red-shirts or Royalists? He went on until from a slight eminence just outside the town he could peep right down into it. The place swarmed with red-shirts. Good. Here at last was the army, or, at all events, a part of it.

He descended and entered the town, which had evidently been selected for a brief midday halt. Noise and confusion everywhere. Men clamouring for rations, loose horses and mules going up and down and kicking right and left.

But these were not Phayre's own men, as he saw at once; and he was going up to put a question to a group who were lunching noisily on the steps of a church, when a genial soldier with a bushy beard accosted him.

"Good-day, my captain! Your regiment has gone on. It is ten miles away by this."

"Why, how do you know that, comrade, for how do you know *me*?" returned Phayre.

"Scusi, signor, it is Captain Phenton, I think, of Colonel the Count Scamozzi's regiment?"

"Yes; and who are you, amico mio?"

"Oliviero Poppi, at your service. I was at Milazzo, where the signor captain did such a brave thing."

"Grazie; and what regiment is this?"

"It is still of the van, signor. We were just behind yours. We are going on presently."

"Well, my Oliviero, I am both hungry and thirsty; if you can help me to something to eat and drink I will wish you a speedy colonelcy."

"Comanda (give your orders), capitano. *Venga per qui* (step this way), out of the sun."

He led the way to a dingy *trattoria*, or eating-house, and demanded a quiet corner for one of the General's own aides. Some eggs, maccheroni, bread, and fruit were found, at the strenuous bidding of Oliver, and a flagon of the wine of the country. Phayre ate like a wolf, and Oliver, overflowing with the pleasantest chat, tried, but in vain, to ply him with liquor.

Surely Oliver need waste no further time. The landlord has enough to do in the outer room; no one saw them entering here; in less than an hour the regiment will be out of the town. The hour of vengeance seems to be actually striking.

But Oliver still dallies, scenting a safer and more congenial way. The signor captain appears in a hurry to rejoin his regiment: suppose that when he has well drunk, one offers to show him a short cut over the hills?

"The regiment is ten miles away, eh? It must be twelve by this time, Oliviero. Is there a horse to be had, do you think?"

"Not so much as an ass to buy in all the town, signor. I heard an officer offer a good price for one not half an hour ago."

"Then I must go as I came. Or stay; I've a mind to wait and go on with your regiment, Oliviero."

"The regiment would be honoured. But the signor captain, if he likes, may catch up with his own regiment in a little more than an hour. I was born not five miles from here, signor, and I know the country all over. There is an easy path, half a mile out of the town, cutting right across to a place where the regiment will pass. If the signor captain permits, I will go with him for a mile, and he cannot then miss the road."

"It's not a bad plan, Oliver. If you're ready we'll go at once."

Oliver was quite ready; the dagger of his late brother being comfortably cased at his side, he could not be otherwise than ready. In ten minutes they were out of the town, and making for the hills.

But did Phayre not know this guide of his? No, he did not know him from Plato.

As for Oliver's services as guide, the reader will not suppose that they were other than imaginary on Oliver's part. He had *not* been born within a great many miles of that town, and he was not much more familiar with Calabria than with Perthshire or Cambodia. But he had recently made an expedition into this country, and, as it so chanced, in this very neighbourhood. He knew, moreover, that he might reckon with tolerable confidence on finding a path of some sort in the vicinity of the town, and as the town was girted with hills, to the hills that path must lead.

"Here it is, signor, just as I told you."

It was a mere stony track, used chiefly by goat-herds, and leading, as Oliver could see, to the heights beyond; bleak, lonely, and secure. They went up, up, up, and still Oliver clung to Phayre's side, for all this while they had not passed from sight of the town beneath. "No, no; Oliver would not return. He could race down again in a few minutes. If the signor captain were not tired of his company, he would gladly go with him a little farther. He would not like the captain to lose his way again." Phayre said he had been travelling alone the better part of three days, and was happy to have found such a genial comrade.

With these compliments they came to a little plateau, beyond which the ground declined, and the goat-track descending with it ran along the outer edge of a great pine forest.

"We might be walking into some Neapolitan encampment if we only knew it," said Phayre. "How do you feel, Oliver? Could we two take a campful of them?"

"We are safe enough, signor. The Birboni were seen somewhere in this direction this morning, but they have marched. I dare say your regiment may meet them."

"Colonel Scamozzi will hope so, I'm sure," laughed Phayre.

He had been scanning the scene for signs of an abode of nuns. Reckoning the distance he had come since he left the peasant's hut on the

previous day, he judged that somewhere in this region must lie the convent of which the contadino had spoken. He was privately resolved on giving the army the go-by until he had accomplished or failed in his own mission.

"Is there not some convent hereabouts?" he asked, carelessly, of his guide.

It chanced that certain features of the landscape were just then recalling to Oliver the expedition he had made by night in this country, not long since, and he felt sure now that he had been unwittingly leading his captain directly towards a certain convent he well wotted of.

Phayre's question suggested to him that Phayre himself knew something of this convent. How if the young captain's relations with the signorina, whom he had so gallantly failed to rescue from the hands of Oliver and his brother, had been something more than a casual friendship of the camp?

Consider, then; would it not make vengeance sweeter if Oliver should lead the captain within sight of the convent, point it out, and say, "She lies there whom you seek, but you shall get no nearer to her," and then suddenly call into play the dagger of his brother? Would not this make vengeance rounder and more complete?

"Si, signor, there is a large convent not far from us. It lies, I think, directly in our path."

But once again the shifty Oliver remade his plan. They had been perhaps five miles afoot, when a little object came in sight which made the eyes of the Corsican gleam. It was a ruined hut, lying a few hundred yards before them, and in a moment it recalled the spot where his brother had fallen. Yes; the ground about was flat and stony, with shrubs and bushes scattered over it, just like a little bit of the field of Milazzo.

Was not this the spot for vengeance? He put his hand carelessly to his side, and loosened the button of the case that held the knife. He was telling a merry tale of a love-affair he had had in Palermo. But he stopped in the middle, for he saw another object that made his flesh creep. Oliver was not a brave man at heart, and he had just seen the head of a Neapolitan soldier peeping over a bush.

He glanced round: a second, a third, a fourth head, behind as many bushes. They were in the centre of a circle of Royalists, who were slowly closing in upon them.

Chill with fear, the Corsican yet thought of his revenge. Death was certain now for both of them, but Phayre at least should die by the hand of Oliver.

"Signor, the Birboni!" he whispered, and as Phayre turned round, for he as yet had seen nothing, the dagger was in Oliver's hand.

The soldier nearest to the two Garibaldians raised his musket and fired at Phayre. Oliviero, who had made a step forward at the moment to get a good blow at Phayre, received the shot in his thigh. Phayre, with his head turned, had seen nothing of his guide's treachery, and uttered a cry of anger against the Neapolitans as Oliver fell forward at his feet. But in another moment he himself was surrounded on all sides.

"*Sbirri! sbirri!* Spies! spies!" yelled the Neapolitans, and Phayre was seized and thrown to the ground. He might have had his brains knocked out on the spot, but an officer, who ran from the camp to see what the affair was, rescued him from the soldiers.

He was led into the camp, the Neapolitans screeching and brandishing their guns at him.

"You will be charged as a spy. Follow me," said the officer, briefly; and five minutes later Phayre found himself locked in a dirty and ill-smelling shed, and heard a sentinel posted at the door.

Suppose that just beyond the confines of this camp there lies a little town, topped by the dark walls of a convent? Has Garibaldi's knight-errant, after these fruitless wanderings of his, been brought within bowshot of his mistress's prison, and lies he now, at that distance from her, a prisoner himself, needing rescue more sorely than she?

For of all camps in all the fighting world, a camp of Bourbons at war with Garibaldi is the awkwardest in which to find oneself a prisoner on the charge of spying.

CHAPTER XVI.—PHAYRE IS LED OUT FOUR HOURS BEFORE HIS TIME.

IN the excitement consequent on the arrest of Phayre, Oliviero Poppi, prone on his face, and apparently dead, was for the moment forgotten. Searched for, a little afterwards, he could not be found. He had crawled into a ditch, and, having bandaged with a portion of his shirt the flesh-wound in his thigh, lay there till night-fall. He then crawled out again, crept down to the town beneath the camp, and in due time managed to get back to his regiment.

He regretted Phayre's misfortune deeply. To have hoarded one's vengeance all those weeks, and then in the very hour to see it taken from one's hands by the meddlesome Birboni! He prayed devoutly to his saint that fortune might so far act by the rule of reason as to provide a means of escape for his dear little captain.

Could he have followed the subsequent proceedings in the camp he might have felt that he prayed in vain.

An hour after his arrest, Phayre was at the drum-head. His trial was brief.

"You say that you are an Englishman," observed the Neapolitan colonel. "So much the worse for you. In what has our king wronged England that you should come here to fight with his enemies against the sons of Italy?"

"It is you who are fighting against the sons of Italy," returned Phayre, with his fine unflinching front; "I fight for them. You are the soldiers of a foreign king—a tyrant, whose presence in Italy is an outrage. I am the soldier of Garibaldi, whose cause is the true Italian cause, as all the world knows. And as for myself, let me tell you that you will have reason to repent it if you do worse harm to an English subject."

This was a bold line to take, but Phayre knew



that his position was already as desperate as it could be, and that it would serve him nothing to cringe to these men, whose hatred of the side he represented had been inflamed by continuous defeat to the pitch of passion. With death confronting him, he elected to stand to it with the courage of his country, and was fixed on showing his captors, both by word and bearing, that they must act in violation of their reason in condemning him for a spy.

"Your big words go for nothing here," answered the colonel, brutally. "England is always brave in her talk, but we don't find that she does much. You are our prisoner, fairly condemned by rules of war, and we are not to be frightened by threats of what your country may do to avenge you. You are a spy. You know your fate. You will be shot at dawn to-morrow."

And Phayre was led back to the shed and left to digest his sentence. His fate seemed certain, but in his then excited state his brain refused to realise it. And, strange to say, it seemed less certain to him now than it had done while he stood in the presence of the officer before the sentence had been actually passed. The pronunciation of the words had given him his first realisation of the enormity of the fate they contained. To be shot at dawn to-morrow! It was impossible—an absurdity, a thing not to be believed.

He lay down upon the straw in a corner of the shed to take quiet counsel with himself, but in a little while physical weariness brought on a like reaction of the brain, and he fell asleep. Under such a strain as this, however, his brain could give him only the briefest respite, and he awoke at dark. He then first saw truly that the strait he lay in was all but hopeless. Nothing less than a rescue could save him, and by whom should he be rescued?

"Yes, it is true! I lie here within sight and sound of death. What but a miracle can save me from the bullets of a file of soldiers at daybreak to-morrow?"

This, plainly stated, was in fact his case. The summary killing of men condemned as spies was a commonplace of this as of other wars; Phayre had seen a spy shot in his own camp the night before he quitted it. What was his life to these Bourbons that they should hesitate to take it?

He saw no way out of the pass; a speedy and shameful death awaited him, and he must face the prospect as best he might.

It is (philosophical people assure us) death's image rather than death himself we fear. Thus, if you lead to the gallows at noon to-day the man who was sentenced only yesterday night, it is likely enough that his knees will knock and his face be straw-coloured. But keep him a fortnight in prison, with his meals regular, and he will probably walk to the noose without flinching. All that is usually needed (they tell us) is time for the mind to get to work, that it may set the reality of death—a single jerk or the flash of a gun—on this side, and on the other the eidolon, or show of death, which is arranged in the chambers of the imagination, and realise that it is to the second, and not to the first, that the terror belongs.

But what time had Phayre for this philosophical process? He did not know the hour, but judged it to be nine or ten, so that in five or six hours at the furthest he must be led out for shooting.

This shed he lay in had suddenly become the rim of the universe; the world already lay behind him. He rose from the straw and groped his way to a bench against the wall, sat there a minute or two in the dark, and forced himself to quiet by a great effort of the will. The soul, like the body, may be braced to a difficult encounter, but we must first seek help outside ourselves. Phayre did what a brave man at this pass should always do, and usually does—he committed himself silently to the keeping of God.

He felt the better for so doing. The control of events had passed from his hands now, and as for the future of the next few hours, since life had never had a terror for him, he need not be too much afraid of death.

While he was thus lacing up both heart and soul, the door was unlocked, and an officer carrying a lantern entered the shed.

The light flickering over his features showed Phayre the handsome face of Agnello Marinelli.

Did Marinelli know him? Did he recall the incident of Palermo? Did he connect Phayre with Giulietta, and was he here to enjoy a revengeful triumph over one whose days of possible rivalry were ended?

No; for his face, as he cast the light upon Phayre, betrayed no symptom of recognition. It was true they had seen one another only for a minute on the day of the fighting in Palermo, and Phayre might no more have remembered Marinelli than Marinelli him, had not his recollection of Marinelli's face been stamped upon his mind by his continual thought of him in connection with the persecution of Giulietta.

"Scusi, signor," said Agnello, setting his lantern on the table (a board supported on a couple of barrels), "I sympathise with your misfortunes. I am not here to intrude upon you. I have merely visited you in making my round, to ask if there be any service I can render you."

"A thousand thanks, signor; but unless you are disposed to let me pass through the door you have just entered by, I do not quite see what service you can render me."

"I see you are a brave man, signor," returned Marinelli. "You can jest in the face of death. As for passing through that door—at present," he finished his sentence with that shrug of the shoulders by which an Italian invariably indicates helplessness or despair.

"Too soon by several hours?" said Phayre. "I am to understand then, signor, that your colonel really intends to have me shot at daybreak, to-morrow?"

Marinelli, with a sympathetic face, again shrugged his shoulders.

"So be it," answered Phayre. "Failing justice, one can scarcely look for mercy. I can go to death with constancy, if need be—under Garibaldi, one has soon learned to do that. But what your colonel has resolved on is neither more nor less than murder. You must see, all of you, that

whatever I may be I am no spy. I hold a captain's rank in Garibaldi's army, and I am an Englishman, knowing less of the country than a child of one of your peasantry. If Garibaldi had needed the services of a spy, was it such a man as I he would have chosen?"

"Signor," replied Marinelli, "I do not believe you to be a spy, and I assure you that I heartily regret your position. But as for assisting you to your freedom, my own position is as helpless."

"I had no serious thought, signor, of asking you to betray your honour for me. But, excuse me, what service were you generous enough to think that you might be able to render me?"

"Signor, you may have friends in England," said Marinelli. "It would relieve you to be able to send some message to them. If you write anything, I will endeavour to have it transmitted."

"I thank you again, signor, and let me assure you that I feel the kindness of your will. If you can furnish me with the materials, I will have a letter ready shortly."

Marinelli, who had come provided, gave Phayre some paper from a pocket-book, and left him, saying that he would return in an hour. In a life and death emergency, one must use an enemy if one find oneself without a friend.

To whom should Phayre write? That question was no sooner proposed than answered. He must write, of course, to Laura, and the thought brought a certain immediate relief to his mind.

Should the worst result from the adventure, Laura need never know that the heart of her lover had changed. Love, which was everything save that which a man gives only to his idol, he still had for her; and in that dark hour, when the past came all before him, and his spirit communed again with the Laura who *had* been idol to him, a strain of the purest and tenderest feeling swept his heart. Reading this letter, Laura must have believed that Phayre loved her never so truly as when he wrote his passionate good-bye; and yet there was no touch of insincerity in the words. Death standing at his elbow gave him this licence.

The letter was finished, and then — what of Giulietta?

There was nothing comfortable in *that* query; the bitter sweetness of a message to Giulietta was denied him. Agnello Marinelli could by no means be asked to be the bearer of that.

Then he remembered the letter for Giulietta which he carried in his pocket. Could he ask Marinelli's favour for that? Taking it from his pocket, and laying it before him, he was debating this question, when Marinelli entered for the second time. The two letters lay together under the light of the lantern.

Coming forward to the table, Marinelli's eye caught the address on the letter to Giulietta: "To the Signorina Giulietta Vannucci."

The moment he read her name, he knew who Phayre was. A sudden gleam of jealous anger lit up his face. This was the man who had thrust himself between Giulietta and his command that day when the fighting began in Palermo. He turned on Phayre the look of a man not likely to stick at his revenge.

His enraged imagination filled up the interval between the incident of Palermo and the evening after Milazzo. This was the man who had been reported to him as talking so long and so kindly with Giulietta on the night before the battle. This was the man who had interfered in the attempt to rescue Giulietta from Marinelli's men. He was Giulietta's lover.

In a land where intrigue is a part of daily life, there was logic enough in this.

Marinelli was Neapolitan born, which means that as likely as not there was a taint of primitive savagery in his blood; and all the Neapolitan showed in the look he turned on Phayre.

But what had prompted Phayre to insult him thus? It must be that Phayre had recognised Marinelli before Marinelli knew *him*; and in this, his hour of death, he had thought to revenge himself by the tacit assertion that he and not Marinelli was the favoured of Giulietta. He took the letter up and flung it on the ground.

"Enjoy your triumph, Signor Inglese," said he, "for it will not last long. We are on the stroke of midnight; in four hours from now I shall have the satisfaction of conducting you to be shot."

Phayre of course perceived at once how Marinelli's mind had worked.

"It was not I who wrote that letter," he replied.

Now even a Neapolitan, in the days of Francis, had a sufficient conception of honour to feel that in affairs of this sort a man should stand to his act. Phayre had written the letter, and now was poltroon enough to disown it.

With a gesture of fiery contempt Marinelli set the two letters side by side, and merely pointed to them. The address on both was in the same handwriting.

"The letter is addressed by me, but I repeat that I did not write it," replied Phayre.

"Prove that by opening it," said Marinelli.

"I will not," answered Phayre. "I have said that I did not write the letter; its contents are, therefore, no more mine than yours."

Knowing in effect that the letter contained nothing which both of them might not have read without detriment to the honour of the writer, Phayre would perhaps not have declined to open it if any valid end were to be gained by so doing.

But the breaking of the seal would in no way improve his chances of escape, and he did not choose merely to clear himself in Marinelli's eyes at the expense of violating a lady's letter. But Marinelli's indignant contempt boiled over at the refusal.

"I called you a brave man," said he, alternately white and red with rage. "You are none. You are a coward, and deserve the coward's death that awaits you."

"You are armed, sir, and my sword has been taken from me," returned Phayre, quietly. "It is easy taunting a defenceless man."

"If I thought you were a man I would give you opportunity to prove it," retorted Marinelli.

The same thought had entered his mind which had possessed the Corsican Poppi when he saw revenge slipping from his grasp. The Englishman

was doomed to die—the grave already gaped for him; but was he not rather Marinelli's prey than that of the soldiers who would kill him in mere mechanical obedience to orders?

"This affair is yours and mine alone," he said. "I demean myself in offering to fight you, but you wear an officer's badge and I will do so. Let your sword make good your lie, if it can." He quitted the shed, evidently intending to return again immediately.

"So, so! He will have me fight him," thought Phayre.

The duellists' code of honour was one which he held in infinite contempt. But the situation he lay in was extraordinary, and a moment's reflection showed that the encounter which Marinelli was evidently resolved to force him into would—paradoxical as the notion seemed—provide him with just that bare chance of escape which by no other human means could he for one moment hope to secure.

How so? Thus; that if Marinelli proposed a duel he must give Phayre the wherewithal to fight; he must put a weapon in his hands. Now, sword in hand, Phayre was equal at that moment to such odds as never were fought with before:—he would have gone out to meet the entire camp. Viewing the sentence passed upon him in the light of a resolve to murder—which in effect it was—he felt that he would be justified in any fair attempt to win life.

Moreover, some sudden monition of the heart whispered him that at this moment he lay almost within arm's reach of the girl he loved; herself, like him, a prisoner, if not, like him, in danger of her life.

Himself to free from an unjust death, Giulietta to rescue from her prison; were not these causes enough to fight for, come what odds might?

Still strong in his natural loathing of the duel—that merely brutish mode of resolving the question of honour, so called—he determined to shape his own course by that of the events.

The door was opened, and Marinelli entered again, with a second sword under his cloak.

As he fastened the door behind him the sentry outside was heard to give the challenge. He repeated it, but received, apparently, no answer, for a few seconds afterwards he was heard to run forward.

The shed stood on the extreme edge of the camp, so that the sentry on guard over it was doing outpost duty at the same time. The cunning movements of the Garibaldians were so well known by this time that the Bourbons were doubly alive to the danger of sudden surprises; and Phayre's sentry hearing footsteps and receiving no answer to his challenge, had run forward, knowing that his officer was in the shed with the Englishman.

Marinelli opened the door and looked out. The sentry had disappeared, and all was silent. Turning to Phayre, he said:

"We shall have more room outside. Follow me."

Phayre stepped out after him into the cold sweet air of the night, which he had thought to

taste no more. It smote upon his forehead, reviving him like a bath in the waters that rendered invulnerable; hope rose again to the zenith. Marinelli locked the door of the shed, and led the way towards a spot where Phayre could just discern the shadowy appearance of a high wall. The sky was overlaid with clouds, behind which the moon showed but dully; there was bare light for seeing.

Stopping right under the wall, which appeared to enclose a large and spreading building, Marinelli presented his companion with one of the pair of swords, which till then he had taken care to have in his own keeping.

As Phayre's fingers closed upon the hilt of the sword a thrill ran through him. He knew not why, but he felt as secure in that moment as though there had been put into his hand the enchanted weapon of a paladin.

"*Va bene!*" he said, coolly, to his antagonist. "But you do not seem to see what you have done. You have taken from his prison a man condemned to certain death, and put a sword into his hand. Now, what would you have me do?"

"Do you think that I have brought you here to set you free?" said Marinelli. "Come, quickly, quickly! or we shall be interrupted. To your guard!" and he placed himself in attitude to fight.

"You had better let me go," said Phayre. "Press me to fight and you will assuredly repent it, for a man in my case fights with a strength not his own. We may meet some day in fair battle; let us wait till then."

Marinelli ground his heel into the earth, and in blind anger made a movement with his sword-arm, which, whether intentional or not, was like the prelude to a blow in earnest. It was so swift that Phayre involuntarily fell into position, that he might parry the thrust if it came.

Instantly Marinelli made a wild and utterly unswordsmanlike lunge; one of those strokes which, if dangerous to the opponent, are doubly so to the striker.

Phayre was on guard, but the real peril was not his. Marinelli had overreached himself, and pitching forward on the rough ground, he fell upon Phayre's sword, the point of which passed into his shoulder. With a groan, he sank to the ground, and this strange duel was over.

In all this swift succession of incidents Phayre had scanty time for reflection. It was not the field of warfare Phayre had pictured when the vision of Italian liberty lured him to follow Garibaldi; but he who draws the sword, in whatever cause, is liable to encounter unexpected and unwelcome experiences.

#### CHAPTER XVII.—THE STORY ADVANCES UNDER COVER OF AN EXTRAORDINARY MIST.

HERE now, however, was a situation of the gravest. There is no question that Phayre would have consulted his own safety best by at once leaving Marinelli where he lay; to



seek help for him would be to render himself a prisoner again; to wait till help came would be a no less fatal course. But there was a middle way—to give Marinelli what aid he could alone, and then to take thought for himself. Marinelli could not lie long undiscovered.

The necessity of resolving instantly allowed these considerations to be disposed of in a flash; and indeed Marinelli, in his swoon, had lain but a moment on the ground when Phayre heard a rustle of footsteps close against him, followed immediately by a smothered cry which sounded like a woman's.

No woman could cry in those lonesome regions but her voice in Phayre's ear at once took the note of *Giulietta's*.

Bending over Marinelli to make sure what case he lay in, he saw at a glance that the wound was but slight. It bled, but not alarmingly, and Phayre managed to staunch the bleeding with a rudely-contrived compress, laying his handkerchief in the form of a pad on the wound, and binding that over the shoulder and under the arm-pit with a strip of cloth cut from his jacket. The jacket itself he laid over Marinelli, who was now more comfortably bestowed than he had any right to expect.

The faint noise of a struggle of some sort still continuing, Phayre at once quitted Marinelli and went as his ears guided him. He came upon two ladies trying to free themselves from the grasp of a soldier. In a moment Phayre had wrested his weapon from the man and thrown him to the ground. Then, as the fellow, surprised by this sudden assault, picked himself up and slunk off for help, Phayre had leisure to bestow upon the ladies.

They were *Giulietta* and the sister of *Agnello* *Marinelli*. The soldier was Phayre's sentry, and it was the footsteps of the two ladies, speeding from the convent under whose walls Phayre had fought his strange duel, that had drawn the sentry from his post.

This convent had been *Giulietta's* prison, and it had also for some days past been the hospitable home of *Marinelli's* sister, as the guest of my lady abbess, her aunt. The guest having discovered the prisoner (and being rather *Giulietta's* friend than her brother's in this affair) had made so light of conventual, papal, and all other authority as deliberately and immediately to set to work on a plan for the prisoner's escape. In this she was aided by an agreeable arrangement of circumstances.

A chapel in the garden of the convent had been converted into a temporary hospital for some wounded soldiers of *Marinelli's* regiment, and the nuns had turned nurses; as so many nuns did, or were compelled to do, in similar circumstances throughout this war.

"The world did not contain a better hospital nurse than *Giulietta*, who was, besides, devoted to the work," urged the sister of *Agnello* to my lady abbess; and after much entreaty *Giulietta* was permitted to share the nuns' office in the chapel. The surgeons and others having necessary access to the patients, the Argus watch upon

the exits and entrances of the convent could not but be somewhat relaxed.

A very beautiful and pious nun was admitted to the conspiracy for a singular reason. *Giulietta* not being on all points at one with the Holy Father, the nun argued with herself that her presence in the convent could only be injurious to the spiritual health of the sisterhood; hence that the sin of assisting *Giulietta* to escape would weigh light against the good which her empty cell would secure directly to the nuns, and indirectly to the Pope himself.

A convenient night arrived, and at the critical hour the nun changed places with *Giulietta*; and *Marinelli's* sister, playing outside the chapel the rôle which the Bourbons had so inconsiderately charged upon Phayre, conducted her safely through the garden door. After that, mistaking their way, the ladies conducted one another into the arms of Phayre's sentry; and so we arrive again at the point where the action recommences.

*Marinelli's* sister was only less quick than *Giulietta* to recognise in their rescuer *Garibaldi's* English officer; and this was the knight which one, at all events, of the two ladies, would have chosen above others for her preserver. But the happiness of Phayre at this strange unlooked-for meeting with *Giulietta*, did not allow him to forget for long the enemy whose wounded body—surgeon's aid being not just then permissible—would be all the better for the care of a woman. He told them what had occurred, and led them to where *Marinelli* lay, still scarcely conscious, upon the grass.

"It is my brother!" exclaimed *Agnello's* sister.

"Yes; it is *Agnello*!" said *Giulietta*.

Phayre explained, as far as the circumstances allowed, in what manner the struggle had arisen. Indeed the two definite causes of it stood then beside its victim. *Marinelli's* own sister in the original instance; *Giulietta* herself in the next.

"It is poor *Agnello* himself who is to blame," said his sister.

*Giulietta* said nothing, but her thought upon the matter may have been deeper than her friend's.

Both *Giulietta* and *Marinelli's* sister had had some experience of battle, and were able to judge from what Phayre told them that the wound was not grievous.

"He will be conscious again in a few minutes," said his sister; "but you know as well as I do that he must not find either of you here when he wakes."

This daughter of the south may have had her own idea as to the relations existing, or which ought to exist, between *Giulietta* and the Englishman.

Phayre narrated in brief the story of his arrest, and appealed to the ladies whether he ought to go or remain to keep his appointment with the file of soldiers.

"Staying is of course out of the question," said *Marinelli's* sister, a decisive lady. "The sentence was most wickedly unjust, and we revoke it on the spot. Do we not, *cara*?"

*Giulietta's* lips made a motion in assent; it was scarcely audible, but *Giulietta* had the eyes which

make silence eloquent, and the answer of her eyes was, "Your life belongs to me, and I command you not to lose it."

That being the answer of Giulietta's eyes, the Bourbons and their unjust sentence need occasion no further qualms to the super-sensitive captain.

But Phayre was not the only one of the three who stood in immediate danger. Giulietta risked her safety every moment that she remained under the walls of the convent; Phayre risked not only safety, but life itself, so long as he delayed within earshot of the camp.

The sentry would be on his feet again in a few minutes; Marinelli would be half way towards that elevation in as short a time.

His sister saw at a glance the literal necessity to which the situation had reduced them. She, who had nothing to fear from the issue, could not leave to the care of the night a swooning and wounded brother. Phayre must take Giulietta under his protection, and seek with her a place of refuge.

"You have not half a mile to go," said the sister, "for the town lies in the valley beneath us."

True, as to the situation of the town, but how might our wanderers be harboured in a poor little Calabrian town, fast locked in sleep, betwixt the hours of night and morning?

"But do you not see that you have no choice? You *must* go," insisted the signora; "and I beg of you to think of me, for the moment you are away I can fetch a surgeon to Agnello."

Yes, truly; go they must. Either this, or Giulietta must remain to be recaptured and Phayre to be shot; or, lastly, they must turn their backs on one another, and seek their fate in opposite directions. Nay, this last-named alternative was impossible, for whoever did not face to the town must risk a passage through the centre of the camp.

Marinelli stirs, in half a minute he will be awake. His sister silently pointed to him; it was her final argument.

"Signorina, come!" said Phayre to Giulietta, and she turned with him towards the town.

But Phayre went back for a moment. "Signora, your husband?" he said to Marinelli's sister.

"Grazie, signor; he is safe," she replied. "You were in error; he was not made prisoner after all."

"Should he ever be, signora, I trust he will be mine."

Before they had fully realised their solitary situation, Phayre and Giulietta were some distance from camp and convent, descending a rough narrow road, which on one side was bounded by a low wall, while the boundary on the other side formed the brink of one of those dreadful chasm-like ravines.

The clouds which drove across the sky were like the thoughts that chased each other in Phayre's mind: so confused, tangled, and irregular; a chaos of thought rushing out into hot and scarce-restrained emotion. To have lain not an hour ago in the shed, counting the minutes till his death; and now to be here under this free wild

sky of midnight, with Giulietta Vannucci beside him!

It was sufficient to unfix his brain. He could hear the beatings of his heart. Here in this silent path, with no sound in their ears but the pulses of the wind, they seemed withdrawn together from the world. Might love speak here, or did chivalry—though Quixotic—forbid it? With all the influence of the subtle south upon him, his passion for her—intensified by what had gone before, and yet more by the circumstance of this strange midnight encounter—his conviction that she knew his passion, his dawning belief that her heart began to weaken towards him, Phayre grew faint with effort to repress himself. But he put forth his will, and never spoke a word.

Suddenly a thick mist began to fall on them from the skies. It blotted out the moon, already cloud-obscured, it spread pall-like over the mountain tops, it fell lower and shrouded the trees, and then sinking to their feet it hid the very ground beneath them, and closed in upon them like legions of grey spectres. The mountain path seemed on an instant transformed into a vast unreal cloudland, silent as the upper air, in which the eye saw nothing but flying shapes of mist. Not a sound was given by the earth to guide the listening ear.

"Signor, we are lost!" exclaimed Giulietta.

Had Phayre obeyed the temptings of his heart, he would have answered, "Are you afraid to be lost with me?"

But his code of honour was severe; it showed him one strict course, and no other. It whispered him: "Passion, be it never so honourable, has no place here. She is in your hands: your part is the brother's here, and not the lover's." But passion was strong and wrestled for the mastery. It failed, and honour said:

"Signorina, have no fear. We are but a step from the town. The path is straight; we shall be safe in a moment."

He had drawn her arm through his; her hand touched his wrist, but it lay there quietly, without a throb, and he knew that she was reassured.

They went silently on, creeping rather than walking, for their danger was a real one amid those rayless solitudes. Phayre had spoken with a confidence he did not feel, for in those steep mountain ways a mist like this was the deadliest foe they could encounter.

Presently Phayre changed the order of their going, and made Giulietta walk immediately behind him, feeling his way along the road, his ears straining always for any human or other sound that might perchance draw them to a place of temporary shelter. The first house, hut, or hovel they stumbled upon, be the inmates who or what they might, should harbour Giulietta during what remained of the night.

Presently a sound arose, whether human or not at first was doubtful. At first indeed it seemed distinctly not human; a sound born of, and wholly in keeping with, the goblin scene through which the pilgrims were tempting fortune.

It was a dull groaning sound, having no other distinction, except that it was not the noise of

wind  
could  
were  
"S  
"Y  
"I  
"L  
near  
It  
it cam  
"W  
"W  
hour  
Wh  
did no  
creaki  
taking  
Giulie  
startli  
distort  
appear  
howev  
riage,  
the dr  
sleep  
accost  
blank  
and h  
the sar  
"Ba  
catchin  
not br  
we're  
and ar  
whom  
The  
"W  
is not  
his pri  
us on,  
"Di  
will ce  
"Besic  
his mis  
with th  
will be  
harm b  
no obje  
"Hi  
man.  
"Th  
respect  
be, to  
will gi  
for you  
journey  
"Wh  
driver,  
"Wh  
I think  
Phay  
Giuliet  
"Ava  
coach;  
labouri  
it was  
waters

wind or water, nor the tramp of men. Phayre could not even locate it, did not know whether it were before, or behind, or above them.

"Signorina, do you hear anything?" he said.

"Yes; what is it?"

"I do not know. What is it likely to be?"

"Let us stand still a minute. It seems nearer."

It was a homogeneous, rolling sound, and now it came much nearer.

"It is wheels!" exclaimed Giulietta.

"Wheels. Who is travelling on wheels at this hour and on such a night?" said Phayre.

Wheels, certainly; but what wheels, the night did not yet reveal. The groaning became a shrill creaking; the wheels were behind them, and taking therefore the same direction as Phayre and Giulietta. Then an object loomed, vague and startling, at a distance of a few yards from them, distorted and magnified by the mist into the appearance of a huge spectral caravan. It was, however, merely an old-fashioned country carriage, and, springing forward, Phayre shouted to the driver to stop. But the *cocchiere*, roused from sleep upon his box, and not relishing this mode of accost, replied by unslinging a carbine and firing blank into the fog at the spot where he judged and hoped that the villain's head might be; at the same time urging his horses forward.

"Basta! Basta! Enough!" cried Phayre, catching the near horse by the rein. "We are not brigands, and that's as much as to say that we're not Bourbons either. I am a Garibaldian, and aimed as well as you. Here is a lady for whom a place must be found. Pull up, I say!"

The driver sulkily reined in his horses.

"What do you take us for?" he said. "This is not a diligence. I am carrying a holy father in his private carriage on an important mission. Let us on, or it may be worse for you."

"Diligence or not, you must take us up, or it will certainly be worse for *you*," returned Phayre.

"Besides, it is imprudent of the holy father to risk his mission by riding alone at this time of night, with the country in such a dangerous state. We will bear him company, and take care that no harm befalls him. It appears to me that he makes no objection whatever."

"His reverence is asleep," snarled the coachman.

"That settles the matter. I have too much respect for the father's mission, whatever it may be, to allow him to imperil it in this way. He will give us his blessing when he wakes; and as for you, I shall pay you double fares for our journey."

"Where are you going, signor?" asked the driver, mollified.

"Wherever the holy father may be going, which I think is very fortunate for him."

Phayre opened the door of the carriage, handed Giulietta in, and followed her.

"Avanti!" shouted Phayre, and on went the coach; creaking, groaning, rumbling, lumbering, labouring, and swaying; but to Phayre and Giulietta it was an ark that rode in safety on the deluge waters of their misfortunes.

Their companion was a great unshaven priest, who breathed unction and garlic in a sleep there was no disturbing. To or from what cure this vast priest was being borne in stertorous slumbers, who could tell? Readers of this story will never see or hear of him again. He was a priest of unusual size, asleep; that was all that Phayre or Giulietta ever knew of him. Remarkable, stout, slumbering man! whirled unconscious through the mists of that eventful night, involved in dreams which gun explosions did not shake, and nothing to be known of him now through all time, but that garlic had seasoned his supper. We do not even know by what name he was called, and could not possibly know it now. A nameless clerical flaccidity, punctually rising and falling in accordance with laws; borne in upon and as mysteriously out from the scene, to vanish through the "Horn Gate of Dreams."

And on the box the frowsy driver slept as well; and the coach, in the guardianship of the night, reeled always on, through the rolling mists—a sea, an ocean, a universe of mists; none but the two lean horses knowing whither they were bearing their burden through those gaunt and ghostly tracts.

Least of all could Phayre and Giulietta surmise how or when they would be brought to what haven. But it is comfortable to add that they were not one whit concerned upon the subject.

Giulietta was in one corner of the carriage, and Phayre opposite to her. They talked a little, but not much. What feelings were in him he did not show by word or look; and the quiet confidence of her glances declared her well at ease, without the shadow of a fear.

She loved him when she saw him first that night, she loved him doubly now.

When morning broke, and light was all around them, he felt no longer the restraint that had bound him in the night. He bent towards her and took her little hand in his.

"I would have died for you last night, Giulietta," he said.

"I would have died to prevent your dying. While I was prisoned up there behind us, I longed that you and only you might find me."

"The same hope was mine. It is fulfilled, Giulietta; we have found one another."

They held hands and said no more. Five minutes later the sun rose, and the coach floundered into a lovely little village in a valley, where a part of the leading column of Garibaldi was preparing to begin the day's march.

It resulted that the first face descried by Phayre was the kindly face of his colonel, who had just finished his toilet at the village fountain. Upon this occasion Scamozzi did not make any scruple of hugging Phayre to his bosom, and had he completed another decade he would certainly have done the same by Giulietta.

The carriage rolled on again, the father still sleeping like a rock.

It may be supposed that Phayre and his colonel had something to talk of on that day's march; and as for Giulietta, she was safe with the ambulance.



"Ah! my captain, how glad I am to see you again." These, a few days later, were the words of Oliviero Poppi, who, having heard of Phayre's return, had limped over to his regiment at the midday halt.

"And I to see you, companion," returned Phayre. "I am glad, too, that you came off no worse, but it seems that we two were not a match for a campful of Birboni, after all."

"My captain, they are so treacherous, those Birboni!"

And Oliver limped back to his own regiment in a happy and devout frame of mind, for the reappearance of the captain, sound and well, was proof that his patron saint had prevailed to grant him his prayer. Oliver had never before felt so strongly the advantage of being a good Catholic.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SEVENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

IT is comfortable to consider Fortune under the image of a wheel, since by so doing we are able to limit her malice by the laws of her motion. For the wheel which to-day carries us under must, willy nilly, bear us upwards to-morrow. Phayre's was the skyward progress now; and on the day that he resumed his march to Naples he felt as though fortune's wheel could rub him no more between the tire and the shingle.

Impassioned by a love that seemed to mail him in diamond, he gave fortune the defiance of a sturdy *Noli me tangere!* And Giulietta was near to him now, every day. He saw her every day. Little pearly syllables, half-uttered, were dropped into his ear, which set him a marching-time sweeter than bugle notes.

But Phayre, not being light-headed, was never so wholly dominated by the situation of the hour, but that he could look before and after. Looking before him now, he saw the definite duty which his declaration to Giulietta, with her response, marked out for him in relation to Laura. So long as he loved without clear knowledge that his love was returned, he found excuse in the natural softness of his nature for shelving the unkindest task he had ever encountered.

Laura was dear to him; her very name gathered up in the sweetest fashion all of happiness that life had offered him in the past. Since then he had awakened to know that whatever he had been to Laura she had not been love to him.

But he had the tenderness of a brother for her still, and in the midst of a joy almost arrogant in its strength he was stricken humble when he saw himself as Laura, he thought, must see him, when he stood a recreant confessed. But there was something of wounded vanity in this, and deeper far than wounded vanity lay his reluctance to give pain to her. Yet the task must be faced now which he had too long stuck at. He took paper one night and unbosomed himself fully to her.

That done, he sought out Scamozzi and held him an hour or more until he had declaimed his tale with hot eloquence to that trusty friend. He was feverish to know how Scamozzi would pro-

nounce on him for what he still teased himself by styling his infidelity to Laura.

"What am I to think of myself? What will she think of me? What do you think of me? Stand in my place and try to imagine whether you would have done as I did. Am I accountable? Was I not bewitched? I tell you I loved Giulietta before ever I spoke to her. Let her have been good or bad she might have played upon me as she would. But we know, we both know, you as well as I, that she is as good as the heavens. What have you to say to me, Scamozzi?"

Scamozzi heard him with a curious brightness of the eye.

"I acquit you," he said, "of injustice to Miss Phenton. You ask if you were bewitched; I think you were. It is only another way of saying that when the hour came your eyes were allowed to show you your true fate. You and Miss Phenton were not for each other. I knew it always. You and Giulietta perhaps are. As for Miss Phenton, you are thinking that you have, as the English say, jilted her. *Scusi*, that is the vulgar way of putting it; but we understand each other, Phayre. It is not the case. Such a girl as she, is not jilted; she is merely set free. She has but to turn this side or that, and say, 'I am free,' and she can choose amongst a dozen others."

"But will she not think me base?"

"I fancy she will plume herself on the conviction that she knew you better than you knew yourself."

Then Scamozzi launched upon praise of Laura and all her virtues, seeking, not to condemn Phayre, but to show that a lady so highly dowered could decide only by rules of right and reason, even where she must decide in favour of a perverted lover.

"You talk as though you had studied her," said Phayre.

"So I have. Did I not always say that she was my favourite pupil? Such a quick and fertile mind! The seed sprang up before you knew that you had planted it."

"She did much for me," said Phayre.

"She brought you within sight of the Promised Land which this other has led you into."

"Well, I have written to her. What I said I scarcely know, but I did not spare myself. Let me think, how soon shall I be manifest to her? I want to stand confessed before her as quickly as possible."

"You will do so soon enough for both of you. Be more at ease. If I know her at all, you are not robbing her of anything."

"You think that Laura never loved me, Scamozzi?"

"I have said that you were not for one another. Let that suffice."

"How soon can she get my letter?" he said, with nervous impatience.

"A day or two, a day or two; be patient!"

Phayre craved the support of his friend's approval, and was comforted in not being condemned by him.

But as to the letter reaching Cousin Laura, Scamozzi's "day or two" was capable of being in-

definitely expanded. Our horizon is but a span's breadth, and we cannot see over the circle. How should Phayre and Scamozzi know that at this moment Miss Phenton and her papa were bearing down upon Naples from a direction opposite to that of the triumphant red-shirts—old Mr. Phenton continually embroiled with railway-porters and custom-house officials, because his daughter would travel, like the patriarchs, with all her worldly goods about her?

Meantime, to the red-shirts also, the city of the Bourbons would soon be visible: the miraculous march was drawing to an end. In the world's wars, nothing quite resembling this march was ever seen before. Not the presence only, but the mere name of Garibaldi—in a country packed with soldiers who had sworn to defend Garibaldi's enemy—did more than any other leader could have done, sword in hand, and backed by legions of regulars. For the mass of the army, it was simply a victorious progress from Reggio to Naples; scarcely ten amongst a thousand had their swords out from the first day to the last.

But discipline was never relaxed, and these vehement red-shirts, half of whom had brigand's blood in their veins, went through the country as virtuously as nuns. Oftener than not they were short of rations, but not a man dared lift a pullet from a hen roost. Garibaldi's word was that he would have no plundering, and the soldier who was caught pilfering a bunch of grapes would roll over a dead man. This was one reason why, at every town and village they came to, the people rose for them. Rumour, carrying the wizard's name, ran forward; and wherever it was said, "He is coming!" allegiance to Francis was at an end. But the soldiers of Francis outstripped rumour, and made for safety like sparrows before a hawk. The oddest thing was to meet occasional batches of them on the roadside, who had thrown away their arms, and were going home sick and sorry, signalling with the forefinger and thumb to the Garibaldians, "We are starving." The majority of the Royalists were, however, in full retreat upon Naples, the lava-tide of revolution rolling rapidly behind them, till even in Naples itself Ministers could no longer stop the ears of Majesty against its thunders.

At once, on rejoining the army with Giulietta, Phayre had despatched word of her safety to Madame Vannucci, at Messina; promising the messenger a full reward when he should give proof of the fulfilment of his mission, by bringing back some token from the lady herself. He brought a letter, in which Madame Vannucci, overflowing with delight, said she was about to start for Naples. Giulietta, impatient to see her mother, was for leaving the army, and riding horseback to Naples; but her lover, as may be imagined, vetoed that project with some degree of sternness. Immediately afterwards, a more feasible plan presented itself, thanks in some measure to a decision suddenly taken by King Francis himself.

Francis, nicknamed Bomba, moved in relation to his age as the moon in relation to the sun; that is to say, he was always losing time upon it.

His motto was, a little more folding of the hands. "When my soldiers have won their first victory," said he to his Ministers, "I will put myself at their head." So he stayed and stayed; until, on a night in September, he saw all at once that the last sand had slid out of the glass; 'and all the King's horses and all the King's men' could not set the King's hour-glass on end again.

One of his generals, standing by him, limned the situation nakedly, thus: "Sire, when your soldiers are in your presence they cry, 'Long live the King!' When we lead them against Garibaldi they cry, 'Long live Garibaldi!'"

So Bomba—scarcely two years crowned, whose father, Ferdinand, had bequeathed him his vices without his demoniac will—summoned a Council on the evening of the fifth of September.

His young Queen, with one of her ladies, was pacing the terrace which looks out upon the opalescent waters of the Gulf. The white sails of the swift *speronare* glinted in the distance; shooting stars streaked the sky an instant and were bosomed in the sea; the song of fishermen rose on the idle air.

Presently, a little grey-haired man stepped from the palace and approached the Queen.

"What news, Commendatore? Is the Council over?" asked the dark-eyed young Queen, and smiled, but very sadly.

"The Council is over, your Majesty," replied Commendatore De Martino. "I bring sad news. The King is to leave Naples at once."

"So soon, Commendatore? Then Garibaldi is very near Naples, I suppose?"

"We have intelligence, your Majesty, that he will arrive at Salerno to-morrow."

"Sad news indeed, Commendatore! But we must bow to the will of God. I will go in; the King must be in need of consolation."

Had the Queen been King, Naples might not have fallen to Garibaldi, as it did, more easily than Jericho to Gideon.

The King wrote a dignified and beautiful epistle to his "dearly-loved people," saying that he left them with the deepest sorrow, and hoped above all things that the city would be saved the horrors of a bombardment; and wrote another, of a private kind, to one of his commanders, bidding him bombard as soon as Garibaldi appeared.

His Majesty's trusty councillors, while His Majesty was yet in the palace, put themselves in communication with Garibaldi; the chief of the Municipal Administration, the commander of the National Guard, and others, were appointed to wait on him as a deputation; and all arrived at Salerno on the night of the 6th of September.

"Here is the opportunity for your Giulietta," said Scamozzi to Phayre on this evening. "The General learns that all is ready in Naples. He has resolved to leave the army behind and go on with a few of the Staff by train to-morrow morning. I am to go with them; you will follow with the regiment. We shall meet in a day or two, at latest."

Phayre was but half satisfied.

"Can I let you leave me?" he said to Giulietta.

"Innamorato!" she answered fondly. "Why,

you will hardly lose sight of me. Shall we not meet again to-morrow or the day after?"

"How do I know that?"

"Because your Giulietta says it!"

"Innamorata! It is not you whom I distrust."

"I know it. But why do you fear for me?"

"Have I no cause for fear? There is not a moment you are absent from me but I am afraid for you."

"Then I will not go, ben mio. After all, it is only a few hours; my mother knows that I am here with the ambulance, and will hardly expect me till the regiment arrives."

"No, you shall go, little Juliet. Yes, yes, you shall go to-morrow. I say it. I am foolish! What harm can take you? Scamozzi is going too; he shall promise me to give you to your mother. There, we hold it settled; but promise that when we meet it shall be as though a year had divided us."

"Not one year, but twenty."

At half-past nine the next morning they said good-bye. It was the 7th of September, 1860, a day to be remembered in Italian history.

Garibaldi and a handful of his officers got into the morning train for Naples. It was in this remarkable fashion that the Liberator, leaving his entire army forty miles behind him, had decided to enter the Bourbon capital, the Bourbon King still in his palace, Bourbon cannon peeping from every fort in the city, and all the barracks packed with Bourbon soldiers.

It was David, with a cigarette for a sling, jaunting out by the morning train to meet the Goliath of Bourbonism; one of those pieces of splendid rashness and contempt of personal safety by which Garibaldi fired the hearts of his followers, made cowards of his enemies, and dazzled the mind of Europe.

Phayre took Scamozzi apart a moment.

"Promise me again," he said, "that you will not leave her side till you have seen her in her mother's arms."

"I promise it again," answered Scamozzi. "I am answerable for her till then."

There was a noisy hustling throng to see the going-off of the heroes, and Phayre and Giulietta had to say their *addio* without uncovering their hearts to the bystanders. But as he was handing her into the train, he clipped her fingers close in his, and said low:

"Send your eyes into mine for a minute. Say that if I had bidden, you would not have gone. Say that you love me almost as much as I love you."

"I will stay now, if you bid me," she replied, as low. "See, I am going to my mother, who longs for me as I for her. I will not go unless you let me."

"I do let you; I send you. Tell her that she has two now instead of one."

The train steamed slowly out of the station amid a scene of violent excitement. Many thought that Garibaldi was riding to his death. They ran along beside the train, calling on him continually, and sometimes in heartrending fashion, to show himself, that they might take what would perhaps

be a last look at his face. He put out his head, nodding and smiling, rolling his cigarette placidly between his lips. Hands and arms were thrown up, and all the saints of both sexes were commanded rather than entreated to bear him company on his journey.

Phayre stood like a pillar, silent, and refusing to be jostled from his place, until Giulietta's face, gazing on his, became a pale shadow-face, human only by its smile. The shadow-face haunted him all day, and fixed itself upon his mind. It was a shadow-like Giulietta he was to look on when next he saw her.

Oliviero, friend of the Vendetta, was one who witnessed the departure of Garibaldi and his generals. But the scene beside Giulietta's carriage was what chiefly interested him.

"*Va bene!*" said Oliver, into his bushy beard. "I might have been sure of this before. *Va bene! Va bene!* How he nips her little fingers, and how prettily she looks at him! *Bene, benissimo!*"

#### CHAPTER XIX.—THE ENTRY INTO NAPLES.

WE must quit Phayre for a time, and follow the 9.30 train from Salerno to Naples.

Perhaps no train ever carried quite so extraordinary a burden. The red-shirts, with their Chief, were fourteen in number. They were advancing, under cover of tobacco smoke, upon fourteen thousand enemies; that being the exact number of Royalists under arms in Naples on that day. The Neapolitan King had issued two commands. The first took the form of an entreaty—that the city should not be bombarded. His Majesty made it privately understood that in this he did not desire to be obeyed. The second was positive—that the bombardment of the city was to commence the moment Garibaldi set foot in it. This was to be obeyed to the letter.

The train went forward, but as it neared Naples its dragging pace had to be still further reduced. Hundreds and thousands of people were seen running down through field, and road, and vineyard; the railway track was black with them; the swarming populations of all the towns and villages around the capital poured out; they clambered on the train, shouting, "Garibaldi!" "Liberty!" "Death to Francis!" They sprang upon the engine; the train had to go at a tortoise pace to avoid crushing them under its wheels. Not a sign of hostile soldiery; the air split with cries of "Viva Garibaldi!" "Il nostro secondo Gesù Cristo!" "Viva Libertà!" "Evviva Italia!" When the shouts grew frantic Garibaldi showed a quiet face at the window of his carriage, puffing gravely at his cigarette.

"I wish Phayre were here to see and hear all this!" said Giulietta to Scamozzi.

"You shall tell him about it the day after to-morrow," said Scamozzi.

The train slid into Naples, where chaos seemed come again. The letting loose of all the winds



was nothing to the breaking out of the wildest population in Europe to welcome Garibaldi.

He passed out from the station and stood in the street, surrounded by his Staff, who could not keep the people from leaping on him and smothering him with kisses. Horses and vehicles of every kind appeared to be piled one above the other, and the crowd on top of them; and as the windows, balconies, roofs, and chimneys of the

Lazzaroni—the Calibans of Naples, a compound of slug and savage, who gibber unintelligibly, and would be fittest clad if they ran naked — crawled from the gutters and the hot stones where they lay, and followed in shoals.

"Garibaldi!" "Viva Italia una!"

When they could shout no longer, they held up the forefinger of the right hand to express their meaning.



"WHO CAN THAT YOUNG LADY BE?" SAID OLD MR. PHENTON.

houses were covered with men and women, the effect was as though the little band of heroes were hemmed in by walls of human beings as high as the sky-line.

With difficulty a path was made to a carriage, which Garibaldi entered, and three of his companions. Others of the Staff followed in another. Scamozzi procured one for himself and Giulietta. Several of the Staff found horses and rode in front.

"Garibaldi!" "Il nostro Garibaldi!" "Viva!" "Bravissimo!" "Evviva!"

Ladies decked out in full Sardinian colours, on horses, on donkeys, or on foot, fought through the crowd to get near him. Women pitched their babies into the carriage, imploring him to bless them. "Per Bacco! I'm flesh and blood like yourselves. Do you take me for a Saint? Here!" and he handed out the dirty little bundles tenderly.

Those who did not shout one or other of the watch-words had a dagger levelled at them.

Monks, priests, nobles, and the whole motley population of Naples shouldered their way amongst the *sans-culottes*. A sun to roast eggs in beat down on the uncovered heads of all the mass, and filled the scene with a white shimmering light.

The carriages wound slowly through the narrow streets, the press becoming terrific wherever an open space was reached. The shouting of the people, mingled with the noise of drums and the



continuous blare of trumpets, grew at length to be one volume of sound—like wind, or a cataract of waters—rolling ceaselessly before and behind the central procession; for as the news that Garibaldi had entered was caught up and carried to distant parts of the city, fresh hordes came pouring through all the streets, reinforcing those who had cried themselves hoarse.

"Garibaldi!" "Il nostro Liberatore!" "Garibaldi ed Italia!"

"It will be well if we come out of this alive. I think the carriage will go to pieces!" exclaimed Scamozzi.

"I wish Phayre were here," said Giulietta.

"Ehi! I verily believe he is safer where he is. Look, Signorina Giulietta, we are passing the Church of the Carmine. You remember that the head of the Suabian Corradino once rolled in front of it, and hereabouts flowed the blood of Masaniello. Yet Masaniello deserved a better fate, I think."

"Think that partly through Masaniello we are here to-day, Count. *Ohimè!* we have had our martyrs too."

"It is God's mercy if we be not sent to join them in another moment. Look there!"

It was the great moment of the day. The crowd surging about Garibaldi and his followers, had swept right up beneath the huge fort of Castelnuovo. Garibaldi's carriage, moving at a sloth's pace, was drawing level with the gaping mouths of the cannon that bristled on it. Behind every cannon stood a gunner, with a lighted match. A single shot would send Italy into slavery again. One cannonier advanced his match, and held it just above the touch-hole. He looked at the gunners on either side of him, whose fuses were burning in their hands. Each fuse was a dull red point in the glaring sun, just over the heads of the throng. The gunner turned to his officer, immediately behind him; the hearts of the crowd stood still. It must have been strange to look down from the ledge where the gunners stood upon that mass of strained, silent faces. Garibaldi sat motionless in his carriage until he could see up into the throats of the cannon.

"*Fermatevi!* Stop!" he cried, in his sudden flashing way to the driver. The carriage stopped, and Garibaldi stood up in it, full face to the gunners. It was like the Hebrew prophet challenging heaven to decide between the true faith and the false.

The gunners wavered but an instant, then—threw down their matches, and flung up their caps. "Evviva Garibaldi!" they chorused all together. The cry hung a moment in the air, and then the crowd took it up again. A shout crashed over Naples—"Evviva Garibaldi!" Naples was conquered in that moment.

They reached the corner of the Toledo, from a balcony at which point two persons from England were looking down upon the scene.

"That is Garibaldi, I suppose, my dear," said old Mr. Phenton. "Dear me! I had no idea his beard was so red. I don't remember ever to have heard such a noise in my life."

"One does not get a Garibaldi to cheer every day, papa," replied Cousin Laura. "He looks to me a man worth shouting about."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly. I suppose there is no danger. And is not that—yes, yes, look, Laura! there is Count Scamozzi in a carriage behind. Dear me! what a ragged state he is in. But I really must speak to him. Count Scamozzi! Hallo there! Count Scamozzi! It is Mr. Phenton from Knyveton! How do you do? Bravo! Capital, I assure you, capital!"

Old Mr. Phenton made so much noise, and waved his pocket-handkerchief so persistently, that he succeeded in attracting Scamozzi's attention just as the carriage was passing under the window. Scamozzi stood up, and made a hearty return to Mr. Phenton's salute, bowing superbly to Laura.

"Delighted, I declare, delighted! So handsome of you, at such a moment. Where's Phayre? We're staying here—very rough, and the cooking abominable, but come and dine with us," bawled old Mr. Phenton over the heads of the crowd, who took him for an English dignitary, apostrophising Garibaldi in the name of his country, and cheered him lustily.

"Most extraordinary! Who can that young lady, with the singular face, be, in the carriage with Count Scamozzi?" said the old gentleman.

"That is she!" thought Laura. "Perhaps," she said to her papa, "that is one of Garibaldi's *vivandières*."

"Do you think so, my dear? Oh, no, I fancy not. She is very superior looking. But Scamozzi will come to dinner, and tell us everything. Really, after this, I almost feel like one of them myself. I should hardly call Garibaldi's beard red, Laura. It is a ruddy beard, nothing more."

"It was not I who called it red, papa." "That is certainly she. She is beautiful. Has Phayre found that out?" These last remarks Miss Phenton addressed, as before, to her inner consciousness.

"I wonder very much that we see nothing of Phayre. I do hope that no harm has happened to him since we had his last letter," said old Mr. Phenton.

"I hope not, papa. But I dare say he is taking care of the army. I suppose there must be an army somewhere. Garibaldi can scarcely have won all his victories with Count Scamozzi and the *vivandière*."

"My dear, I must beg you not to call that young lady a *vivandière*. A *vivandière* is a female who wears loose trousers, and supplies wine or beer from a barrel."

"She is very useful to the army," said Miss Phenton.

"It would be better for their healths if they drank cold tea," said old Mr. Phenton.

"Still you must have your *vivandière*, papa."

"Well, well; but not this young lady. See, the people seem to be stopping; what is happening?"

The carriages had passed out of sight, and the thousands in procession were brought to a standstill at the Palace of the Forestiera, where the

modest *cortège* made its final halt. This was the palace of reception for State occasions; but when so dedicated, receptions of this sort were, perhaps, not in contemplation.

Garibaldi dismounted and entered the palace. The National Guard and the *Elletti*, or municipal councillors, gave him greeting there. What made all this so strange was that the King was still in the Palazzo Reale, and this man whom the Town Council were here receiving as King was a mere rebel chief, who had taken possession of the capital by driving through it in a hackney carriage. Looked at in this point of view it appears as the crowning act in a gigantic comedy.

But there was little of comedy in the aspect and cries of the people, striving, seething, and sweltering in the vast piazza. They called on the Liberator to show himself, and presently he appeared on the large balcony of the palace.

"Zitti! Zitti! Peace! Peace!"

He kept waving his hand until he produced a perfect stillness.

"People of Naples," said he, "this is a sacred

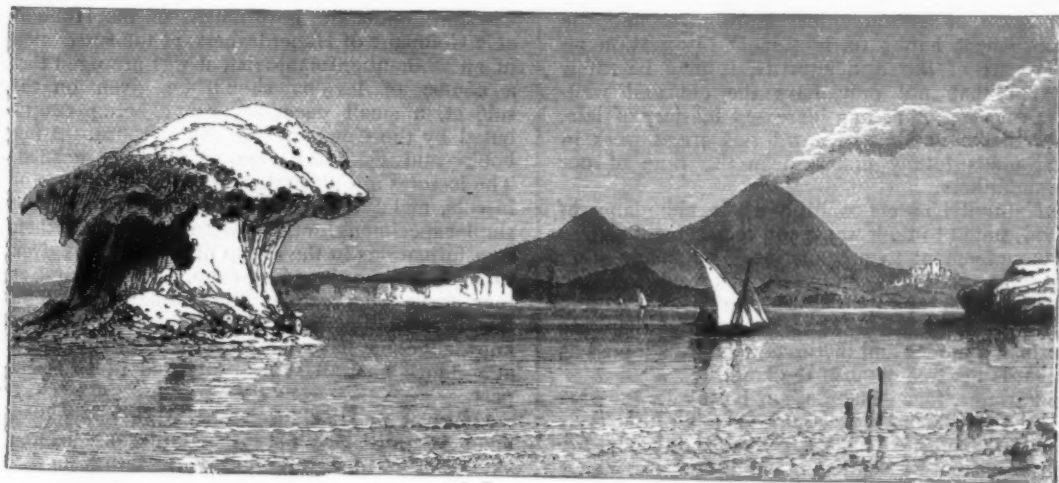
day. This day you pass from subjection under a tyrannical yoke to freedom. The work you have done for Italy is also a great work for humanity, for you have vindicated its rights. Evviva Liberty! Liberty thrice and four times dear to Italy, for what nation has suffered as she has suffered? Viva l'Italia!"

This said, Garibaldi withdrew, and settled himself to work on a new Government for Naples.

Three hours later, a sound of military music announced the departure of the King. He drove through long lines of his subjects, all sullenly silent. Not a head was bared to him, not a cheer raised. He passed out at the city gate, and Naples saw him no more.

Giulietta was already in the arms of her mother, who had seen her from a window opposite to the palace.

To us, at present, Giulietta and Miss Phenton are the two most interesting persons in Naples; the chances being infinity to one that they must shortly meet.



## THE HESSIAN FLY.

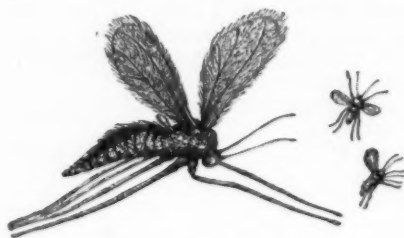
THERE can be no doubt that the cultivated crops of our country are suffering much more severely from the attacks of injurious insects than of yore. Indeed, it would be difficult to name a single agricultural product of farmer or market-gardener, whether food for man or beast—corn, grass, fruit, or vegetable—altogether exempt from the ravages of these tiny but disproportionately destructive pests. At the same time, however, we must remember it is only within the last few years the subject has been receiving the serious attention in England which it certainly deserves. Until lately who but scientific men knew anything of the habits and life-history of the insect world, a knowledge absolutely indispensable to him who would effectively prevent or remedy its depredations on our crops? Certainly not the cultivators of the land. And unfortunately, as a rule, scientists lack the work-a-day information on gardening and husbandry to enable them to turn their theories to practical purpose. So that many of the insects now brought to light, unsuspected, may have been quietly pursuing their work of mischief for generations, the destruction they have wrought being unheeded, or attributed to other causes. Still, admitting the recent rapid strides towards general diffusion of entomological knowledge, and the consequent habits of intelligent observation on the part of the agriculturists, it may be safely stated that not only have the old and well-known pests gained an increased mastery of late, but that a number of new forms are at work in our fields totally unknown in the time of our grandfathers.

Naturally insects multiply where abundance of food, suited to their wants and requirements, gives encouragement to propagation. But many other circumstances also conduce to this result. Think for a moment how we have disturbed the natural balance of nature by the civilised, and therefore artificial, modes and methods we have adopted as regards the treatment of the land.

Farmers, for instance, seem born with the idea that a bird, just because it is a bird, is their natural enemy. They wage war accordingly, too often without discrimination, and the consequence is the wholesale slaughter of little creatures which would rid them of innumerable insect pests. There are exceptions, it is true, among the birds which appear to justify them, such as the house sparrow, than which, much as we dislike to confess it, there is no more mischievous little thief and bully. Grain, fruit, vegetables, flowers—nothing comes amiss to him. To add to his sins, he drives away birds of a truly insectivorous nature, which, as a rule, are tiny and very timid. But even the sparrow has been too ruthlessly destroyed. Moreover, farmers, both master and men, use every endeavour to exterminate certain insectivorous animals, such as the mole, blindly regardless of the service they render the planter.

To make matters worse, the present high system of farming has rendered the crops more delicate, and extremely susceptible to insect attack. Continuous opportunity is also given for the introduction of new insects from other lands with our yearly-increasing food imports.

How easily and simply a practical acquaintance with insects may be acquired, which, in view of the increasing trouble they are likely to give us, it is so necessary should be diffused in the agricul-



HESSIAN FLY (*Cecidomyia destructor*).  
Natural size and magnified.

tural shires, the following experiment will show. At the Aldersey Grammar School at Bunbury, in Cheshire, under the government of the Honourable Company of Haberdashers, at the suggestion of an eminent entomologist, it was arranged that a course of lessons should be given on the subject, a small pecuniary grant being contributed by the Company for the purpose. A few books and diagrams were all that was needed. The lectures are illustrated by living specimens of insects, and the boys are encouraged to collect similar specimens for themselves, and to watch their transformations in the cheap little apparatus given to each boy—a breeding-cage. These boys, as they grow up, become the farmers and farm labourers of the district; and, fortified with the knowledge they have acquired at school, they know at a glance what ails a crop attacked by an insect pest.

Of great practical use, too, is the re-arrangement of the cases of insects injurious to the various crops now going on in the South Kensington Museum, under the direction of Professor Westwood and Mr. Mosley, of Huddersfield. As far as possible, all the insects which attack any individual crop are placed together, side by side, and the case is labelled, in plain letters, "Wheat," "Apple," or whatever may be the name of the crop in question. Each insect is shown in all its life-stages, if not by actual specimens, by drawings and models, and accompanying each is a sample of the injury it inflicts on the crop.

As an illustration of the mischief wrought by insects, it is stated that the failure of hops in 1882, which seem peculiarly open to injury by insects, and becoming more and more so every year, cost the country no less than one and three-quarter

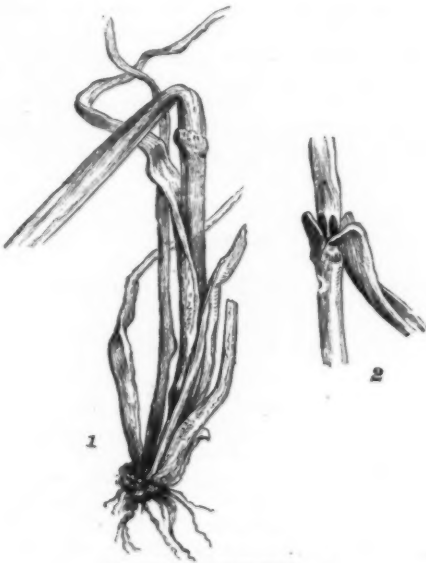
millions; while in 1881 the loss on turnips, due to the ravage of the turnip-fly, amounted to half a million pounds sterling.

Alas! to add to our troubles, surely already heavy enough, last year has brought us another



WING OF HESSIAN FLY MAGNIFIED.

insect enemy to face, the dreaded Hessian Fly, the formidable corn scourge of America. How it reached our shores is a mystery yet to solve, but here it is, ready to do battle, and what battle it may be, if means are not taken at once to prevent it, in several parts of England and Scotland. Its presence was detected for the first time in this country in some fields on a farm in Hertfordshire, in the July of last summer. It was observed that the wheat and barley were not doing well, that the stems were crippled and bent sharply down, just above the second joint, and the grain in the ears was shrivelled and scanty, while the straw was stunted, broken, and of a sickly colour. At first it was supposed the crops were merely suffering from the well-known disorder known as root-falling, or gout;

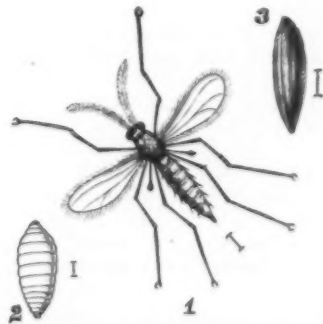


ATTACKED BARLEY-STEM.  
1. Bent down. 2. Showing "flax-seeds."

but, on careful examination, curious dark-coloured little objects were discovered, lying closely packed round the stem, between the point at which the stem had fallen and the joint below, and covered by the outer coverings or bases of the sheathing leaves. Miss Ormerod, the consulting entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, was at once communicated with; and on visiting the infested fields, she pronounced, with hardly a doubt, that these curious little objects were none

other than the *pupa* of the Hessian Fly. Her opinion was confirmed by other scientists, and on the 8th of September a perfect fly emerged from one of the *pupa* she had been watching carefully for six weeks. This clinched the matter; that the fly had taken up its abode in our country was unhappily all too true. Subsequently it has been found, not only in other localities in Hertfordshire, but at Luton in Bedfordshire, and in Essex at Romford; but within the last few weeks official reports have been received of its appearance in Kent, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Cambridgeshire, the east of Northamptonshire, in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland; continuing its course still up the eastern seaboard, it occurs in Scotland in great numbers in the shires of Banff, Aberdeen, and some parts of Perthshire, and also in Inverness, Elgin, and Nairn.

Every one knows flies pass through four distinct stages to complete their life-cycle: first the egg, then the *larva* or maggot, the *pupa*, and finally the perfect insect. In every country in which the Hessian Fly has as yet established itself, these changes take place twice a year; that is to say, there are two generations. The fly of the first, or autumnal generation, which Miss Ormerod saw emerge from the *pupa*, in America lays its eggs on the wheat from the latter end of August to the beginning of October. These eggs pass through the various transformations and appear as perfect flies about the following May. This is the second, or spring generation, which lays eggs to produce flies again in the autumn, and so on. Thus the grain suffers two attacks in the year, in the autumn and in the spring. Of course all this has not been seen to take place in England, but there is every indication that the habits of the creature will be precisely the same as in America. The *pupa*, which caused the disease in the corn last summer, must have been the young of the fly which appears in May. From these *pupa* Miss Ormerod witnessed the development of a fly in September, and in the last week in October some *larva*, just on the point of changing to *pupa*, were



HESSIAN FLY MUCH MAGNIFIED.  
1. Imago. 2. Larva. 3. Pupa.

found in some barley fields near Hertford, which could have been no other than the offspring of the autumn fly.

The Hessian Fly (*Cecidomyia destructor*) is much



like a gnat, indeed it belongs to the same family as the gnats, which includes also daddy-long-legs and midges. The female is exactly one-eighth of an inch in length, the male fly the least thing smaller, and, amongst other slight differences, somewhat more slender than the female. Closely examined under the microscope, we find the body brown in colour, which approaches more and more to black towards the thorax and head. The eyes likewise are black, the wings dusky grey, fringed at the edges, with long fine hairs, and rounded at the tips, and at their insertion with the body there is a yellow patch. The legs are very long, yellow, and hairy; the antennæ are also long and hairy, but pale brown.

The fly allows but short time to elapse after its appearance ere it sets to work to propagate its species. The creases in the upper parts of the blades of the leaves are the spots selected for the deposition of the eggs. In autumn, in the case of the first generation of flies, the only wheat available for their purpose is of course the young winter wheat, which is just showing its delicate radical leaves above ground. On these then the eggs are laid. When spring comes round, and with it the flies in May, no such restriction in choice is imposed upon them. The radical leaves are now doubtless more or less withered, but above is luxuriant leafage in plenty, almost ready for the sickle, and besides the young spring wheat is cropping up. Thus the winter wheat may suffer continuous martyrdom at the hands of the fly, from the moment it puts forth its tender shoots in autumn, until it ripens and is harvested next summer; spring wheat, on the contrary, can rear only one brood. Each fly lays from eighty to a hundred eggs, and sometimes as many as thirty to forty are placed on a single leaf. Exactly one-quarter of a minute is occupied in the act of laying one egg, half a minute to lay three; seldom the fly lays more than three without a change of position. The egg is exceedingly minute, not longer than one-fiftieth of an inch, cylindrical, pointed at each end, and so transparent that the pale red embryo is visible. From out the delicate membranous egg-shell a maggot creeps in four or five days.

This maggot is a little yellowish, legless creature, with smooth, soft, and shining skin, bluntly



EGG AND MAGGOT OF HESSIAN FLY.  
Natural size and magnified.

oval in shape, rather flattened beneath, and consists of fourteen segments. When full-grown it assumes a milky-white hue, except at the divisions of the segments, which are all a grey-green. Upon the second segment from the head a very peculiar little prolongation is attached, known as the "breast-bone" or anchor process. Towards its free end it bulges out in size, and finally termi-

nates in two sharp-pointed notches, something like a two-pronged fork. After the *larva* is hatched it invariably makes its way from its birth-place on the leaf above to the base of the blade or leaf—that is, to the first, second, third, or fourth joint of the stem, as the case may be, according to the age of the plant in spring, or close to the crown of the root in the winter wheat; and there it plants itself, head downwards, against the tender stem, and sucks its juices with its rudimentary mouth, aided by the anchor process, which probably acts as a kind of digger or scraper to penetrate the tissues. Deprived of its nourishment, the plant succumbs according to the severity of the attack, the grain developed is imperfect, and the

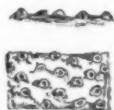


1. Anchor process of larva of *C. destructor*.

2. Of *C. tritici*.

straw becomes so weak that, unable to sustain the weight of the head, it bends sharply down to the ground, as in the fields near Hertford; or even, in the case of the winter wheat, the shoot may be killed outright by the time the worm has attained maturity. Sometimes the presence of the *larva* sets up abnormal swelling of the stem, and galls or excrescences are formed.

Once settled between the stem and the sheath, the *larva* moves no more, but becomes plump and torpid, and embedded in the substance of the stalk. In about five or six weeks the skin of the



SKIN OF LARVA MAGNIFIED.

maggot gradually grows harder and harder, it loses all appearance of suture, and assumes a light-chestnut colour, which changes later on to full brown. Very soon it casts this skin, but not in the ordinary meaning of the word. The maggot itself contracts lengthwise, and becomes detached on all sides from its inner surface, so that it moves within the skin as in a case. In America *larvæ* in this condition are popularly known as "flax-seeds," because of their strong resemblance, both in colour and shape, to the grains from which they take their name. Scientifically the state is termed "coarctate." The case is called the puparium: it is, in fact, a chrysalis case, analogous to the cocoon of other insects, and in it the worm, thoroughly protected, changes first to the pupa and then to the perfect fly.

As it nears the *pupa* stage the puparium becomes quite brittle, and breaks asunder transversely if roughly handled. At last this takes

place naturally, and the *pupa* crawls forth. It at once sets about working its way upwards between the stem and the sheath, until it comes upon a crack in the now dead straw. Wriggling from side to side, it manages to protrude its body through the hole into the air. When all but the top of the abdomen is excluded it stops short, and, as if to keep the body in the horizontal posi-



"FLAX-SEEDS," OR PUPARIA, IN DIFFERENT STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.

Natural size and magnified.

tion more secure from falling, the feet are slightly separated from the abdomen and directed obliquely downwards against the outer surface of the straw; they act, indeed, as the brace to a beam. Thus exposed, the moisture contained in the *pupa* membranes is expelled, they crack, and the fly begins to emerge, perfect in all its parts, leaving the now useless filmy image case adhering in the opening. Entirely freed, it generally walks a little way farther up the stem for its limbs to acquire strength and firmness by further evaporation; then it spreads its wings and flies away.

The *larvæ* of the autumn flies assume the "flax-seed" state about the end of November, remain thus during the whole winter, and do not change to *pupæ* until the month of April, and by the end of April, or beginning of May at latest, the fly is evolved; whereas the *larvæ* of the May flies seldom live more than a very few weeks, and the "flax-seed" state is comparatively of short duration, for the flies appear before and in August. Thus the life-transformations of the former occupy a period of from six to eight months; of the latter little more than four months. Dr. Lindemann, the eminent Russian observer of the fly, has known the life-transformations to take place in little more than forty-eight days.

It is a vexed question whether Europe or America is the original home of the Hessian Fly. It seems to have first appeared in America as early as 1776, to soon become, with slight exception, the most destructive of the innumerable insect pests which trouble corn-growers on the other side the Atlantic. The Americans, fully believing that the Hessian troops then arriving in the States were bringing it over with them from Germany in "flax-seed" state in their straw, dubbed the fresh arrival the "Hessian Fly." As its ravages became more and more remarkable in America, and claimed public attention everywhere, official search was instituted in Europe, with the result that Sir Joseph Banks, in a report to the King's Privy Council in 1788, denied its existence in Germany or any other part of Europe. Its first proved appearance in Europe was in 1833, yet it would appear from current report that some such insect—if not the identical Hessian Fly, at least one very

much like it—was seen about the shores of the Mediterranean in 1732, and again in 1755; and when it was discovered in Mahon, Minorca, Toulon, Naples, and other parts of France and Italy, by M. Dana, in 1834, the Mahonese asserted they had known it from time immemorial. However this may be, if it was really introduced into America from Europe—and the most reliable authorities declare its impossibility—it must have multiplied ten—nay, a hundred—fold in America, for it has never at any time given great trouble in Europe, except in Germany and Austria; now it is beginning to make havoc in Russia. Be it remembered America is a veritable home for insects of all shades and kinds.

In America, first seen in Staten Island, the Hessian Fly has advanced inland at the rate of twenty miles a year. Neither water nor mountains, nor diversity of soil and climate, has stayed its progress. At the present moment it is in full possession in the States, from the limits of the corn-growing area in the east to Arkansas on the west, Lake Michigan on the north, and Tennessee in the south. Last summer it reached even California. In many districts the cultivation of wheat has at times been entirely abandoned; in others the loss has been fearfully heavy. In 1845, in New York State, for example, it was estimated at no less than five hundred thousand bushels; in Georgia hardly sufficient was saved from the crops to sow seed for another year. This fly probably taxes the country annually more than a million dollars.

Obviously there could be no better medium than straw for transmission of the insect (in its "flax-seed" state) from any of the countries troubled by the pest. This being so, it may have come to us in straw used as packing material, for though we import a considerable quantity of straw from Canada, Holland, France, Germany, and the Channel Islands for paper manufacture, our importation has not been greater than formerly, nor have these countries suffered attack for some years. It has been suggested that America is our source of infestation. But Miss Ormerod is completely averse to this idea, for two reasons, first, because none of the parasites which have appeared in train of the Hessian Fly are determinable as American, and because during a recent extended examination of imported straw at several of our chief ports by the best scientific authorities on the subject, one single *puparium* was alone discovered *in situ*, and this on a straw grown in Belgium. Her opinion is, that, assuming the fly's appearance in our country is due to importation, then it is to Russia we must turn as the source of importation. Hessian Fly attack has been excessively severe in Russia of late years, and, though all other specialists have declined to commit themselves to determine the species of the fly-parasites as yet found in England, Miss Ormerod considers they differ slightly but not specifically from a Russian kind, the *Semioteilus nigripes*. In all probability, however, the fly's arrival in our country is not due to importation at all. The non-discovery of *puparia* in imported straw negatives the supposition. And, considering the very marked infestation of our eastern as opposed (with a single exception)

to the total absence of the fly in the western counties, and likewise the exemption from the pest in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, where, if anywhere, American infestation might be expected, Miss Ormerod is now beginning to consider whether our attack is not the continuation of the northern march onwards of the pest which was reported some years ago on the continent.

The alarming accounts, daily received, of the rapid rate at which the Hessian Fly is spreading over the country, are at present occupying the serious attention of Parliament. Had the Government but taken active steps in the matter during the past winter and spring, when the proved appearances of the fly were limited to a few farms in Essex and Hertfordshire, in all probability the presence of the pest in England would now be a thing of the past. They, however, merely distributed entomological information in the agricultural shires as to the nature and habits of the fly, accompanied by suggestions for the prevention of its attacks, all how useless this summer has proved, too late! A commission, consisting of Mr. Gray, the member for the Maldon division of Essex, and Mr. Whitehead, was therefore appointed by Government a few weeks since, to make careful investigation on the spot of the infected districts, and report upon the measures desirable to take. It was suggested, as the only effectual means of stamping out the pest, that a bill should be passed compelling all farmers to cut their corn within a foot from the head, *i.e.*, above the joint where the *pupa* are lying, and to burn the straw and stubble as it stands. The enormous cost of compensation for this compulsory destruction would alone have caused the suggestion to be abandoned, but, in a preliminary report, dated the 9th of August, which the Lords of the Committee of Council for Agriculture have received, Mr. Gray declares it to be now "practically impossible to destroy all the infested straw in England." In fact, he tells us (in a communication to the Essex Chamber of Agriculture) that the power to stamp out the fly is no longer ours, as, no matter what means were taken with that object, such an amount

of the fly in some of its stages would unavoidably be left as to again spread over the country when the seasons were favourable to its development. But something may be done to keep it under by cleaning and burning the stubbles, as also the rubbish and siftings from the thrashing and dressing machines, which, there can be little doubt, will contain quantities of the *pupa*.

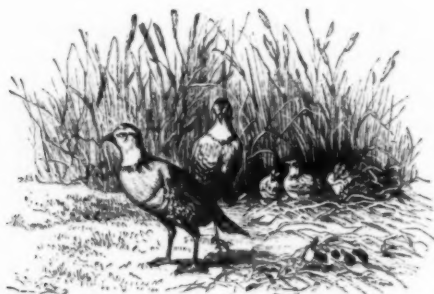
In America nature herself provides means to keep the Hessian Fly somewhat in check in the shape of certain parasitic insects, whose prey it is. One of these, a minute fly (*Platygaster error*), deposits its eggs, four to six in number, within that of the Hessian Fly. Slowly but surely the victim is consumed; it lingers on until it changes to "flax-seed," but that is all, for by this time the destroyer, now a *larva*, succeeds in devouring it, and, wrapping itself in a cocoon within the now empty puparium, uses it as its own lawful tenant, and eventually escapes from it in *pupa* form.

Another important parasite, *Semiotellus destructor*, lays an egg in the body of the *pupa* of the Hessian Fly, and from the egg a maggot is evolved, which kills the *pupa*. Others attack it in "flax-seed" state. It is fervently hoped that, in the event of its having settled here as a national scourge, these parasites may multiply in its train. Else, like the Americans in similar circumstances, we must have recourse to their artificial cultivation.

Of the English corn pests of long standing little need be said here. For instance, there is the corn aphid, observed as infecting wheat ears as far back as 1797, the wheat midge since 1772. Allied to the last-named is the *Cecidomyia cerealis*, peculiar to barley plants. Amongst other known and most destructive insects are the ribbon-footed corn fly, saw fly, and frit fly, daddy-longlegs, the *larva* or wireworm of *Elater lineatus*, the cockchafer, or May bug, some smaller chafers, and the corn thrips.<sup>1</sup>

L. Q. B.

<sup>1</sup> Our thanks are due to Miss Ormerod for permission to reproduce the illustrations which appeared in her pamphlet, "The Hessian Fly in Great Britain" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London); and for supplying some details of latest information on the subject.



## JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

**N**EXT to Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, or perhaps rather along with them, there is no name in the rich history of German literature that stands higher than Richter, and yet none whose works are so little read. Why? Partly, no doubt, from the splendid uniqueness of his genius differentiating him in the most striking manner from the general type of novel-writers, to which class he belongs; partly from the brilliant freakishness and genial whimsicality of his fancy, by which ordinary minds are grandly confounded, when they would rather be quietly amused; partly also from the luxuriant wealth of his stores of various knowledge and curious reading, which he flings about with the wantonness of a wayward boy, rather than disposes with the calculation of a sober architect; unquestionably, also, in some degree, from the constant presence of a sort of high pressure sentiment, peculiarly German, from which the more chastened emotions of the practical and political Englishman are averse; to which must be added the double fact that, while on the one hand the German is as inferior to the Englishman in fictitious narrative as he is superior to him in philosophical speculation, on the other hand, the materials of life in Germany, especially as they existed in the time of Goethe and Richter, were deficient in many of those forces that render the atmosphere of social life and its reflection in the novel refreshing and invigorating. All this may be true; but nothing the less, even those who have had but a slight taste of Richter will be the first to confess that behind all his brilliant eccentricities and splendid oddities there lies a solid substratum of human wisdom, and

pure fountains of human joy that nobly reward not only the cursory reader but the serious student of his books.

Richter's novels may be compared to a huge rambling forest where the wanderer often seeks in vain for a path to guide him through its mazes; but it is not the forest and its immeasurable leafy shades and branchy entanglements that are the real valuable things there; through all its glades, and on the banks of its whimpling brooks and dripping brooklets, it is gemmed with flowers of the rarest beauty and berries of the finest flavour. Such gems of poetry, philosophy, and gospel are scattered everywhere through the pages of Richter; and he who learns to value them will not grudge the pains of a few thorny fences and mazy windings by the way. It is rare that the Evangel of Love is found in such living alliance with the playfulness of a child, the sweetness of a woman, the strength of a man, and the subtlety of a philosopher.

Following on the track of not a few German selections of beautiful thoughts from the voluminous works of the genial Bavarian, we present to our readers a few gems of thought and sentiment, which we flatter ourselves will be found worthy of a prominent place in any collection of the wisest sayings of the wisest men in all times and places, from Pythagoras to Shakespeare and Bacon. The translations are from the pen of an accomplished lady in Sir Walter Scott's "own romantic town," and submitted to the writer of the present note for the pleasant task of a revision, where there was everything to admire and little or nothing to correct.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

### HAPPINESS.

We need little less than infinity to make us happy, and little more than nothing to make us miserable.

### SYMPATHY.

Sympathy with sorrow is a virtue attainable by man, but it needs an angel to participate aright in another's joys. It is Godlike to love; it is even more Godlike, silently and ungrudgingly, to be a spectator of another's happiness, and sincerely to congratulate him on that happiness.

### BONDS OF LOVE.

Strange how flimsy are the threads that form the bonds of love! I have noticed how one man becomes keenly interested in another because he likes the name of his dog, or because they two have similar tastes in food or drink, or because they go to the same tailor. In short, chance

resemblances of a physical kind bind men more closely together than the more important similarities of character.

### FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship recognises no social position, and the soul no sex.

### WOMAN'S LOVE.

While a woman loves, she is wholly absorbed in her love. A man has other interests.

### JUDGMENT OF OTHERS.

Strong characters are equally diffident of receiving a good and bad impression of others. Commonplace persons easily let go their good impressions and hold fast to the bad. Tender-hearted men are easily appeased, and with difficulty estranged.



## TEST OF CHARACTER.

A man never describes himself so faithfully as when he is describing the character of another man.

## PERSISTENCY OF AIM.

It is most important for a man to have a persistent purpose running through his life; he must not waver from hour to hour, according to the people with whom he mixes.

## GRIEF AND SOLITUDE.

The waves which grief raises around us stand high between us and the world, and make our skiff solitary, even in a harbour crowded with vessels.

## IDEALS.

No ideal is to be given up: otherwise the sacred fire of life will be extinguished.

## GOOD WOMEN.

Many a one goes through life without finding a good woman, because he starts with the idea that all women are bad. For good women cannot be seen by those who doubt their existence, on the same principle that one must practise virtue to know what it is, not know virtue in order to practise it.

## EARNESTNESS.

Without hard work and earnest purpose all that is best in the world perishes. We cannot even have a proper game without some earnestness.

## QUARRELLING.

Is life long enough for quarrelling? Are there so many good people that they can afford to shun and avoid each other?

## SINS AND HEDGEHOGS.

Sins and hedgehogs are alike born without prickles, but we all know how quickly the prickles develop.

Once the weeds are rooted out, nobler plants will spring up and blossom in their place.

The virtuous heart is like the body; it becomes stronger and healthier with hard work than with careful tending and coddling.

## KNOWLEDGE OF MEN.

Good men can more easily understand bad men than these can understand the good.

## THE MINUTES OF LIFE.

Man has two minutes and a half to live: one minute to laugh, one minute to sigh, and half a one to love; in the middle of this third minute he dies. But the grave is not deep, it is but the lustrous footprint of the angel who seeks us. When the mysterious hand lets fly the last arrow at the head of a man, he bows his head, and the arrow only carries away from him his crown of thorns.

## GREAT MEN.

That man is worth nothing who does not catch fire from the sunshine of a great man's presence.

## DEATH.

It is not death itself that gives pain, it is the parting from true and faithful souls.

## CONSCIENCE.

No one, not even a woman or a prince, is so often betrayed as—the Conscience.

## FLATTERY.

It is for most persons more easy to flatter than to praise.

## ESTIMATION OF CHARACTER.

We can best appreciate superior men when we are absent from them, and mixing with the petty and inferior. In the actual presence of great men we feel as though their souls were altogether too grand for us.

## SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Society spurs on the ordinary average man, who only gives out sparks when rubbed against a foreign substance. But solitude is the best environment for the great soul, just as a bare lonely spot is the best site for a palace. Here, surrounded by friendly dreams and imaginations, he develops into a being of more unity and symmetry than if he had applied himself to practical but uncongenial labour among men.

## CHANGE OF SCENE.

Authors ought occasionally to move from one town to another that they may grow and improve in their writing. In very truth one writes better after any, even the smallest change, though it be but from one desk to another. Without some refreshing variety, the soul is apt to sink so deeply into one rut, that it sticks there and sees neither the earth around it nor the heaven above.

## GOD.

God is the Light, the great Primal Light, which, though unseen, makes all things visible, clothing itself in colours; the eye cannot perceive the ray, but the heart feels the warmth which emanates from it.

## WHO IS WISE?

Which is the greater of these two wise men? He who, rising above the storms and passions of his time, gazes down upon them with the calm superiority of a spectator; or he, who, having attained to the heights of philosophical repose, throws himself down among his toiling fellow-men, and bravely battles with the evils that oppress them? It is a grand sight to see the eagle soar through the storm into the calm of the upper sky; but it is grander when he poises himself for a moment in the blue of the heavens, and then

swoops down through the dark storm clouds to the rocks below, where crouch his little ones, trembling in their perilous eyry.

#### ASKING ADVICE.

One man asks another for advice, not because he does not know what he should do, but because he knows and does not want to do it, and hopes his adviser may strengthen him in his disinclination.

#### CONFESSION.

Confession of a fault works more effectually than any mere act of penitence, and is always followed by forgiveness and a love feast. In general it will be found that words, which are, as it were, the minute-hands of the soul, are of greater importance than deeds, which only mark the outstanding dates. In the tender relations of cultured men it is but seldom that deeds can compensate for words or atone for offences of speech. Besides, we owe to all men the same duties of action but not of speech.

#### PHILOSOPHY.

Should not philosophy and philosophers imitate the electric bodies, and not only shine but attract?

#### MUSIC.

O music! echo from a distant harmonious world, sigh of the angel within us! When words are meaningless, and embraces, loving looks, and the tear of sympathy are alike speechless, when our dull hearts lie mute and miserably alone, thou art the only medium by which we can call to one another from our prison cells; through thee alone are our sighs mingled as we groan in our distant wildernesses.

#### LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

He only who longs after and pines for his friend as he would for his sweetheart, deserves either the one or the other. Alas! there are men who leave this earth without a regret that they have never been loved by any one!

#### MODESTY.

The truly modest man is he who retains his modesty when he is blamed as well as when he is praised.

#### SELF-IMPROVEMENT.

Do not despair if you fail once. Your repentance will be a more beautiful act than any you have yet done. Begin self-improvement, not by cultivating noble impulses, but by ruthlessly cutting away all evil that is in you.

### An Intending Emigrant.

YES, I am poor, and not ashamed;  
I've earned my daily bread,  
From youth to age, by honest toil  
Of hand, and heart, and head.  
My weekly wage is all my wealth,  
And scanty though the store,  
I've never striven by fraud or lies  
To make the little more.

I've kept no shop for poisonous drinks,  
Nor sold unwholesome goods,  
To cheat the stomachs or the backs  
Of credulous multitudes.  
I've never tried to fill my purse  
By swindles new or old,  
Or by short measure and false weight  
Acquired nefarious gold.

I've never cringed to wealth or rank,  
But held myself erect,  
And scorned to barter for a fee  
My priceless self-respect.  
I've deemed fine clothes on roguish backs  
Mere rags when judged aright;  
While fustian worn by honest men  
Seemed royal in my sight.

I've paid my way with painful strife  
Through life's bewildering maze,  
But never had the chance or means  
To save for evil days;  
And so I'm poor, and very poor,  
And in a crowded land,  
Am pushed, and pressed on every side,  
With scarcely room to stand.

But courage! There is verge enough  
On earth's prolific breast,  
Where all her children may be fed  
Who strive to do their best.  
So farewell England! Mother land!  
My race is yet to run,  
And independence the reward  
If victory be won.

Welcome the new, farewell the old!  
Why linger blind and dumb,  
Without a prospect or a hope  
Of better days to come?  
So welcome glorious Canada,  
Or bright Australia's shore,  
Where men are men by manhood's right,  
And trodden down no more.

Welcome the new, farewell the old!  
The New with liberal hand;  
The Old with care and ceaseless toil,  
And not a rood of land!  
New states to found, new realms to rule,  
Invite us from afar:  
There's light before, there's dark behind—  
Be Hope the guiding star!

CHARLES MACKAY.

## VAL D'AOSTA.

BY MADAME LINDA VILLARI.



VAL D'AOSTA.

THE four highest peaks in Europe, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, the Grand Paradis, and the Matterhorn, crown the mountain walls of this Italian valley. Its scenery is of the most varied grandeur and beauty; it is thronged with historic associations, Roman and Mediæval remains, and has abundant interest for geologists, mineralogists, and botanists.

Yet it is comparatively little known to the general traveller, and, until the other day, means of transport were scarce and good accommodation only to be had in one or two spots. Now, however, the completion of the Aosta railway—celebrated last summer with much pomp and festivity: martial music, speeches and crackers—brings the beauties of the district within easy reach of tourists from Turin, and better hotels will follow in due course.

A week before the line was opened we set out for Aosta on the brightest of midsummer mornings. The cornfields were a shimmer of red gold among the vines of the fat Piedmontese plains, and although the church bells were ringing and villagers everywhere trooping past in holiday dress, the sickle was already at work. For, throughout the Italian lowlands, harvest-time begins on St John's Day.

This year, 1886, the country folk looked to the festival with fear and misgiving. Corpus Domini fell on the same day, and by ancient prophecy this was a sign that the end of the world was near. Some timid persons went so far as to make their wills, a truly superfluous measure in view of the expected event. By another fateful coincidence St Peter's feast was on Ascension Day, and a Florentine good-wife declared she had been favoured with a view of the saint walking arm-in-arm with St John in the sun.

Of all the pleasures of travel, one, the most exquisite, is the approach to unfamiliar mountains. Before leaving the train at Donnaz we were already within the gates of the hills, had passed the grand mouth of the Lythal at Pont St. Martin, and seen the torrent, spanned by a daring Roman bridge, bring tribute to the main stream of the Dora Baltea. This dashing river was already our close companion, and we were to trace its waters back to their cradle in the glaciers of Mont Blanc. Luxuriant fields, meadows, and vineyards, fruit-trees, olean- ders, and cypress-spires beneath crowding peaks and cloud-capped summits formed a fascinating mixture of the stern and the beautiful, and we congratulated ourselves on being able to enjoy it all

at our leisure from a carriage instead of hurrying through by rail. But we had counted without the dust, Val d'Aostan dust, notorious for its quantity and quality. Dust, fine, white, and dense, but not, alas, impalpable! It lay ten inches thick on the road, drifted over us in choking, blinding clouds, and compelled us to view the landscape through peepholes in triple veils. No rain had fallen in these parts for months, although our Tuscan June had been tempered by frequent storm-showers.

Of Donnaz we saw little that blazing noon-day, save the Egyptian plague of flies in its too primitive tavern; but it owns a Roman road and arch, and on the cloven rocks above the inscription, "*Transitus Annibalis*," is said to have been formerly legible. Of feudal remains we saw plenty, for there was constant strife in this border valley, and whenever free from invading hosts its chieftains kept their arms from rusting by quarrelling among themselves. Besides numerous castles, there are watch-towers on every cliff, at every turn, by which fiery signals were flashed from place to place; and as a high road to the great passes of the Alps, the Val d'Aosta has always played a special part in Italian history.

Its earliest known inhabitants were the Salassi, a Ligurian tribe supposed to have colonised it under their chief Cordelus, son of Statielus, a descendant of Saturn. They founded a city named Cordela, but in what part of the valley is uncertain. Some say that it was on the site afterwards occupied by Aosta, others that it was near Aymaville at the opening of the Val de Cogne, while others assign to it a spot still called Mas de Cordele, near Pré St. Didier.

What is certain is that the Salassi were a strong but peaceful race, devoted to agriculture and mining, and who preserved their independence long after the tribes on the plains had submitted to the Roman yoke. Hannibal's descent *per Cremonis Jugum*, the Little St. Bernard, left their power unshaken, and it was not until about the year 141 B.C. that their deadly struggle with Rome began. A neighbouring tribe in the plains had called the enemy upon them by complaining to the Senate that these Salassi deprived it of water by diverting rivers to feed their mills and smelting houses. Appius Claudius marched his cohorts into the valley, but met with a crushing defeat. Fresh expeditions followed, but with only partial success, and more than a hundred and twenty years passed before they were finally subdued. Then indeed they were almost exterminated; their capital city Cordela was razed to the ground, and Augusta Prætoria built on the site of Varro's camp. The triumphal arch at the entrance of Aosta proves how the victory was prized; while the massive remains of walls and ramparts, of theatre, amphitheatre, and forum attest the prosperity and importance of the new Roman town. Augusta was not only a great military station, it was also a centre of commerce, and the iron, lead, and silver mines of its neighbouring mountains, its numerous mineral springs and fertile lands, were all sources of wealth to the imperial treasury.

After the destruction of the Empire the Val d'Aosta, together with the Graian and Pennine

Alps, was incorporated in the Burgundian kingdom under Gondicar. Goths and Lombards then ruled it in turn, it was reconquered by Gontran of Burgundy, became subject to the last Merovingian kings, and thus passed beneath Charlemagne's sway. It was joined later to Trans-Juran Burgundy, and after a long period of war and change, concerning which little precise knowledge can be gained, became subject to Savoy by the marriage of Adelaide of Susa with Oddo of Maurienne, son of Count Humbert "of the White Hand," founder of the reigning House of Savoy. Erected into a duchy by the Emperor Frederic II, the valley thenceforth enjoyed important privileges under its feudal chief the Count of Savoy.

Once every seven years at least, the Count crossed the Alps by the Little St. Bernard, to hold a court of justice in Aosta. All the nobles of the valley rode to meet him at the head of the pass, to tender homage, and lay the keys of their strongholds at his feet. And this was no empty form. The keys were always accepted, and special governors appointed to occupy the castles during the Count's stay in Aosta. At La Sarre, where the present sovereign of Italy owns a fine hunting lodge (his father's favourite resort), the nobles used to form in procession to escort their ruler to the capital. (But if the Count chose to enter the valley by any other way than the specified route of the Little St. Bernard, the barons were dispensed from meeting him and from all the ceremonies of a State reception.) At the city gate—the long destroyed Porta Decumana—bishop and clergy joined the cortège, and proceeding to the cathedral the Count there renewed at the altar his oath to respect the rights and liberties of his duchy of Aosta. The court of justice was held in a great hall on the cathedral square, and the Count presided, seated on a throne with the Bishop of Aosta on his right hand, the Lord of Challant on his left. The Chancellor of Savoy and the council were ranged below the dais, and the nobles round the hall according to their rank. The Count remained in the city until every cause had been tried, every complaint heard. These septennial visitations were almost the only peaceful moments in Aostan history, for the barons were a specially turbulent set, always at feud with one another, or squabbling with the towns and villages regarding manorial rights and tolls. When the Count was in residence he frequently protected the lower classes against their tyranny, and was the arbiter in their disputes. Their ruined strongholds still bristle on the hills on either side of the Dora; and their watch-towers were so arranged that, in times of public danger, signal fires blazed almost simultaneously throughout the length of the valley and called to arms the three companies charged with its defence. The lords of Challant were the leading house of Aosta, and once owned the greater part of its territory. Their name meets the eye at every turn, and Aosta cathedral contains several of their tombs and numerous records of their munificence. The family only became extinct in 1808.

One of the principal events of Aostan history is the expulsion of Calvin. The reformer first came to the valley in 1535, on his return from Ferrara, not only bent on winning converts, but hoping to



detach the duchy from its allegiance and induce it to join the Swiss Confederation. He had gained many adherents when the authorities took alarm, and decided to expel him. A second decree ordering his arrest compelled him to fly at a moment's notice. A column surmounted by a cross, and dated MDXLI, still commemorates this event, where four streets cross in Aosta. This ugly little monument has a fountain at its base, and its testimony to the public zeal for the old faith is somewhat marred by the inscription, "*Chapelle Evangelique*," staring it in the face from an opposite door.

Throughout the ages, this border valley has echoed with the tramp of armed men: of Gauls, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Burgundians, Franks, Lombards, and Ligurians, afterwards followed by crusaders, pilgrims, and native troops marching to attack or defence.

In 1600 Charles Emmanuel I led 10,000 men over the Graian Alps against the army of Henry IV, then occupying Savoy. In 1630 Prince Thomas of Savoy, hard pressed by the French, during his war with his sister Cristina, widow of Victor Emmanuel I, encamped on a high mountain plateau above Pré St. Didier, where many of his men perished from cold and privation. In the same century the French seized the fortress of Bard below Aosta, but were dislodged by a bold stratagem. A handful of mountaineers scaled a crag behind the castle and fired a volley into the banqueting hall. Believing themselves surprised by a superior force, the startled invaders quickly abandoned the stronghold. During the reign of Victor Amadeus II another French army swept down by the Little St. Bernard, in 1691, devastated the whole valley, sacked Aosta, and retraced their steps laden with spoil and hostages. Thirteen years later the French again crossed the same pass, occupied the valley for two years, and only evacuated it after the battle of Turin. Then, for ten years more, the passage of miscellaneous soldiery, always predatory, if not hostile, kept the inhabitants in continual alarm. The village of La Thuile cherishes traditions of those troublous times, and the peasants proudly relate how, in 1708, their forefathers defeated a powerful French force on its way to Aosta under General Mourey, in the Pierre Tailleé gorge, and how the dismayed enemy turned tail and fled back to Savoy. And from Savoy, by the usual route, came speeding Charles Emmanuel III in 1730. He must reach Turin without delay, for his ruthless father, King Victor, the hero of Browning's dramatic poem, was trying to repossess himself of his abdicated throne. And in 1742 he passed up the valley with a large army to drive the Spaniards from Savoy.

Such are a few of the war records of Val d'Aosta. At the gates of Italy it is still of the utmost strategic importance, and invading neighbours would find its passes well guarded. The fortress of Mont Bard, an ideal stronghold, grandly perched on an isolated rock, and now almost impregnable, is the key of the lower valley. We all know how it checked Napoleon's advance in 1800, and how, but for the treachery of its Austrian commandant, his artillery could not

have slipped through the village below. The railway to Aosta, tunnelled through the castle rock, can be easily defended, while farther on the frowning bulk of Mont Jovet, round which the road is so cleverly engineered, is honeycombed with mines. These fired, a chaos of rocks would barricade the valley against attack.

It is impossible to describe in detail the varied charms of the seven hours' drive from Donnaz to Aosta. Rugged peaks give grandeur to the valley's soft luxuriance, and the dancing, sun-kissed waves of the Dora are always in sight, bounding, rushing, winding, between meadows and vineyards and osier beds. Orchards and chestnut woods cluster beneath daring crags, and at every turn the sky-line is broken by fresh mountain ranges. Castles innumerable, not only crown the lesser spires, but rear their broken walls on apparently inaccessible heights. Several of these eyries have been carefully restored, and finest of them all is stately, many-towered Issogne, near Verres—the Roman Vitricium. Erected by Georges de Challant in 1480, it is a typical manor-house of the period. The interior has been artistically restored, and although many of its original treasures are scattered, still contains many interesting relics, as well as fifteenth century decorations and sculptures.

The numerous villages on our road are as picturesque as they are dirty, half Italian, half Alpine in character, with their wooden balconies, shingle roofs, square towers, and dark yawning archways festooned with trailing carnations. In honour of St. John, all the streets are lined with greenery. Tall branches and saplings propped against house-walls hide their squalor, and make a verdant back-ground for holiday groups. The traditional costume of the valley—the well-known red swallow-tail and cap of organ-grinders' monkeys—is little worn now, but bright neckerchiefs, and an occasional red cap, give a dash of colour to the crowd. Near the mineral springs of St. Vincent the road skirts magnificent chestnut groves, and cascades leap the cliffs to the river below. Across the valley the stern walls of Ussel and its watch-towers are seen guarding the mouths of dark ravines leading to still wilder regions.

Soon we reach Chatillon, a picturesque town of some size, next in importance to Aosta. It is boldly terraced up the hillside, and cleft in two by a deep gorge, through which the Marmoreo torrent fights its way to the Dora from the ice-fields of the Matterhorn. Church and castle tower above the cascade of roofs, and, of course, the castle once belonged to the Challants. It is said to be well preserved, and to contain fine rooms, and many old family portraits, but we were too hot and dusty to climb the steep ascent, and content with the view up the valley towards distant peaks and glaciers. Chatillon is full of Roman remains: sepulchral stones, inscriptions, etc. Its principal church occupies the site of an ancient temple, and there is a fine Roman bridge, now unused and preserved from decay by a modern substitute, built a few feet above it. Twelve more miles by the river bank bring us at last to Aosta,

which is finely situated in a broad basin of meadow and garden land fronting the jagged crests of the Becca i Nona and Mount Emilius. But at first sight it is a disappointing town, in spite of its position and wealth of antiquities. Passing through the famous Augustan arch, with a crucifix suspended from its Pagan vault, and the double gates of the Prætorian fort, we enter a narrow street lined with tall, dingy houses. Gutters border the cobble-stones, wretched, deformed *crétins* gibber on the door-steps, and the crowd of loungers comprises a terribly large proportion of fever-stricken faces and swollen necks. The street seems endless, for after opening into an arcaded square set round with commonplace public buildings, it winds on again narrower and duskier than before, and we are relieved to find that our hotel lies outside the town, and parted from it by the tree-bordered green known as Le Plot. And here we may note that French is the language of the valley; all the shop signs and inscriptions are in that tongue, and the poorer inhabitants scarcely know a word of Italian. Of its many old-time masters the Burgundian has left the strongest stamp on Aosta, and most of the domestic architecture is unmistakably French.<sup>1</sup>

The Mont Blanc Hotel proves to be a charming resting-place, clean and well-kept. Built, like most of the larger houses of the district, round three sides of a court, its western windows command fine views of the Cogne Mountains, across the luxuriant valley, and on either floor a deep, covered gallery gives airy access to the rooms.

Heat, dirt, and cobble-stones are sad checks upon antiquarian ardour. Why should all visitors to Aosta feel bound to trace the circuit of Terentius Varro's camp, and note every fragment of the old Roman walls? We should have had nothing fresh to say on the subject, and archæological students can find all particulars in Mr. Freeman's study of Aosta, and the pages of <sup>2</sup>King, Murray, and Baedeker. We were content to peep at the remains of the amphitheatre in a convent garden, and then sought the cool shade of the cathedral. This is a plain old building, spoilt by a barbaric façade, Corinthian porch, and gaudily-coloured saints in relief, but is flanked by two fine towers, one of which is a massive example of the early Romanesque. The interior, although vilely restored and loaded with tawdry decorations, is interesting, and has memorials of many different ages. There are the mural tombs of Challant's lords, of Thomas II of Flanders, of bishops, etc. The choir is paved with curious thirteenth-century mosaics, and has finely-carved stalls. There is a massive ancient font and a Romanesque crypt, supposed to be part of the original basilica erected by Constantine the Great. We peered into its dusky depths through a grating at the head of the steps, and saw that it served as a lumber-room for altar properties. The choir dates from the twelfth century, central nave and transept from the fifteenth. The present time is chiefly represented by waxen ex-votos: little hollow

figures, male and female, strung in bunches before a wonder-working shrine. There is a pretty little triangular cloister on the north side of the church, with an altar to Diana, and a quantity of Roman inscriptions huddled away in one corner. The treasury contains some fine silver reliquaries and illuminated books; but its proudest possession is an ivory diptych of the fifth century, with a marvellous statuette of the Emperor Honorius in his early youth.

At the north-east corner of the town we found, in the precincts of St. Urse, a fascinating old-world spot seldom explored by tourists. A dirty lane, bordered by a streamlet of rushing water, led us to a little grass-grown place with a huge lime-tree in the centre. There was a church on one side, and on the other a stout twelfth-century bell-tower shut out the Great St. Bernard from our view. We entered the Priory church through a beautiful cloister, and looked on a sunny garden plot, through double rows of Romanesque columns, having capitals rudely carved with scenes from the Old Testament. Mass was going on, the organ pealing, and a row of canons in faded purple capes, and with wrinkled, weather-beaten faces, filled the carved stalls of the choir. Red damask hangings, a barocco altar with twisted gilt columns, the gay kerchiefs of kneeling women, and shafts of light streaming through painted windows, made a rich and glowing picture.

The ancient crypt below is interesting as the first place of Christian worship in Aosta. Its patron, St. Urse, was, it seems, a Scotch saint, and his memory is held in high veneration. The Priory is an imposing building in the style of the French Renaissance, its mullioned windows framed by delicate mouldings of fruit and flowers in red *terra cotta*. Internally there is little to be seen, for the great chapter room is debased to kitchen uses, and its carved wainscoting stacked piecemeal against the wall of an upper room. But in the round tower we found a little chapel with feeble, faded frescoes of some historic interest. An Annunciation, with the Angel to the right of the spectator, is a departure from the conventional treatment of the theme.

The Leper's Tower, immortalised by Xavier de Maistre, is picturesquely placed among gardens to the south of the town. Our readers will remember the touching tale of poor Guasco's fate towards the close of the last century, and that his case was the last known instance, in Europe, of the real, virulent leprosy once so familiar a disease. Not far from this tower stands another where, so runs the legend, an unlucky lady of the Challant house was starved to death by a jealous husband. Her dying cries won for this tower of hunger the title of Bramafam. But nothing within the walls of blazing Aosta was half so pleasant as an evening ramble by shady lanes to the edge of the Dora. The speed of the racing, tumbling flood gave life and joy to the landscape, and lovely details of rock and vineyard, green woodland, and golden corn, were framed in by jagged mountain walls, and crowned by the snowy crests at the head of the valley.

We were bound for Courmayeur, an Alpine

<sup>1</sup> "Historical and Architectural Studies." (Macmillan.)

<sup>2</sup> King. "Italian Valleys of the Alps." (Murray.)

resort at the foot of Mont Blanc, four thousand feet above the sea, and the drive from Aosta repeats on a grander scale the scenery of the lower half of the valley. We follow the river between rocks and ravines, vine-covered slopes, ruined castles, picturesque brown-roofed villages, and groves of chestnut and walnut. The country seats of the Aostan nobility, stern mediæval strongholds, set about with flowers and ornamental shrubs, and the royal hunting lodge of La Sarre, throw a note of modern luxury amid the wild surroundings. Soon the valley draws in to a savage gorge, and the snow-peaks cluster thickly ahead. To the left, through the opening of another valley, we have a passing sight of the Grivola's sharp white cone, buttressed by purple crags. At the next turn yawns a dark gully delving into the heart of the Cogne Mountains, and at its mouth, on an isolated peak, stands the castle of Montmayeur.

This was the nest of a turbulent brood, whose device was "*Unguibus et rostro*," and the following legend tells how the head of the house lived up to his motto, somewhere about the middle of the fifteenth century. Count Montmayeur generally dwelt in Savoy, where he owned large estates. Part of these lands were claimed by a kinsman, and after much fierce dispute the matter was laid before the Senate of Chambéry. When notice of the suit reached Montmayeur at his castle of Clairvaux, a few miles from the city, he instantly rode down to the Senate House with a bag full of title-deeds at his saddle-bow: and, whether by logic or threats, pleaded his cause so well that the President of the Tribunal, one *Sieur de Fessigny*, staked his life on the Count's success. The verdict, nevertheless, was given against him, and Montmayeur, with a mighty oath, swore to be revenged. But time went on, and there was no sign of either beak or claws being called into play.

Then one morning *Fessigny* was surprised by a visit from the defeated Count, and still more surprised by his courteous and smiling demeanour. Montmayeur was weary, it seemed, of family strife, and, having already made peace with his victorious kinsman, had bidden him, with other friends and relations, to a grand banquet. Might he not hope to be also favoured with the President's company?

De *Fessigny* hummed and ha'd, but finally accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day rode up to the gates of Clairvaux. He had passed no one on the road, the castle looked grim and deserted, there were no signs of festivity to be seen, and for a moment he felt strongly inclined to turn tail and gallop back down the steep descent. But the chieftain, all smiles and affability, stood waiting to welcome him under the archway with thanks for his kind punctuality. The other guests had not yet appeared; the host became fidgety, astonished, annoyed, and presently ordered the repast to be served without them. The President's suspicions were quite allayed by this time. The dishes were exquisite, the wines of the choicest growths. He drank deep, so did the Count; their tongues loosened,

jest followed jest, and the host was most excellent company. Their merriment was at its height, when suddenly Montmayeur's manner changed, and he said, in a solemn tone:

"*Sieur de Fessigny*, are you a good Christian?"

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished guest.

The inquiry was repeated with increased emphasis.

The President laughed, and raising his glass, answered lightly,

"You are very kind, my dear Count, what concern may you have in the state of my-soul?"

"Turn round and you will see," thundered Montmayeur.

De *Fessigny* turned and sprang to his feet. The arras behind him had been drawn aside. He saw a funeral bier at the end of the hall and a dozen monks ranged round it began chanting a Litany for the dead. A masked figure, dressed in red, stood, axe in hand, beside a block.

De *Fessigny's* eyes opened, his glass dropped, and the blood-red wine ran along the uneven floor staining the stones by the block.

"Through you I lost lands and gold," cried the Count. "Your head is forfeit. Quickly make peace with Heaven, for you have to die."

The scared President tried to laugh.

"This is a sorry jest, my lord Count," he stammered with trembling lips.

"Tis no jest. Make thy peace with God."

Then the betrayed man fell upon his knees, appealing to the laws of hospitality, asking mercy for wife and child's sake. But in vain! At a sign from their chief, two of the feigned monks dragged the victim to the block, and in an instant the executioner's work was done.

Early the next morning the Count mounted his horse and—again with a leathern bag at his saddle bow—rode down to the Senate.

"Here is a fresh document connected with my case," he said, laying his bag on the table, and hastily saluting the assembly, at once quitted the hall and rode away. The Senators sat waiting for their President, grumbling somewhat at his delay, when presently red drops were seen oozing from the leathern bag. It was opened and they found the head of De *Fessigny*.

After this act of violence the Count found it expedient to leave Savoy, and flying across the mountains long defied justice in his impregnable castle of Montmayeur.

Once through the defile of Pierre Tailleé, the natural gate against which more than one invader has battered in vain, the valley again opens out and the dome of Mont Blanc is seen glittering above a façade of black, pointed crags. And here the trim vineyards still terraced by the road begin to be tiresome. Vines imply heat, and in this wild region, 3,000 feet above the sea, with fine cascades fresh from the glacier world seaming the cliffs on the shady side of the Dora, they are clearly out of place. We are glad to leave them behind, to say good-bye to the chestnuts, to greet the firs and beeches, and to feel the first gusts of real Alpine wind.



Passing the village of La Salle, birthplace of Pope Innocent v, and its thirteenth-century castle, and Chabodry across the river, famed for its curious ice cave, we clatter over the stones of Morgex, the chief town of Val Digne, and soon come to Pré St. Didier. This bathing-place is a charming sleepy hollow at the foot of Mont Cramont, just where the zigzagged road to the Little St. Bernard parts from the highway to Courmayeur. It is a place of rushing waters, of verdant slopes overhung by fierce crags and pine forests; its hotels and lodging-houses are grouped round three sides of a little square, and visitors must lead a sort of happy family existence in its queer, cramped, balconied dwellings. Its mineral springs are said to be very efficacious against rheumatism, paralysis, and scrofulous ailments. The bath-house is charmingly situated behind the village in an avenue of overarching walnuts, and from the rock-strewn slopes above there is one of the finest views of Mont Blanc. From no point has the mighty mass a more imposing effect, and its glistening snows are seen above a vandyked wall of pine tops and through a framework of boughs. Many after visits only strengthened the fascination of Pré St. Didier. The old bath-

house, beyond the établissement, lies in the cleft between Mont Nona and the Cramont, where the torrent of La Thuile bursts through in a series of magnificent leaps and rapids. Following a little track above the edge of the water you come to the source of the hot spring, a bubbling well in a dripping cave. Edelweiss grows in this enchanting gorge, probably brought there with fallen sods from the Cramont overhead, and it is strange to see this snow-flower flourishing in company with maidenhair, polypody, and a profusion of mountain pinks and campanulas.

Storm-clouds gathered about us during the ascent to Courmayeur. Crossing the Dora for the last time, our way wound about a great shoulder of naked rock. No trees followed us; they had wisely remained in the sheltered basin below. The chain of Mont Blanc was blotted out; endless fields of potatoes, beans, and half-ripe rye made an uninviting foreground. It was all so bare and bleak! Why, oh why had we not fixed rooms at St. Didier? At last our driver cracked his whip; we were entering a narrow village street lined by half-demolished hovels, heaps of stones, and incipient masonry. And this was Courmayeur!

### A Lament.

OH! little waves, that clasp the shore  
With passionate caress,  
Your creamy curves for evermore  
Do fill me with distress.

Why are you now so calm and bright  
Now that my love is dead,  
When every curve of azure light  
Is circling round his head?

Why do you wear that smiling face,  
Oh! cruel hungry sea,  
When on the earth you've left no trace  
Of one that smiled on me?

I sit and watch you wave by wave  
Laughing in careless joy;  
I sit and watch the foam-flecked grave  
Where lies my sailor-boy.

I bring no flowers as others do  
To scatter on the tomb;  
He's covered o'er with sapphires blue  
And depths of purple gloom.

He has no grave-stone but the cliff,  
All gilded in the sun;  
No epitaph above his head  
Records what he has done.

Would I could write each noble deed  
In letters of pure flame,  
That all who passed might stop and read  
And spread abroad his fame.

And whisper how each stormy night  
He was the first to brave  
The terrors of the billow-fight,  
The death-gloom of the wave.

How, rescuing souls from that dark sea,  
Its horrors he defied;  
And whisper, while they weep like me,  
"In saving life he died."

B. T. A. W.



## GLIMPSES OF QUEEN ANNE'S DAYS.

BY JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D.

### I.

THE Germans have a proverb, "You can't see the wood for the trees," and never was that proverb more applicable than in reference to the topic before us, comprising such a number of facts of all sorts, that it is difficult to generalise them, next to impossible to bring them into close connection and unity. We must endeavour to clear an open space as we proceed through this forest of objects; and passing from point to point notice illustrations clustering round them. We shall place ourselves in different localities, and sketch hastily scenes and circumstances relating to the days of Queen Anne.

We begin with Windsor.

Far different were the castle and park from what they are at present. The outline of buildings, as seen from a distance, especially the Round Tower, was less elevated, bold, and imposing. The few remains of Norman and Mediæval architecture—which now so much interest visitors—were then associated with others that have disappeared. Henry VIII's and Queen Elizabeth's additions were tolerably timeworn, and excited antiquarian sentiment; but Charles II's extensive alterations in tasteless style (a sort of bastard Franco-Italian) were then not fifty years old, and looked of course quite modern. Much of the royal palace must have been unpicturesque and ugly. The park, too, was very different from what it is now, less formal, less cultivated, less planted, with few roads and divisions, no Long Walk, as we behold it, the rows of trees planted by William III being then in their early youth. But Hearne's Oak and the banks of the Thames—with other Shakesperian associations, including the Garter Inn—were beginning to inspire interest; and as the works of the bard increased in popularity, that interest of course increased with it. There was a north terrace; but no beautiful gardens clothed the slopes. Yet close to the royal walls were quaintly-cut trees and Dutch flower-beds.

At Windsor Anne spent a good deal of time. She had no Osborne, no Balmoral, to divide her visits. Between the Berkshire retreat and St. James's Palace she passed to and fro in a lumbering coach, and with a military escort crossed Hounslow, then infested by highwaymen and dotted with gibbets.

The most pleasant idea we have of her Majesty is derived from Dr. Johnson's description of her when he was a child. He had, he said, "a confused, but somehow a solemn, recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood." This impression he received when he was taken to receive the royal touch—one of the characteristic superstitions of the age. In Windsor Castle she would exercise what many considered a divine prerogative, and there, too, she comes before us

in connection with celebrities of her day. We can but mention Dean Swift, that extraordinary being, as insolent as he was clever. He tells how she went out to hunt in a chaise with one horse, which she drove herself, like Jehu and Nimrod—accomplishing forty miles one August day in the burning sun, so that she did not get home till four in the afternoon, and the board of green cloth had to postpone dinner to the unusually late hour of five.

Thackeray describes her as a hot, red-faced "woman, not at the least resembling that statue of hers which turns its stone back upon St. Paul's and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill." From Swift we further learn that the Queen received visitors in her bedroom, and that there sometimes the crowd was so great that no one could see her except those close to her couch.

Another queen was often at Windsor—Queen Sarah, as the haughty Duchess of Marlborough used to be called. On Anne's accession she made this lady Ranger of Windsor Forest, and assigned her a residence in the park, to which her grace had taken a fancy, expressing a wish for such a place when riding with her royal mistress through the royal domain. Everybody is familiar with the story of the intimacy of these two women, under the assumed names of Mrs. Morley (the Queen) and Mrs. Freeman (the Duchess). Sitting one day by an oriel window, now part of the royal library, overlooking the Thames and Eton College, Anne received a messenger, booted and spurred, who brought her a letter from the Duke of Marlborough addressed to his wife, dated August 13th, 1704, written on horseback with a pencil, on a scrap of paper torn out of an account-book, telling her to let her Majesty know that her army had won a glorious victory. The precious autograph announcing the result of the battle of Blenheim is preserved. A long letter full of details soon followed, and the Duchess had also a note of congratulation from the Queen, in which she refers to the good news received from her "dear Mrs. Freeman"—of a victory, "next to God Almighty, owing to dear Mr. Freeman."

### II.

From Windsor we travel to Kensington. The appearance of the palace there is little altered. William III made it what it is, and the red-brick building is a good specimen of a palatial structure at the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries. The Gardens then did not contain a scientific arboretum, but they comprised a lake and its present park-like avenues.

Anne seems to have spent her autumns at Kensington, and there she lived in much state, surrounded by courtiers, spending a good deal of

time, by day and night, at her favourite game of *basset*. The players sat closely packed round the table, so that the Queen could hardly put her hand into her pocket to get out the money she lost, through want of skill, or want of luck. There was a grand banqueting-room, built soon after her accession, adorned with Corinthian pillars and elegant friezes, and containing niches with statues. Myrtles and evergreens studded the broad windows which overlooked the park garden, and the plants were sent in winter time to be sheltered in the conservatories of famous horticulturists in the neighbourhood. People were allowed to have a peep at "good Queen Anne" on State occasions, but they had to come in full dress. The ladies in brocaded silks and satins, fardingales and stomachers, fly-caps or hoods, and high-heeled slippers; and the gentlemen in curled perukes, broad cock-hats, flowing coats of velvet, embroidered long waistcoats, silk stockings, and shoes like very short boots. There they sailed about, mincing in stately motion, exchanging small talk or listening to the royal band, and catching bits of songs and ballads.

Here, as elsewhere, too, she largely indulged in her favourite afternoon beverage, permitting her lords and ladies to sip the cups which "cheer and not inebriate," as Cowper says. Another poet, Pope, alludes to the royal habit when he says of Hampton Court,

Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea—or say.

A curious significant circumstance occurred in connection with her Majesty's patronage of art at Kensington. A famous enamel-painter was commissioned to execute a picture in earthenware of the Queen, Prince George of Denmark, her husband, the principal officers and ladies of the Court; and of Victory introducing the Duke of Marlborough (her dear Mr. Freeman). A design was prepared, but an order came before the work was done, to introduce Peace and Ormond, instead of Marlborough and Victory. Why? Because the Queen had quarrelled with the Duchess—dear Mrs. Morley with dear Mrs. Freeman, and a new favourite was supplanting the old one. The star of Abigail Hill was in the ascendant. As Mrs. Masham she had fierce quarrels with the Duchess about certain bedrooms in the palace which both of them claimed. Under trumpety squabbles of that kind political factions were at work. Whiggism and Toryism were represented by the Duchess and her rival. Soon we find the Duchess and the Queen not even on speaking terms. It is said that at Court the former sat at a respectful distance in a recess, and drew a curtain between her Majesty and herself, as if they were in different rooms. Again we learn that the Duchess once got into such a rage that the Queen was about to leave her grace. The Duchess set her back against the door and said, "You shall stay and hear all I choose to say." All this squabbling was pitiable, and it is something far worse to think that the government of a great nation, important political interests, questions of foreign and domestic policy, should

hinge at all upon such contemptible squabbles. Leading politicians—the Whig junta of Somers, Halifax, Oxford, Wharton, and Sunderland; Tories, such as Harley, Sheffield, Bolingbroke, Buckingham, Nottingham, and Rochester—might be seen driving in their coaches through the rustic Hyde Park, the village-like Knightsbridge, and the country road leading thence to the Court suburb, up to the palace gates; and there perhaps they would have to meet an angry mistress with whom it was difficult for courtiers to deal. Her drooping mouth and sullen brow have become proverbial—we have all heard of altercations with her Cabinet ministers; and Swift says that the "Queen, the Duchess of Somerset, and Abigail Masham meant to govern the country, without the assistance of either Whigs and Tories."

Before leaving Kensington we must look into the square. Many people of distinction resided there then, precursors of the ambassadors, gentry, and clergy who scrambled for apartments in George II's reign. A foreign minister, a prelate, and a doctor might be found in the same tenement. Forty coaches were kept in the neighbourhood. How the heavy wheels went trundling round on some signal occasion, taking up the wide-hooped ladies and curl-wigged gentlemen; how quaintly-dressed footmen clustered round the doors and ran up the steps; how the townspeople crowded to see my lord and my lady go to Court; how statesmen walked arm-in-arm, and young aristocratic prigs ran to call on a friend or relative, after playing pranks in the park. Then, at night, what a racket there was, when swarms came home from balls and routs; and sedan-chairs bobbed along, escorted by link-boys, whose torches revealed the diamonds and the powdered and pomatumed hair, the little beauty-spots, the long fans, and the long gloves, behind the curtains. Gentlemen who had neither coach nor sedan had to walk home; the link-bearer, running before, thundered at the knocker, and, receiving his sixpence, plunged his torch into the trumpet-like ornaments stuck by the doors, and so left the square in utter darkness.

### III.

We now bend our steps Londonwards, which in Anne's time could not be said to be reached (counting Westminster as part of London) until we came to the middle of Piccadilly, at the top of the street leading down to St. James's Palace, one of the Queen's stated residences. The building was much the same as now, but Westminster, in most respects, is totally altered. Two grand arched gateways still stood at Whitehall; and, in King Street, Holbein's Gateway, sometimes called Cockpit Gate. Westminster Abbey had just received its fresh towers at the hand of Wren. St. Paul's also rose brand-new at the top of Ludgate Hill, its walls white and clean, not, as now, begrimed with soot. London Bridge was lined with houses and shops, like the Rialto at Venice and the Ponte Vecchio at Florence. Old streets, narrow and dirty, with overhanging storeys, left untouched by the fire, remained as companions

to the new streets—not much wider—which covered the immense space cleared out by flames in the time of Charles II. There must have been many scaffolds about London, with stonemasons busy at work on the fifty churches voted by Parliament at that time.

We must not wander over the metropolis, and so lose ourselves, but confine attention to certain points. Let us therefore glance at the Houses of Parliament, and then go in quest of what was literary and scientific.

Where stands now the magnificent palatial edifice at Westminster on the banks of the Thames, there stood then, amidst a mass of inharmonious architecture, the old Court of Requests, occupied by the Lords; and the old St. Stephen's Chapel, fitted up so as to look like a Presbyterian meeting-house, used by the Commons. In those famous historical chambers, after the Union, the Scotch representative peers sat side by side with the English; and the members elected in the north mingled with those chosen in the south. The assemblies contained all sorts of men, some patriotic, some selfish, some very dull, some rather brilliant, some very respectable, some quite the reverse. In the Upper House might be seen the astute Lord Somers, the valiant Duke of Marlborough, the profligate Lord Wharton, the almost royal Earl of Rochester, uncle of the Queen; the philosophical Lord Bolingbroke, the sagacious financier Baron Halifax, the double-dealing Earl of Nottingham, with the rock-like Archbishop Tenison; the impetuous Burnet, and, before Anne's death, the eloquent Atterbury. Occasional Conformity Bills, the question, "Is the Church in danger?" the peace of Utrecht—these and other subjects of stirring interest gave rise to fierce debates; but, amongst them all, the union of Scotland and England was of the greatest domestic importance.

After the union of the two countries had been effected, some Scotchmen regretted it, and in a fit of party spleen the Earl of Findlater proposed to the Peers, in 1713, that it should be repealed. To this Lord Peterborough replied: "That though sometimes there happened a difference between man and wife, yet it did not happily break the marriage; so in the like manner, though England, who in this national marriage must be supposed to be the husband, might in some instances have been unkind to the lady, yet she ought not presently to sue for a divorce, the rather because she had very much mended her fortune by this match." Thank God, those days are gone; neither husband nor wife now wish for a separation. In spite of old heartburnings, the union told well for both countries; but never did the marriage prosper under Anne as it does under Victoria.

Let us search after what was literary and scientific in the London of that day, and first of all step into Button's Coffee-house, in Russell Street, Covent Garden. Dryden had been the presiding genius at Will's, but he had passed away before Anne ascended the throne; Addison became patron and ruling spirit in the new coffee-house opened by Button, into which Will's was merged.

There he dined, and spent afterwards five or six hours, surrounded by the warm-hearted, genial, and lively Richard Steele,—Philips, whom Pope called with ill-natured severity—

"The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,  
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,  
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,  
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a year,—"

Charles Davenant, a once famous writer upon politics and trade; Henry Carey, of musical renown; Budgell, captious and quarrelsome, contributor to the *Spectator*; and Colonel Brett, whose military position brought him within the range of Addison's acquaintance. There they sat, in flowing wigs and handsome waistcoats, sipping their wine after early dinner, flavouring their conversation with wit, and criticism, and scandal. One evening a strange clergyman in boots made his appearance, laid down his hat, walked up the room at a brisk pace in surly mood, took some refreshment, paid for it, and marched off without speaking a word to anybody. This was Jonathan Swift, afterwards the celebrated Dean. Pope, too, a thin frail little man, might be seen there; his genius we need not characterise, but his social manners at Button's Coffee-house are thus described in a letter written to him: "You were remarkable for your satirical itch of provocation; scarce was there a gentleman of any pretension to wit whom your unguarded temper had not fallen upon in some biting epigram; among whom you once caught a pastoral Tartar, whose resentment (that your punishment might be proportionate to the smart of your poetry) had stuck up a birchen rod in the room, to be ready whenever you might come within reach of it." The pastoral Tartar was Ambrose Philips.

Besides coffee-houses there were clubs—not like the Athenæum and United Service—but small, and more intimate societies, where the members were all on talking and friendly terms. Some were political, such as the October Club, renowned for October ale, where, in King Street, Westminster, one hundred and fifty squires, Tories to the backbone, drank to the health of Queen Anne and confusion to the Whigs, and thought that the Government did not go far enough in punishing their opponents. They were for turning out every placeman who did not mount the true Tory colours. But some clubs were literary, particularly the Scriblerus Club, including Lord Oxford, Lord Bolingbroke, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope. They got up a satire entitled "P. P., clerk of the parish," in which they ridiculed Burnet's history of his own time. The fermentation in that society was so violent that the society soon burst in pieces.

Clubs were all the rage, and if we may judge of them by Swift's account, they were not quite so intellectual and brilliant as some suppose. He says there was much drinking and little thinking.

Booksellers' shops were places of literary resort in the early part of the last century, and shared with taverns and clubs in the conversation of authors with their patrons and friends. Tonson,



whose fat face, crowned with a nightcap, is familiar to us, stood at the top of the trade—the John Murray of his day—and it is said he spoke his mind upon all occasions, and flattered nobody. His shop at first was in Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street, bearing the sign of the Judge's Head, afterwards he removed, and adopted the sign of Shakespeare's Head.

From Tonson's shop issued the *Spectator*, in a single leaf, and the *Tatler*, and other periodicals, the appearance of which on the tea-table was anticipated as much as is now the daily newspaper when we go down to breakfast.

Bernard Lintot was a well-known bookseller by the Temple, setting up over his door a pair of cross-keys. John Dunton, another bookseller, is better known in our day as the editor of the "*Athenian Mercury*" and the author of his "*Own Life and Errors*," as he entitles his autobiography;—an eccentric man who poured forth verses without end, describing everybody he knew, celebrated or obscure.

Passing by booksellers' shops, we come to Grub Street, inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and fugitive poems. Who can forget the lines in the *Dunciad*?—

"Not with less glory mighty Dulness crowned  
Shall take through Grub Street her triumphant round,  
And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,  
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce."

"Here Pope's answers are so sharp," says Thackeray, "and his slaughter so wholesale, that the reader's sympathies are often enlisted on the side of the devoted inhabitants of Grub Street."

The literature of the reign of Queen Anne has been sometimes overrated, but beyond all question it was eminently distinguished. Of philosophers there were Sir Isaac Newton, John Locke, and Samuel Clarke; of historians there were Burnet, De Foe, and Calamy; of poets, Addison, Pope, Prior, and Parnell. Of naturalists, virtuosos, diarists, there still lingered on the stage of life John Evelyn. Of persons still known by the emphatic name of wits, besides Addison and Steele, there were Congreve, Garth, Arbuthnot, and Gay.

Amongst divines we number Atterbury, Wake, and Hoadly; of clerical politicians Swift stands chief.

Some of the most brilliant achievements of these men did not appear during Anne's reign. Newton's *Principia* came before De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Plague Year*; Pope's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, The *Dunciad*, and *Essay on Man* came afterwards. But Newton's *Optics*, the *Controversy with Leibnitz*, Addison's *Cato*, Pope's *Rape of the Lock* and *Windsor Forest*, Swift's *Tale of the Tub*, and the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and *Guardian* (for the most part) issued from the press whilst the daughter of James II sat upon the throne. There was a great deal of trash published, and much that was worse than mere trash. No one can look into some of the novels and plays of the period without being shocked. Scott says the writings even of the most esteemed poets contain passages which in modern times would be accounted to deserve the pillory.

And when the most of what can be truly said in the way of praise is taken into account, one qualification must be remembered: what obtained under Queen Anne was not promoted, not patronised, by Queen Anne. She had no literary taste whatever. And to this qualification must be added another drawback—literature was too much subordinated to political ends. Defoe in almost all he wrote at that time was a politician, "*Cato*," if not written by Addison with a view to party purposes, was turned to this account when acted. Swift was a Tory partisan from first to last, and a large number of authors were engaged in state or ecclesiastical politics.

It is worth while here to mention that a stamp duty of one penny in 1712 was imposed on newspapers, then very small and imperfect affairs; and, in reference to the commencement of the tax, Addison says, "This is the day on which many eminent authors will probably publish their last works. I am afraid that few of our weekly historians, who are men that, above all others, delight in war, will be able to subsist under the weight of a stamp duty in approaching peace."

The tax was soon abandoned, to be renewed on the accession of George III.

### A Pastoral.

THE rosy dawn creeps up the mountain side,  
Touching with light, green, copse and grassy lea;  
The world to life is wakening far and wide,  
And songs are heard from every bush and tree.  
Come, let us hasten where the white-thorn blows,  
Or on the hedges seek the pale blush-rose.

Up! up! The fields are fresh with dews of night,  
And hear you not the strains of Corin's flute?  
They take the purple hills with such delight  
That not an echo in their glades is mute;  
And earth, and air, and sky are filled with sound:  
Great Nature's hymn, sweet, passionate, profound.

Come 'neath the temple of the morning sky,  
And let us pay our orisons to heaven;  
The lark is singing as she soars on high,  
Leaving the nest to which she dropped at even.  
If only prayer and praise be pure and true,  
They too will rise into the vaulted blue.

What shall our organ be? The winds that blow.  
And what our choir? The breeze's silver chime;  
While clear-voiced streams that, rippling, gently flow,  
Will move with us in sweet melodious time.  
Oh come, and we shall keep glad festival,  
And heaven's high gates will open at our call.

CHARLES D. BELL, D.D.





*After G. Haquette.*

# A MAN OVERBOARD!

*[Paris Salon, 1886.]*

The  
The

This  
And

IT was  
Cal  
kiri  
pletion  
and the  
Rev. C  
openin

If t  
offered  
and w  
vice.  
give th  
was s  
Carric  
little o  
all his  
felt th  
morse  
him.  
dare t  
forwar  
anxiet  
tension

A g  
to Col  
the c  
Andre  
senten  
how l  
slowly  
did n  
expres  
sive t  
find n  
missi  
furthe

"T  
for m  
Him  
comp  
when

An  
she n  
he w  
he sa  
to th  
he n

"J  
vera

## THE LONE HOUSE:

### A GALLOWAY STORY.

BY AMELIA E. BARR, AUTHOR OF "JAN VEDDER'S WIFE," "A DAUGHTER OF FIFE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER II.

"The ills we see,  
The mysteries of sorrow, deep and long,  
The dark enigmas of permitted wrong,  
Have all one key:  
This strange, sad world is but our Father's school,  
And every change His Love shall overrule."

It was a lovely day toward the end of April, and Carrick went into Port Braddon about the new kirk, which was now rapidly approaching completion. A communion service was to be bought, and there was a proposal on foot to invite the Rev. Cosmo Carrick of Edinburgh to conduct the opening services.

If this measure was carried out, Andrew had offered to go to Edinburgh with the invitation, and while there "look out" a suitable silver service. In fact, he had almost promised himself to give the service "from his ain means, if the Lord was sae gracious as thus to honour the name o' Carrick in the vera sight o' them that thought little o' it." He knew that Grahame was using all his influence to thwart the invitation; and he felt that his failure to do so would be the sweetest morsel of revenge that could be vouchsafed to him. He did not call it "revenge;" he did not dare to inquire into his feelings, but he looked forward to the decision of the question with an anxiety that kept his very breathing in a state of tension.

A great triumph awaited him. The invitation to Cosmo Carrick was a unanimous one. As to the communion service, it was left entirely to Andrew's discretion. He said little, and he presented a solemnly impassive countenance, but oh, how lifted up he was! It was then that, riding slowly down the street, he met Grahame. Carrick did not indeed look at his enemy, but the whole expression of the man was exasperating and offensive to Grahame. He was so angry that he could find no words to express his anger; and Carrick, missing his usual jibe, took the circumstance as a further evidence of supernatural favour.

"The Lord has shut the mouth o' my enemy for me. It's a gude thing to be still and wait for Him to do it!" Such thoughts kept him pleasant company, and he was in his most genial mood when he arrived at his home.

Ann had been very anxious for his success, and she read it in every movement he made, although he would not speak of it with undue haste. Indeed, he sauntered about the garden, and walked round to the byre, and gave his pony a feed of oats, ere he named the subject.

"I'm awa' to Edinbro', Monday, Ann. It's on vera important business anent the kirk; sae

you'll hae my suit o' braidcloth put up, wi' a' things conformable."

"I'm glad to hear it, fayther, 'deed am I."

"And your cousin will dootless come back wi' me. It's to be a time o' great speeritual joy; and you'll see that naething be lacking in the way o' creature comforts and conveniences. The siller required is for your asking. But whar is Jeannie?"

"She went awa' lang ere the noon hour. I hae nae seen her syne. It was to Lucky Boyd's she went for some flax. I hae had an unco anxious feeling anent her the last hour or twa; and I wish she'd come hame."

"Tut, tut! Jeannie kens well enou' to tak' care o' herself. Why not?"

He took his pipe and sat down on the hearth. Jeannie's creepie (stool) was in the corner, and he looked at it with a feeling of disappointment. Why wasn't she there? He would have liked to talk over his trip to Edinbro' with her. His smoke did not give him the usual satisfaction. He got restless. The empty creepie, as the twilight deepened, looked almost tragical. He kept saying, "I wonder where she is at a'!" and saying it with a constantly increasing anxiety. When Ann came in from the byre the girl's face frightened him. She set down the milk, and burst into tears.

"Fayther, fayther! There's something no right. I canna bear it. I'm awa' to the cottages to spier after her."

"Stop here! I'll go mysel'."

He came back white and stern. Jeannie had told a lie. She had not been near them that day, and inquiry had made him acquainted with the fact that she had often met Walter Grahame at Peter Lochrig's. He had quarrelled with Peter. He was angrier than Ann had ever seen him in all her life. He pushed the creepie out of his sight, and tried to sit still, but could not. The presence of Ann appeared to annoy him; he would not speak to her, and she went into the dairy, and, shivering with cold, and sick with anxiety, sat there until he called her.

"It is bedtime. Lock the door. If you can pray, go and pray. God will hae to speak a word to me afore I can speak to Him. Ann Carrick, whar is your sister?"

"I wish I kent! I wish I kent!"

"Think. Did she not say one word by ordinar to you?"

"Not ane, fayther! Not ane! I was skimming the milk this morn, and she came to my side and said, 'Nannie, I'm awa' down to the seashore.' And I said, 'Not you, you lazy lassie, gae mind your seam.' And she said, 'I canna sew the day;

I'm thinking o' the White Cave, and the green waves trem'ling through it, and I'll awa there.' 'Don't gae there for ony sake,' I said. 'Gae to Lucky Boyd's and get some mair flax, and see you're hame at the noon hour;' and she laughed and said, 'Nae; I'll hae a herring and a cup o' tea wi' Lucky, and she'll read me the dream I had yestreen;' and sae she pinched my arm, and when I turned quick-like, she said, 'Thar's a kiss to pay the pinch wi'.' A minute after I turned me roun', and she stood in the door looking at me. I said, 'Weel, what is it?' and she said, 'Naething, Nannie; naething, Nannie,' and went awa'. Oh, Jeannie, Jeannie!"

As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Who has not heard knocks that seemed "instinct with fate"? This one smote on both hearts. They looked at each other, and Ann sat down trembling and weeping.

Andrew asked, "Wha's there?"

"It's Jock Simpson frae Wigton. I hae a letter for you, maister."

He opened the door and took the letter; but, ere he looked at it, said, "Thar's a shilling for you. Gae down to Lucky Boyd's and she'll gie you and your beast a mouthfu' and a night's lodging. There is sorrow here, and nae room for stranger folk."

The man took the money and without a word went away. Andrew watched him outside the gate, relocked the door, and, sitting down by the table, laid the letter upon it.

He had shown great anxiety and emotion before Jeannie's fate was decided. After reading the letter he arose with apparent calmness and left it on the table. Ann had not dared to move, still less to ask him a question; but he stopped as he passed through the houseplace and said, "You can read that bit o' shameful paper; then put it in the fire, and dinna you daur to name the subject o' it to me again—*never!*"

He went into his room and locked the door. Ann lifted Jeannie's letter and read it. It was the letter of a half-educated and over-disciplined child. She said she had married Walter Grahame because she loved him, and that they were going to Australia "sae as not to anger folks;" and would her father and Ann forgive her and try to think a bit kindly of her. Its simplicity touched Ann's heart. She felt that she must see Jock Simpson and hear the last news of her sister.

At the first grey dawn she was running swiftly down to Lucky Boyd's, and she found Jock just saddling his pony.

"I was up early," he said, "to try and win a sight o' your mistress. I promised your bonnie sister to gie you this, only the maister wasna to be spoken to yestreen."

He took a bit of paper from his pocket and gave it to her. It contained only a long shining tress of Jeannie's hair, and a little card on which the runaway had written in her large childish handwriting—"Nannie! Nannie! dinna forget Jeannie!"

"I'll ne'er do that! I'll ne'er do that, my puir dear Jeannie!" and she went crying up the hill, kissing this last token of her sister's love and wetting it through with her tears.

It is a great blessing in hard sorrows to have compelling duties. The cows were lowing to be milked and the breakfast was to make, and though Ann went about her work with a heavy heart she neglected nothing. All day her father kept his room; he neither ate nor drank, nor answered her timid inquiries regarding his wishes. She heard him, hour after hour, pacing the floor, and either talking to himself or to his Maker. For, like the man of Uz, Andrew Carrick was ever ready to enter into a controversy with Him. It was more in accord with his nature to argue the "wherefore" of an affliction than to submit to it.

"I'm no a bairn to tak' my punishment and ask nae questions," he said to Ann, when his wife was taken from him. "I'm a son that is o' age, and I may ask o' my Fayther, 'Why hast Thou entered into judgment wi' me?'" And in this sorrow the question seemed to him still more necessary.

On the second morning he came to the breakfast-table. He was white and haggard, and had aged ten years in the preceding thirty-six hours. He swallowed a few mouthfuls of porridge, and then rose and went to the open door and stood facing the sea, which was this morning blue and smooth and dimpling with incalculable laughter in the sunshine. The wind blew his long black hair from his face, and the keen salt air appeared to revive him, for he turned and said,

"Ann, I'll awa' to Port Braddon. There's naething but darkness and silence in my ain room. Nae answer has come to me there."

He expected to see Grahame, but he did not; and all was very quiet in the little town. He sauntered round with even more than his usual deliberation, and then returned home. He was thankful for the reprieve. Grahame could not now say that he had avoided him; and he might take a few days to gather his strength together. He had intended to go to Edinburgh on the following Monday; he determined to go at once. He would be there in a wilderness, as it were, apart from personalities that wounded and questioned him.

Ann was glad of the decision. She hoped he might open his heart to his cousin. She had not dared to offer him either sympathy or advice. In some way or other she felt that he blamed her, or else his loss had revealed to him what Ann had long known—that Jeannie was the apple of his eye, the dearest thing on earth to his heart.

The visit to Edinburgh was in a sense very satisfactory. Cosmo Carrick received him gladly, and agreed to preach at the opening of Port Braddon Kirk. He also gave Andrew his advice about a communion service, and a very handsome one was bought. For Andrew in this matter had a quick conscience; he gave the thing he had promised mentally, even with an over-scrupulous generosity. The Lord, in granting him his desire, had sent sorrow with it, but, for all that, he would pay fully the offering he had promised. If he could have read his own heart, he would have known that, in his gift, he was proudly conscious of a returning of good for evil.

He stayed a week in Edinburgh; and, when he



returned, Cosmo Carrick came with him. The opening of the kirk was a manifest success. It was clear of debt; the handsome silver service was upon the table. The sermon stirred every soul to its inmost depth. What a time of joyful triumph it might have been to Andrew but for that dark shadow upon his hearthstone!

He had not seen Grahame since the affair, and no one else had dared to mention the subject to him. But he knew that, in its relation to the public, it must eventually be faced; and this was the humiliating side of the affliction. Cosmo Carrick made but one reference to it. When they gathered for worship on the first night of his visit, he said,

"I thought, cousin, you had two daughters."

"I have *ane* daughter, cousin—*only ane*."

And Cosmo saw the heavy tears falling from under Ann's dropped eyes, and divined that even in that simple, pious home sorrow had found herself a dwelling-place. He was, however, too true a gentleman, and too good a minister, to seek after ungiven confidences, for he knew well that spiritual consolation must be self-evolved to be of practical strength and comfort. Andrew clasped his hand at parting with a great regard, and then turned with a sigh to his bench and his work.

But he soon began to miss the sound of Jeannie's wheel and the bits of broken chatter that had often enough troubled him when he was following out some involved train of thought. He could not bear the silence and the monotony, and he soon put aside his last and went into the garden. As he stood leaning upon his rake a boy brought him a note. It was from Elder Scott, advising him of a kirk session extraordinary, to consider the call of a minister for the new kirk, and requesting him to be in his place at two o'clock.

It was rather a stormy session, and Andrew's opinions and wishes obtained very little attention. This was the natural reaction to the decided prominence given him in the previous meeting; but Andrew believed it to be the result of the disgrace which Jeannie had brought upon his name. And as he went down the street his enemy was watching for him. He had been in Glasgow looking after his runaway son, and had failed to obtain any satisfactory information regarding his destination. He was full of anger and bitterness, and the sight of Andrew riding calmly home from a kirk session was more than he could endure. He advanced to the middle of the street and seized the bridle, asking in a passionate voice, "Do you ken that your daughter is awa' wi' Walter Grahame?"

"I ken that my daughter has married Walter Grahame. I did my best for the lass; but the wicked will go to the wicked."

"Then you will gae to destruction, Andrew Carrick, be sure o' that. And I'm thinking it's little marriage there is in the question. Walter isna sic a fool."

"You'll no daur to say that again, Grahame! I'll lay my whip across your ill face if you do."

"Do sae, and I'll hae you put under lock and key for assault, *Elder Carrick*. You! straight frae

a kirk session, in your new-fangled free kirk, and threatening folk wi' your horsewhip! Think shame o' yourself, *Elder Carrick*!"

"I think shame o' breaking a word wi' you at a'! Let gae my beast."

"I'll haud him as long as I want to."

"Vera weel. I can bide your time. Say the warst word in your sinfu' heart, I'm no heeding it!" And he shut his mouth tight, and gazing over the tossing waves at the harbour bar, seemed in his concentration of soul to have closed his ears also. A crowd gathered around them, a crowd of idle boys, and men and women, whose sympathies were decidedly with the more offensive and belligerent Grahame.

Calm as a man of stone, Andrew sat amid the storm of insult smiting him right and left. The mouth, which always betrays a weak man, only indicated on Andrew's face a gathering of will and of purpose. It drew tighter, but it never trembled. At length a man in the crowd said, "Dinna choke yourself, Grahame; you'll be having a fit. Let the auld Whig gae. His daughter isna worth the words you are spending on her."

"Even sae. And it's weel kent she's only paying her fayther the wage he's earned."

Then, with a parting epithet of inexcusable infamy, and a chorus of foolish contemptible laughter, Andrew was released. For Grahame saw it was becoming every moment more impossible to move him from the position of "a noble not caring," which he had taken; and also that the better class of citizens, gradually gathering, were most decidedly in Andrew's favour.

He dignified Grahame neither look nor word. He rode away at his usual slow pace, and spoke to several acquaintances in his ordinary cold, quiet manner. But oh! the volcano of rage and shame and hatred in his soul! That hour he had a revelation as to the possibilities of suffering of which the mind is capable, and which all of us occasionally get a glimpse of in our dreams. Hard riding, or physical exertion in extremity of mental anguish, was no relief to this man. Trouble had to be spiritually fought out, with him, and repose and solitude were necessary to such a conflict.

Still there was a strong though neglected human element in Andrew, and in this bitter hour it craved some human sympathy. Ann found him on his own hearth, with his head bowed in his hands, and sobbing with all the abandon of a child. It was a strange and pitiful sight. In a kind of terror she knelt beside him, able only to say, "My fayther! My dear fayther! What grief has come to you?"

Broken-hearted indeed must Andrew Carrick have felt ere he could humble himself to seek consolation of any woman.

"God's strength through my ain strength" had always been enough for him; he could have gone to martyrdom in it. But this sorrow and shame that had come to him was a far different thing. A fiery trial of his faith would have had the sympathy of men and angels, and the crown of everlasting life. This was to be a long fight with foes so mean and cruel that even victory over them



was such a shame and pain as he then experienced.

He felt constrained to tell Ann all about this trial, and she suffered in all he had suffered. She indignantly repudiated Grahame's insinuations. "Jeannie might hae rin awa' to be married, but *she was married*. She was as sure of that as o' death itself." And Andrew grew calmer and stronger under her convictions and her sympathy. But when the Bible was laid upon the table he would not open it.

"My soul is fu' o' hatred and all uncharitableness, Ann. It wad be touching the ark wi' unclean hands. I'll hae to stand afar aff the night. There is only aye prayer for me, and I dinna feel as if I can say it yet."

In the morning she found him dressed very early and saddling his pony.

"I'm going anent Jeannie's marriage. I must find out about it if I hae to go to Australia for the fac's. You'll get a letter in my room concerning siller, and the like o' that, if I dinna come back in twa weeks."

"But hae your porridge, fayther, and say a kind word to me ere you gae—and the morning exercise."

"I canna eat. As for yoursel', Ann, God bless you! You hae been a dear gude bairn a' the days o' your life."

He stroked her head and drew her to his side a moment; then, with a dark sorrowful face, he rode away.

In less than a week he was back again, and Ann perceived that his errand was accomplished. As she met him he said, "You were right, Ann, and Grahame was a liar."

"I ne'er doubted Jeannie's marriage, fayther. Jeannie isna wicked."

"What is it you say? She is just the wickedest lass that I e'er heard tell o'. Ither lasses hae rin awa' doubtless, but nae lass ever had such boundaries to break through, and such ties to burst asunder—ties which stretch backward for centuries, and reach upward even to her mither in heaven! Never name her mair in my hearing. Set by that wheel and stool whar I'll never see them mair."

The next day he went into Port Braddon and sent the bellman round the town with the following information:

"This is to give notice. Jeannie Carrick, of Port Braddon parish, and Walter Grahame, of Port Braddon, were married on the 29th of April by the Rev. Dr. Barr, of St. Enoch's Kirk, Glasgow."

Grahame laughed the notice to scorn and denounced it as a lie. He ordered the bellman to desist. Andrew, who was by his side, ordered him to proceed. They were soon followed by a crowd, and the contention grew so fierce that some of the respectable citizens interfered.

"It is all a lie!" shouted Grahame.

"It is the truth!" said Andrew.

"Let him prove it."

"Whar's your proof, Carrick?" said the Earl of Galloway's factor.

"I saw the marriage in the kirk registry, and I spoke wi' the meenister."

"You'll hae a copy, dootless?"

"No." Andrew had only thought of satisfying himself.

The factor hated the Free Kirkers, and he hated Andrew most of all. He shook his head doubtfully.

"That's a great pity, Maister Carrick. There's folk that would believe 'the lines' that winna tak' your word for them."

"I say I spoke wi' the meenister wha married them."

"It's a lie a'thegither!" said Grahame; "and the truth isna in you, and ne'er was in any o' the Carrick line."

Then in a moment Andrew's passion took entire possession of him. It blazed in his face, and seemed to impart an incredible majesty to his person. His strength, really great, was enormously exaggerated by a rage almost supernatural in its intensity. He seized Grahame by the throat, he shook him as he might have shaken a child, and then he flung him to the ground. A movement of his arms scattered the crowd. Some of them assisted Grahame to his home, the rest went up the street discussing the quarrel.

Then Andrew escorted the bellman, not once, but twice through the town, and when this duty was done he rode home. But never had his soul been in such a chaos of suffering. He passed the whole night in an argument with himself. In the morning he was convinced he had done right. "And they'll be queer folk that blame me," he said to Ann. "Few would hae endured such contradiction and ill-will frae sinners as long as I hae."

He was quite mistaken. The popular sympathy was with Grahame. It is a dangerous thing to give gifts. "He has gi'en a siller service to the kirk, and he thinks he can haud himsel' aboon reproof," said the envious who had given nothing. "He's that gude, there's nae gude outside his ainsel," said those whose lives were shamed by the purity of Andrew's.

When Grahame brought him before the magistrate the whole public feeling was antagonistic to Andrew. Many people had been influenced by Grahame, more by the all-powerful factor, and all the witnesses characterised Grahame's offence as "a wheen angry words." Andrew's assault had been, however, of a most decided kind. He was heavily fined, and had all the expenses of the trial to pay, and it was a very black hour he spent with his bank-book that night.

Even the most generous men have fits of parsimony, and one thing or another had made a great void in the gathered gold of three generations. Andrew was not avaricious, but he felt as poor as any miser after adding to all his other unusual expenses the amount which Grahame had cost him.

The worst part of his punishment, however, came from the ecclesiastical and not the civil court. The kirk session which was called anent the matter refused to see any excuse for his conduct. He was subjected to reproofs, and temporarily deposed from his office as ruling elder. In truth, there had been a great scandal. The

kirk was yet in its infancy, and those set as fathers over it behoved to be of irreproachable life and conversation. Andrew was shocked to find how few friends he had. He forgot that he had never shown himself friendly, or even social. He had given the world only an example of strict piety and a spotless life, and the world let him understand that such a character with a flaw in it had lost its value.

He withdrew himself from the kirk entirely—the kirk which had been built mainly by his gifts and exertions. The new minister was a young man fresh from his university, and, like most young men, enthusiastic for what he was going to do, and blandly indifferent as to what others had done before him. Andrew did not like him; and he considered Andrew an impracticable, self-righteous Philistine.

With a bitterness of feeling no words can describe, Andrew resigned his office in the kirk, and a son-in-law of Grahame's was elected to fill the vacancy. The choice was doubtless without any ill intention, but it wounded Carrick deeply. And it is easy to imagine how many offences grew out of these changes. One elder told Andrew plainly that he had resigned because "he wasna judged worthy o' being first." The minister preached a pointed sermon upon spiritual pride, and those who had been at all familiar with him thought it their duty to advise or reason with him. Not a few were thoughtless or cruel enough to use his erring child in the question.

Alas! he had no spiritual strength to fight these ever-increasing sorrows. He had said to himself that it was in vain he had washed his hands in innocency, and this attitude once assumed, he argued everything from that basis. Usually he went with the men to sea during the herring season, and his great strength and knowledge of the winds prevailing had always made him a welcome addition to any boat. But this year it was evident none of the men wanted him. "The hand o' God is on me, Ann," he said, mournfully, "and they are a' feared for me."

The truth was that Peter Lochrig had not forgotten the angry words Andrew had spoken to him the night of Jeannie's flight, and Peter had great influence with his mates. He did not scruple to say, that for "a ruling elder to try and make himsel' amenable to the ceevil coorts, and incur reproof and fine, was a thing o' a vera heinous nature; forbye, adding thereto a rebellion against kirk authority, and a visible neglect o' the ordinances. For his pairt, he was of opinion that to countenance such impiety was to be a pairtner in the sin o' it."

So the fishing season, which had always been such a busy, happy time to Andrew, passed wearily and angrily away. He could watch the boats sailing out to their fishing grounds from his open door; and surely, if evil thoughts could have brought them harm, they would never have come back again. It was at this time he lost all interest in his trade. For three generations the Carricks had employed their winter days and their spare hours at it; and the men in the neighbourhood thought no shoe but a "Carrick shoe"

worth the buying. Andrew had continued the trade, although all necessity for it had long been past; and while Jeannie sat sewing or spinning beside him, he had enjoyed the thoughtful monotony of the labour. But he now took a hatred to everything connected with it. "Hae that wearisome bench put oot o' my sight, Ann," he said one morning, as he flung down a boot he had finished mending. "I'll ne'er sit another minute at it. What for should I?"

Undoubtedly he was brooding upon what he believed to be undeserved trials and wrongs until they were producing a kind of insanity. Day by day he was creating the sinful atmosphere, which would make greater sin possible to him. Ann watched his moods with growing alarm. He walked the houseplace, or the cliff, hour after hour muttering to himself. He eat little, and he slept still less. He grew gaunt and savagely gloomy. He had fits of rage, which made her fly from his presence in terror. Half her time was spent in covertly watching him. She crept shivering down to his door at midnight and listened in sick anxiety to his restlessness. One terrible thought haunted her—if he should take his own life! Her labour, and her constant watch over him, began to tell fearfully, even upon her perfect health and calm temperament.

Upon New Year's Day the men from the cottages had always made a point of calling upon Andrew. Then they paid him their rents, talked over the business of the past year, and parted with wishes of reciprocal good health and prosperity. He looked forward to this event. He determined to talk over his own case with each man separately, and appeal to the long affection and alliance which had existed between them. But on New Year's Day no one called but Peter Lochrig. He brought all the rents with him, and when Ann opened the door, left them with a civil message in her charge. Andrew had seen him coming, and when he learned what had transpired he sat down in a kind of despair.

"I hae been wounded in the house o' my friends," he muttered. "Grahame was aye mine enemy; but these men for generations hae eat o' the Carrick bread, and drank oot o' our cup. My forbears and theirs struck hands thegither after the battle o' Drumclog, when Carrick's purse was the only purse amang them. Nae man has been treated sae ill as I hae been!"

And he believed it, with all his soul. Yet the root of his bitterness was not with man, but with God. God might have undertaken for him. God knew his innocence. In his heart he accused God of a species of ingratitude to him. He had given him a shadow of victory, and then turned it into shame. He had suffered his enemies to triumph over him. He had withheld from him the secret consolations of His mercy. In his best moods he likened himself to Job, or to Jonah, and waited for the Lord to explain His ways unto him. If, at this time, he had been told that the devil was deceiving him, he would not have listened, for he was deceiving himself; and the worst of all frauds is to cheat one's own soul.

## A GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS LITERARY CHARACTERS.

I.—GOETHE—CARLYLE—COLERIDGE.



GOETHE.

A SERIES of portraits of illustrious literary characters appeared in "Fraser's Magazine," from 1830 to 1836. The time was certainly suitable for such an undertaking, for it was singularly rich in eminent men and women. There was no room in Fraser's gallery for the illustrious obscure when places had to be found for such real celebrities as Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, "The Ettrick Shepherd," Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Carlyle, Goethe, Béranger, Bulwer Lytton, Galt, Croker, Washington Irving, Leigh Hunt, Ainsworth, Theodore Hook, Jane Porter, "L. E. L.," Harriet Martineau, and Mary Russell Mitford—to name only a few of the stars who then shone in the intellectual firmament.

The portraits were mostly all by Daniel Maclise, the famous artist, then quite a young man, but giving unmistakable evidence of his extraordinary talents, amongst which not the least was his skill in seizing likenesses. In many of the portraits

Maclise has allowed his spirits to run away with him, and indulged in absurd caricature. Others, however, appear perfectly serious, and represent the sitter to the life, and without a grain of either flattery or exaggeration.

The highest praise has been bestowed upon the series by Mr. D. G. Rossetti. "Both in rendering of character," he says, "whether in its first aspect or subtler shades, and in the unfailing knowledge of form which seizes at once on the movement of the body beneath the clothes, and on the lines of the clothes themselves, these drawings are on an incalculably higher level than the work of even the best professional sketchers. Indeed, no happier instance could well be found of the unity for literal purposes of what may justly be termed 'style,' with an incisive and relishing realism."

Special permission was kindly given us some time since to copy at South Kensington Museum the originals of a few of the sketches made by

Mac  
is t  
this  
T  
not  
but  
grea  
ence  
The  
Carl  
othe  
both  
Th  
port  
Carl  
the p  
a pu  
be r  
beca  
of lit  
Th  
Mun  
and  
as w  
reser  
carry  
"the  
the a  
"A  
ford,  
and  
know  
depu  
had  
that  
strike  
on th  
ment  
argue  
utmos  
autho  
greate  
and  
Europ  
influe  
To  
deep  
plays  
Goeth  
sudden  
It  
enter  
Walte  
gedy,  
1799.  
Many  
North  
touchi  
now a  
mentio  
1827,  
years  
somet  
the 'C  
On  
his he  
throug

Maclise for the Fraser Gallery, and our intention is to insert these highly interesting drawings in this and the following papers.

The portraits we shall insert in this article are not amongst the best examples of Maclise's work, but they are interesting as representing three great men who, although exhibiting wide differences of character, had yet something in common. These three are, Goethe, Carlyle, and Coleridge, Carlyle serving as a connecting link between the other two, for he was personally acquainted with both.

The notice of Goethe, which accompanied his portrait in "Fraser's Magazine," was written by Carlyle. His pen seems to have been dipped for the purpose in the ink of extravagance, but he was a pupil treating of a master, and allowance must be made for him, not only on that account, but because he was "writing up to a cut," of all tasks of literary journeywork about the most difficult.

The portrait is a copy of one by Stieler, of Munich. There is force of intellect in the head and face, but nothing of that in the figure, which, as was said when the likeness first came out, resembles that of a wretched old-clothesman carrying behind his back a hat he has stolen. To "the clearest, most universal man of his time," the artist has certainly not done justice.

"At the Shakespeare Tercentenary at Stratford," says Mr. Abraham Hayward, whose vigorous and faithful prose rendering of "Faust" every one knows, "a German gentleman, speaking for a deputation, rose and said that he and his friends had come to do honour to the *second* greatest poet that ever lived—Goethe being the first!" It strikes one as rather a cool proceeding to say so on the banks of the Avon, even if it were a statement of fact. But fact it is not—and we would argue the point if it were worth while. The utmost that can be said is, that of all important authors produced by Germany, Goethe is the greatest—the German Shakespeare, if you will—and that of all modern writers everywhere in Europe no one has surpassed him in quality and influence.

To our own Shakespeare Goethe was under deep intellectual obligations. The reading of his plays early in life produced such an effect that Goethe says he felt like a blind man who had suddenly received his sight.

It is an interesting fact that the first literary enterprise of any consequence engaged in by Sir Walter Scott was a translation of Goethe's tragedy, "Götz von Berlichingen." This appeared in 1799, when Scott was twenty-seven years old. Many years afterwards, when the Magician of the North had become famous, he received a letter of touching friendliness and admiration from the now aged German poet. With evident pride he mentions it in his Diary on the 20th of February, 1827, adding, "Who could have told me thirty years ago that I should correspond and be on something like an equal footing with the author of the 'Götz'?"

On Scott's last sad journey for the recovery of his health, it was his wish to return from Italy through Germany, that he might have an interview

with Goethe at Weimar. Goethe, however, died when Scott was at Naples, early in 1832. When the author of "Waverley" heard of it all his fine dreams of getting better seemed at once to vanish. His impatience to be in Scotland redoubled. "Alas for Goethe!" he exclaimed; "but he at least died at home. Let us to Abbotsford!"

It has frequently been pointed out that Scott borrowed one of his best scenes in Kenilworth from Goethe's "Egmont," and Mignon in "Wilhelm Meister" is the acknowledged prototype of Fenella in "Peveril of the Peak."

Though it is with "Faust" that Goethe's name will ever be most closely associated, the work of his which on its appearance created the greatest sensation was "Werther." This was written in 1773 and 1774. On its publication in October of the latter year, it "opened the floodgates of pent-up sentimentalism which had been stirred by the philosophy of the time." Readers were divided into hostile camps, one enthusiastic in praise, the other stern in condemnation. It was translated and imitated in every language of Europe, and made its way even to China.

"The Werther fever wrung the hearts of men and women with imaginary sorrows; floods of tears were shed; young men, dressed in blue coats and yellow breeches, shot themselves with 'Werther' in their hands." Napoleon, when he met Goethe in 1808, at the Congress of Erfurt, told him he had read "Werther" through seven times. The influence of this remarkable book was morbid, but it was intense, and, together with the work which found a translator in Scott, there can be no doubt that "Werther" first established the fame of Goethe on a solid basis.

When a French diplomatist, whose name is not given, saw Goethe's portrait, he is said to have remarked: "Voilà un homme qui a eu beaucoup de chagrins." On this Carlyle, in one of his Miscellaneous Essays, observes that "a truer version of the matter Goethe himself seemed to think would have been: Here is a man who has struggled toughly." In the school of experience Goethe was all along, in spite of the heavy fees, a diligent scholar—no one ever more so. It was not on hearsay evidence that he made the old harper in "Wilhelm Meister" sing:—

"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,  
Who never spent the darksome hours  
Weeping and watching for the morrow,  
He knows ye not, ye unseen powers."

The use that was made in his writings of his own personal experience has been often commented upon, and sometimes not at all favourably. But readers often only create melancholy for themselves, who, after enjoying an author's artistic conception, and having him unfold to them the deep mysteries of human nature, begin curiously to inquire whence he derived all his skill and information.

The morality of many of Goethe's writings unhappily is of doubtful tendency. There are aspects of his life also that none can approve—that, indeed, no words can too severely condemn.



His fickleness in love affairs, for example, is a commonplace of remark. His numerous attachments, remarks one of his critics, "all ring the changes on the same theme—the vagaries of an essentially cold heart, of which a timely utterance in song or story is at once the deliverance and the recantation."

Speaking of his early fondness for natural history, Goethe says: "I remember that when a child I pulled flowers to pieces to see how the petals were inserted in the calyx, or even plucked birds to observe how the feathers were inserted in the wings." Bettina remarked to Lord Houghton that he treated women in much the same fashion.

But if Goethe shows to such terrible disadvantage as a lover, he distinguished himself as a friend. His friendship for Schiller is one of the most beautiful in the whole history of literature. The relations between the two poets began with shyness, and partly even dislike, but they gradually drew together, and the alliance had a deep and advantageous effect on both. Schiller, Goethe declared, created for him a second youth, and again made him a poet. The best fruits of Schiller's muse, on the other hand, were produced when he was most under the influence of the author of "Wilhelm Meister."

Goethe lived till he was between eighty-two and eighty-three years old, and was occupied with his work to the last. The human machine must in the end give way somewhere, and in the case of men of intellect it is saddest when it does so at the top. This Goethe was spared. He died on the 22nd of March, 1832, his last words being an order to his servant to open one of the shutters to let in more light. He went so peacefully to sleep that it was long before the watchers knew that his spirit was really gone.

During the last nine years of his career Eckermann, who during that time acted as his secretary, noted down the words which fell from his lips, that, as he says, "I might possess them for the rest of my life." Two volumes of these "Conversations" were published in 1835, and a supplementary volume in 1847. They have been translated into English, and of all books on Goethe are perhaps the most valuable for those who would understand his extraordinary genius and discover the key to the principles which regulated his life and inspired his works.

One who tried hard to educate himself in the school of Goethe was Thomas Carlyle, whose portrait by Maclise is the next on our list. No characters, however, were ever more unlike; the sage of Weimar all serenity, the seer of Chelsea all irritability.

When Carlyle's portrait appeared in "Fraser's Magazine" he was in the beginning of his career, but marked out even then by the observing as destined to become one of the greatest of English writers of books. It was in "Fraser" that "Sartor Resartus" made its appearance, during 1833 and 1834, after it had been rejected by one publisher after another. One declared that the book was deficient in "tact," another that the humour was too Teutonic and heavy, and the general im-

pression seemed to be that much genius and German had made the author mad.

No doubt the style was enough to repel a publisher of prudence. The style of Carlyle all through his life was simply execrable, if we speak of it as a matter for imitation. It is a fearful example for all students of English. Maginn, speaking of the translation of "Wilhelm Meister," complained that Goethe had been translated by Carlyle from "the Fatherlandish dialect of High Dutch to the Allgemeine Mid-Lothianish of Auld Reekie," and that Carlyle was seeking to acclimatise "the round-about hubble-bubble, rum fustian (*hübble-bubblen, rümfüsteinischen*) roly-poly, gomery of style, dear to the heart of a son of the Fatherland."

When Carlyle wrote for the "Edinburgh Review," during Jeffrey's editorship, the famous critic was often cut to the quick by the eccentricities of style displayed by his contributor, and more surprised than he ought to have been that Carlyle was not grateful for efforts to impart grace and polish to his articles. Jeffrey once told Charles Sumner, who had made some remark about the deterioration in Carlyle's style since the publication of the Essay on Burns, that there had been in fact no change, and as much as suggested that the earlier writings owed their grace to his careful revision.

There is this, however, to be said, that Carlyle's style was no affectation. It was characteristic of himself, and the eccentric ways of his writing were only a faithful reflection of the eccentric ways of his thoughts.

Leaving the form to speak of the essence, we may quote the following passage from Mr. John Morley, in which he gives Carlylism in a nutshell. "Carlylism," he remarks, "is the male of Byronism. It is Byronism with thew and sinew, bass pipe and shaggy bosom. There is the same grievous complaint against the time and its men and its spirits. Something even of the same contemptuous despair, the same sense of the puniness of man in the centre of a cruel and frowning universe; but there is in Carlylism a deliverance from it all; indeed, the only deliverance possible. Its despair is a despair without misery. Labour in a high spirit, duty done, and right service performed in fortitudinous temper—here was, not indeed a way out, but a way of erect living within."

It is one of Carlyle's great merits that he did so much to acquaint us with German literature: so far as educated Englishmen were concerned he might almost claim to be its discoverer.

In his old age he took pride in telling how he learned German. "After vainly seeking during a long time for an instructor, he fell in with a young man as poor as himself, who had visited Prussia, and thus obtained a smattering of the speech of the country. Carlyle agreed to instruct this youth in mathematics, in exchange for lessons in German; but when he had learned all that his friend could teach him he found he did not know much. Thereupon he betook himself to such defective grammars and dictionaries as were within his reach, and soon was able to read intelligently the

writings of Schiller, whose fame had extended even to Edinburgh. The delight that he derived thence was quickly followed by the greater delight of studying Goethe; and it was from these two that he received the great impulse that found expression in nearly all his own literary achievements." He subsequently visited Germany, and there made the personal acquaintance of Goethe and Goethe's friends.

Carlyle's habits of work during the busy period

In early life he wrote with great rapidity, but in later years the pace became slower and the method more laborious. "He corrected and recorrected his later works, pieces of manuscript were interpolated or pasted in, and the finished production was sometimes very wonderful in appearance."

We have spoken of Carlyle's style in his books. In private life it would be difficult to find his match for violent language about the paltriest



CARLYLE.

of his life in Cheyne Row were characterised by great regularity and industry. No book hack ever worked harder, began earlier or left off later. A walk before breakfast was part of the day's duties. At ten o'clock in the morning, whether the spirit moved him or not, he sat down with pen in hand in the small attic, which was his literary workshop, and laboured hard till three o'clock. Nothing, not even the opening of the morning letters, was allowed to distract him. This spell of work was followed by walking, answering letters, and seeing friends. One of his favourite relaxations was riding in an omnibus, a taste, by the way, which was also characteristic of the late Victor Hugo. In the evening he read and prepared for the work of the morrow.

trifles. When a poor tradesman neglected to send home an umbrella, Carlyle writes of him: "The scoundrel umbrella-vendor. Has that accursed chimera of a cockney not sent the umbrella yet? I could see him trailed thrice through the Thames for his scoundrel conduct." He seems to have taken this vigour in speech in part from his father, of whom it used to be said that he had no need for swearing, because he had such a genius for saying fierce things. Health, however, had a great deal to do with Carlyle's unreasonable displays of temper, dyspepsia and kindred affections having been his scourge since his college days.

He saw his own faults. "I am," he once wrote to his wife, "a very unthankful, ill-conditioned, bilious, wayward, and heartworn son of

Adam, I do suspect." However, he consoled himself, putting it on record that, "It is a great blessing to be born a person of sense, even with the temper of a rat-trap."

As a host Carlyle was most punctilious, and as a guest he did his best to make himself agreeable, always falling in with the ways of those he was visiting, though sometimes with an energy that was startling. It is told that when staying

his wife it is hardly possible to imagine. It makes one melancholy even to think about them, and the laying of them bare to public view has done an injury during the last few years to the fame of the great author from which it will be slow to recover. But it may be safely predicted that in time the unlovely details of his fireside will be estimated at their true value, and it will then be seen that to allow their shadow



COLERIDGE.

once with an old friend in Scotland, he was asked to conduct family prayers, and readily consented; but, instead of prefacing the devotional exercise by a short chapter, according to custom, he read through the whole book of Job without stopping, to the amazement of those who were present.

The sterling character of the man is shown in our portrait, in which, however, just as in the Goethe portrait, a weak point is the hat of civilisation, which Carlyle seems to be holding ready to receive a charitable copper.

When the portrait was taken Carlyle had been married about five years, and the mention of that fact introduces the skeleton in the cupboard. More depressing relations than those which existed for many a long day between Carlyle and

to obscure his literary reputation is a little unreasonable.

Carlyle formed a contrast to Goethe, and in Coleridge we find a contrast, even more marked in its way, to Carlyle. Carlyle was animated by "a conscientious resolution to do right, which never failed him in serious things from his earliest years; and, though it could not change his temperament, was the inflexible guide of his conduct." Coleridge, on the other hand, exhibited all his life a deficiency in moral backbone.

This thinker, dreamer, poet, critic, and conversationalist was, however, one of the wonderful men of his time. "He is the only person I ever knew," says Hazlitt, in his "Lectures on the

Eng  
man  
I ev  
T  
178  
mor  
Shr  
ther  
dred  
rose  
the  
out  
till  
last  
dist  
as if  
the  
float  
The  
who  
locu  
laun  
with  
T  
time  
scri  
pare  
repr  
"H  
high  
ing  
like  
bloo  
see  
Span  
His  
his c  
the  
smal  
Al  
pers  
him  
Dr.  
more  
with  
Sava  
Shak  
noth  
said  
derfu  
name

W  
ness  
be w  
1 "  
Murray

English Poets," "who answered to the idea of a man of genius. He is the only person from whom I ever learned anything."

The first time Hazlitt saw Coleridge was in 1789, when, on a cold, raw, comfortless winter morning, he walked ten miles through the mud to Shrewsbury to hear him preach. "When I got there," he says, "the organ was pealing the Hundredth Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: 'And he went up into the mountain to pray, *himself alone*.' As he gave out this text his voice rose like a steam of distilled perfumes; and when he came to the two last words, which he pronounced long, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, 'of one who had his loins girt about, and whose food was locusts and wild honey.' The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind."

The personal appearance of Coleridge at this time—he was then in his eighteenth year—is described by Hazlitt, and it is interesting to compare the description with Maclise's portrait, which represents the sage of Highgate in his old age. "His forehead," says Hazlitt, "was broad and high, light, as if built of ivory, with large projecting eyebrows, and his eyes rolling beneath them like a sea with darkened lustre. 'A certain tender bloom his face o'erspread'—a purple tinge as we see it in the pale, thoughtful complexions of the Spanish portrait-painters, Murillo and Velasquez. His mouth was gross, voluptuous, open, eloquent; his chin good-humoured and round; but his nose, the rudder of his face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing—like what he has done."

Almost all the great men of his day who had personal acquaintance with Coleridge speak of him in a strain of admiration. "I think," says Dr. Arnold, "that with all his faults old Sam was more of a great man than any one who has lived within the four seas in my memory." Walter Savage Landor gave it as his opinion that since Shakespeare, Milton, and Bacon, "we have had nothing comparable with him." Wordsworth said that he had "seen men who had done wonderful things, but only one wonderful man—namely, Coleridge."

Southey hit his weakness when he wrote "all other men whom I have ever known are mere children to him, and yet all is palsied by a total want of moral strength." "To the man," said Hazlitt, "had been given in high measure the seeds of noble endowment, but to unfold them had been forbidden him."

Amongst those who failed to understand Coleridge either as a poet or as a thinker Carlyle stands conspicuous. John Stirling was an assiduous pilgrim to the Highgate shrine, and went there with profound reverence, but when Carlyle followed the same pilgrim-path his feelings were of a different order. Of his first interview he writes: "Coleridge, a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest (and even *reading* pieces in proof of his opinions thereon). I had him to myself once or twice, in various parts of the garden walks, and tried hard to get something about Kant and Co. from him, about 'reason' versus 'understanding,' and the like, but in vain. Nothing came from him that was of use that day, or in fact any day."

The account of Coleridge's personal appearance about his sixtieth year, given in Carlyle's "Life of John Stirling," is our portrait translated into words. "Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration, confused pain looking mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute, expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped, and a lady once remarked that he never could fix which side of a garden walk would suit him best, but continually shifted in corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both."

The weakest point in Coleridge's life was his habit of opium eating. But let us not speak of that; let us part from him—Carlyle's criticism notwithstanding—as one whose "genius had angelic wings and fed on manna," who talked on for ever, and "whom you wished to talk on for ever."

JAMES MASON.

## INDUSTRIAL IRELAND.<sup>1</sup>

WHATEVER opinions may be held with regard to Irish politics, we shall probably all agree that there can be neither happiness nor prosperity in Ireland unless Ireland can be well employed. It is with nations as it is with

individuals; active employment in some form or other is an absolutely indispensable condition of health and happiness, of mental and moral progress and material prosperity. Whatever may be the cause, the nation doomed to inactivity is doomed to mischief and misery and to eventual extinction. We may set up what form of "rule" we please, but it cannot save a people whose in-

<sup>1</sup> "Industrial Ireland." By Robert Dennis. Published by John Murray, London.



dustrial activities are paralysed—unless, indeed, it can cure the palsy and breathe into the masses a new life of hope and energy.

That is what Ireland needs, and what all humane hearts must fervently pray to Almighty God may be the outcome of the long and weary strife and turmoil which have of late so embittered political life. "The greatest cause of Ireland's calamities," John Bright has said, "is that Ireland is idle. Ireland is idle, therefore she starves. Ireland starves, therefore she rebels. We must choose between industry and anarchy."

These pregnant sentences have been adopted by Mr. Robert Dennis as the text for a series of remarkable papers on "Industrial Ireland," in which he sets forth the Emerald Isle as a land presenting all sorts of possibilities—full of resource in mine and meadow, wood and stream, lake and sea—but with a people in a very large proportion steeped to the lips in ignorance and apathy, and in every limb fettered and benumbed by poverty. On the whole it is a very painful picture of Ireland which he draws. Even the face of the land bears unmistakable marks of thriftless improvidence. In early times, Mr. Dennis points out, Ireland was remarkable for her great forests. "When we remember that so far back as 1652 the gradual destruction of these forests was observed and recorded, that this destruction has been going on still more rapidly since, and that even now a considerable extent of forest remains, we may imagine how well the island must have been wooded 'in the beginning.' In the crevices on the top of the Mourne mountains, now barren and desolate, the remains of oaks four feet in diameter have been found. The bogs of Ireland are full of decayed roots and stumps." Ireland was formerly nearly all forests; now it is a country of nakedness. "Yet we must not imagine this is due to the land having been cleared and cultivated. The trees were simply cut down and the land allowed to go to ruin. In the low-lying districts it became bog (fifty years are sufficient to complete that kind of ruin, and in Ireland that kind of process has been going on for more than two hundred years); while on the hillsides the soil has been washed away, leaving the bare granite and limestone as a perpetual witness to the wrong that has been done." This is a very deplorable mistake wherever it is committed.

Father, Thy hand

Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou  
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
All these fair ranks of trees.

Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in these shades,  
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace  
Are here to speak of Thee.—*Bryant.*

Alas! that we should sometimes be so blind to the grandeur and the grace of the primeval forest. God has enfolded the throbbing earth in a green mantle of infinite beauty, of never-ending play

of light and shade and colour, of mystery and music, and in sheer insensibility to the wonder of it all, in mere utilitarian heedlessness and greed, we tear it all off. They have done it in America, and now, with infinite labour and cost, and in the face of tremendous difficulties which outraged Nature herself has conjured up, they are seeking to repair their blunder. Only some eight or ten years ago they began the vast work of re-afforesting the treeless wastes of the American continent by planting a million and a half of young saplings. For this the prairie had first to be broken with the plough, then followed the planting and the staking, and then it was calculated that there would be a four-years' struggle to keep down the rank growths of the open plain until the young trees could hold their own against them. After this four-years' struggle, and the planting of the million and a half of trees, only a pitiful total of some 360 acres would have been planted, and an exceptional drought or a prairie fire might at any time give it all back to the desert. It is a serious business this re-afforesting, and it has been estimated that in Ireland there are five million acres requiring it, or at all events available for it. To do the work thoroughly, says our author, would cost not far short of twenty millions of money, but he maintains that it would pay handsomely. "The fact that tree-planting pays in Ireland has been proved again and again. The timber when cut down returns not only the cost of planting, but a handsome rent for the whole period during which it has been maturing." In the meantime, he points out, five-sixths of the cost would go into the pockets of the Irish peasantry as payment for labour, while the growing trees would do good in ways which are almost too numerous to capitate—shelter for cattle and crops, absorption of excessive moisture, the improvement and the binding of the soil, which now washes into the loughs or silts up the rivers, the supply of a large number of by-products useful in various industries, and, last but not least, the affording of cover for birds of the insect-destroying species, of which there is a great scarcity in Ireland. These are some of the advantages which it is contended would accrue to the extensive planting of trees throughout the land. "Taking the country generally, it may be reasonably anticipated that an expenditure of £20,000,000 on the re-afforesting of five millions of acres in Ireland would make that vast expanse of waste land worth at least £1 per acre for thirty years—a net gain to the country of no less than £130,000,000 sterling. This result comes out in another way by the calculation that if the forests of Ireland had been replanted as the trees were felled, she would now have been in possession of timber readily marketable to that enormous amount."

The vast peat bogs of Ireland have sometimes been represented as likely some day to prove sources of wealth to the country. A few years ago an attempt was made to create a market in London for compressed blocks of peat to serve as fuel. Apparently no success attended the experiment. On another occasion it was represented that these bogs contained an oleaginous element capable of

being utilised for illuminating purposes, and a leading Irish member exhibited in the House of Commons a number of paraffin candles made from peat. Careful investigation, however, showed that they were not exactly cheap. They had cost, in fact, about a guinea apiece, and when this came to be understood, peat candles were laughed off the stage. Dried peat, it is true, has for many years been extensively used for horse-litter instead of straw, but this for the most part has come from Germany. "If Irish peat serve any useful purpose at all," says the author of these papers, "it will be by providing the Irish peasantry with fuel during the interval which must elapse before the replanting of the country has provided them with wood, or the development of her carboniferous deposits has given them the blessing of cheap home-gotten coal."

Of these carboniferous deposits our author speaks very hopefully. In Ireland, he points out, there is abundance both of coal and iron. There are seven coal districts indicated on the geological survey, and it is estimated that the total contents of the workable Irish coalfields amount to two hundred and nine million tons; but the number of mines, of miners, and of tons of coal brought to bank, is decreasing every year as the shallow seams are worked out. As regards the iron resources, we are reminded that Ireland used to be a considerable exporter of iron; and indeed, one reason why the face of the country has been so ruthlessly stripped of its trees is that wood was formerly in such demand for the smelting of iron. There is an area of one hundred and sixty-seven miles, containing pisolitic iron ore to the estimated extent of two hundred and thirty-two million tons; but, as in the case of coal, the output is steadily declining. How is this? "Why are not the coal of Tyrone and the ironstone of Antrim brought together to provide work for Irish labour, investment for Irish capital, and wealth for the Irish nation? Why leave the coal undug, and send the crude ore away to Cumberland, to Scotland, and to Wales, at prices which barely pay the cost of mining it? Why does Ireland import pig-iron when she might be bountifully supplied at home?"

Our author's answer to these momentous questions is in effect that the inflated prices of coal and iron a few years ago so stimulated the supply, that ever since the means of production have been vastly in excess of the demand. Universal depression has ensued, and "even in England very few collieries are doing more than pay expenses. Many of our own iron mines have been abandoned; scores of furnaces have been blown out. Had prices remained at the point they reached in 1873, Tyrone would now be the rival of Lanarkshire, and Antrim of Cleveland." We are all at a low ebb in this matter, but Ireland being the weakest is suffering most. But Ireland will have her day yet, we are confidently assured. The "boom" is certain to come, though it is a little dismal to be told that this will be by-and-by, when we experience "a very slight diminution of the English and Scotch output due to the approaching exhaustion of the coal measures now being

worked." The price of coal in this country, it is contended, has certainly touched its lowest point; its next move must be upward, and by-and-by "they will be getting coal in Ireland at two thousand feet and three thousand feet when we in Great Britain have to go down four thousand feet; and, other things being equal, that would mean for Ireland a potentiality of becoming rich beyond even what Dr. Johnson saw in the brewery he has immortalised." Ireland will some day find "that her coal is worth more than diamonds, and that the iron mills of Antrim will bring her greater wealth than the golden vale of Avoca."

With regard to granite, says Mr. Dennis, Ireland produces some of the very finest; yet if Ireland wants granite for building purposes she imports it from Cumberland and Scotland. There are no less than fourteen kinds near the town of Galway. Moreover, in various parts of the country the underground resources comprise beautiful marbles, serpentines, fine-grained building stones, slates, flints, limestone, and chalk. "The best black marble in the world is found on the shores of Lough Carrib. Galway serpentine has been famous for generations. A peculiarly beautiful variegated reddish marble exists in Armagh," and in many other parts are valuable resources of the kind. Yet large quantities of Italian and Belgian marbles—cut and polished ready for use—are imported into Ireland. Marble, it seems, can be brought to Dublin from Italy cheaper than from Galway, owing, as it is stated, to the want of transport facilities. "If this were remedied, not only would Ireland cease to import stone—except one or two varieties which it does not possess—but a considerable export trade might be done." The short-sighted policy of the Irish railways has exacted prohibitory rates—so at least our author contends—and, more astonishing still, "Irish architects cannot be persuaded to use Irish building materials. They specify for Bath or Caen stone, for Belgian marble, for Welsh slates, for Bridgwater bricks, and so on, although they know that better and cheaper bricks are made at Kingscourt, that just as good slates can be got at Killaloe and Valentia, that more beautiful marble can be brought from Galway, and that Irish limestone is as durable building stone as any other. Even the Irish Board of Works specifies for 'Welsh slates' when it puts up farmhouses in Kilkenny and Tipperary."

Turn in any direction we may, we shall find, according to the authority we have been quoting, that there are abounding resources, which only require capital and enterprise, but, with three exceptions, no agricultural, mining, or manufacturing industries are being carried on with proper energy or adequate profit. The linen trade is fairly flourishing, and so are the distilling of whisky and the brewing of porter; but, taken generally, those Irish industries which are not already extinct are in a languishing condition. "Not one of them is really healthy."

Even the linen industry does not do for Ireland what it might reasonably be expected to do, for while linen-weaving has increased, flax cultivation has decreased, and every year the linen trade is to

a greater extent supplied with raw material from Holland, Belgium, Germany, Russia, the East Indies, and other countries. "Less than 15,000 tons of flax are grown in Ireland every year, and it is worth £700,000. There is no reason why this yield should not be trebled in quantity and quadrupled in value. The soil and climate of Ireland cannot be excelled for the production of flax, and even three times the present yield would still leave the linen mills largely dependent on the foreign article."

Hemp, it is suggested, might also be grown very advantageously, and osier-beds established round the fringes of the bogs and on a vast extent of low-lying land along the river-courses. Ireland might grow her own willows and make her own baskets, and even export largely, instead of importing them all, as she has hitherto done. "Willows begin to return income after three years, commencing with a value of from £2 to £3 per acre, and then gradually rising to as much as £20 per acre. Thus, considering that the available land is now waste, the landowner and planter would benefit, while osier-weaving would grow into an important industry for the poor agricultural population. Indeed, we know no cottage industry which promises better results."

We have in the pages before us a long list of industries which formerly flourished in the sister isle, but which are now either dead or dying. Coach-building, for instance, two or three generations ago was an important industry, and when railways came in, the operative coach-makers found employment in the building of railway carriages, both for England and the Continent. But time brought its changes; fashion in her fickleness severely injured the Irish carriage trade, and then came the famine with its depressing effects on nearly every kind of activity, and the carriage-building has never recovered itself. "The nobility and gentry buy almost all their carriages in England or on the Continent; and the trade is only kept alive in Ireland by the doctors, the lawyers, and the merchants. The landed interest has ceased to buy carriages, because it has well-nigh been destroyed, and what there is left of it need hardly be looked for on Irish soil. One of the indirect results of the recent subversion of society in Ireland is the ruin of coach-building." A century ago there were twenty-two flint-glass manufacturers in Ireland; now there is only one. "Old Irish cut glass is eagerly bought up by collectors. A Waterford decanter will now fetch treble the price of the best English crystal." This Waterford manufactory, it seems, was extinguished by a strike. It was owned by a firm of Quakers, and when their men struck they merely buttoned up their well-lined pockets and went away. The making of "kelp" again used to afford a living for a considerable number of the poorest of the people round the coast. Tourists round the Antrim shores, from Larne to Londonderry, will remember how beautifully the trailing blue smoke and the picturesque garbs of the peasants would often impart vivid touches of life and variety to the charming scenery along that famous route. Kelp is the fused ash of seaweed,

yielding many important chemical substances, one of which, iodine, came, a generation or so ago, into very large demand from the photographic world. Large numbers of people devoted themselves to the burning of seaweed, the ashes of which at one time fetched £7 a ton. A better source of iodine was found in Peru, and kelp has fallen to £2 a ton. Paper-making was all but killed by the abolition of the duty. "The banks of the Suir at Waterford used to ring with the merry hammers of the ship-builders; but they are now silent. There is not a town in Ireland," affirms our author, "where you may not see one or more derelict mills, hollow and roofless, testifying to the lifeless condition of manufacturing industry in general. Even the cow and the pig—Pat's staunchest friends for many a long year—are failing him, and Irish butter, once so favourite an article in Leadenhall, has fallen into the disrepute now unhappily attaching to most things Irish."

All this is very sad and depressing, and we might be tempted to suspect that our author was scanning industrial Ireland through a medium of prejudice or under a bias of some sort, if his general representations were not so notoriously confirmed by other testimonies, and if his book were written in a less temperate and judicial spirit. He is evidently willing, however, to put in a good word if he can, and it is a pleasant relief to turn to a passage in which he does so. One such occurs in an important chapter on the fisheries of Ireland, which ought certainly to be among the finest in the world. The country has a coast-line of 2,000 miles, "broken into an exceptionally large number of excellent harbours; water teeming with fish, many of them being among the very finest of their kind, and a race of hardy and adventurous fishermen; and, as if to mark the island out as a special field for gathering in the harvest of the sea, Nature has placed her harbours where there are most fish. All round the south-west, west, and northern coasts, where the sea makes deep incisions into the land every few miles, the waters swarm with cod, hake, ling, mackerel, and herring. The south-west coast is especially prolific, and occasionally there is almost what one might call a 'miraculous draught.' The fish are there waiting to be caught, the men are there to catch them; and Ireland herself has plenty of open mouths ready to receive them. But the means of catching the fish—boats, nets, and piers—are wanting; there is a plentiful lack of curing-houses and apparatus; and practically no provision has been made for transporting the fish when caught to the most suitable market." It is in this matter as in almost every other—natural resources that would abundantly supply all the needs of a far greater population than is now left to Ireland; but poverty, poverty, poverty everywhere. There is no capital, and the arm of enterprise is paralysed.

One apparent remedy for this dreary state of things is a system of loans, and it is in discussing the feasibility of such a thing that Mr. Dennis—whose book we commend to the thoughtful attention of those interested in Ireland—brings



out into bold relief against his dark background what has so often been urged to the credit of our unfortunate fellow-subjects across St. George's Channel. "In every case in which money has been advanced for the development of our Irish fishery the result has been singularly satisfactory. Lady Burdett-Coutts had at one time £10,000 out on free loan in the town of Baltimore, and repayments have been unfailingly punctual, while Baltimore itself has grown into a great fishing port. Fifty times that amount has been advanced in the aggregate at other places by various persons, and it has all been repaid. The Fishery Commissioners advanced £20,000 in County Clare, and only £30 remained unpaid." Money, more intelligent methods in every department of the fish-

ing industry, and better means of transit, are all needed; and pretty much the same thing may be said with respect to the other departments of Irish industry.

\* \* Since this article was written Lady Burdett-Coutts has opened at Baltimore, in West Cork, an industrial fishing-school, which is to be accessible to all Irish boys, who will learn there the most approved modes of fishing, as well as carpentering, coopering, boat-building, net, rope, and line-making, sail-making, and fish-curing. This school is the outgrowth of a movement in operation for the last eight years. In 1879 Lady Burdett-Coutts proposed to advance £250 or £300 towards a boat for every trustworthy Baltimore applicant, the builders agreeing to accept that sum as a first-payment towards the cost of a boat which would, when paid for in full, come to £650, and agreeing to take the balance in yearly instalments from the profits of the fishing. The number of boats now owned by the fishermen is forty-four, in various instances more than one family sharing in the same boat. Not only have the fishermen made their repayments regularly, but the industry is steadily progressing, and with it a number of subordinate industries, so that Baltimore is described as having been transformed from one of the most miserable of Irish villages into a thriving neighbourhood.

## THE SECOND QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT.

THE Paschal Lamb in three corners of one of the colours of a British regiment would at first sight seem to be somewhat incongruous, yet in the explanation of how this emblem came to be appropriated lies the history of the origin of the corps. When in the year 1661 the spendthrift Charles II advertised himself throughout the courts of Europe as a desirable husband open to an offer, Portugal outbid all rivals by a tender of Catherine of Braganza, Tangier, Bombay, and half a million of money. The alliance was arranged, and the marriage celebrated. The money was of course welcome. Bombay was looked on as of secondary consideration, and Tangier was regarded as a masterstroke of policy. It could command the entrance of the Mediterranean Sea, and afford a refuge to British ships from Turkish pirates. The Earl of Sandwich was sent at once with a portion of the fleet to take it over from the Portuguese, and to hold it with such scratch team of soldiers and sailors as could be got together for the purpose. So favourable were the admiral's first impressions of the place, that he reported that "if it were walled and fortified with brass it would yet repay the cost." Accordingly, no time was lost in raising a body of troops to go forth and garrison this highly-prized possession, and in honour of the bride who brought so rich a dowry, the corps—as called "The Queen's, or First Tangier Regiment," while upon the colour was emblazoned the emblem of Portugal in three corners.

It was a gay and picturesque scene on that last day of January, 1662, when the genial rays of the winter sun lit up the quaint remnants of the Moorish structures of Tangier, and marked by light and shade the zigzag wall encompassing the town, as it clung to the rocky ground that rose abruptly from the beach, backed by bush-clad undulations merging westward into the purplish indistinctness of the "Great Mountain;" while in the blue waters of the quiet bay were anchored some of the best of England's fleet. A thousand

English soldiers were upon the water-line, some gathered in companies preparing to advance, and some wading through the last few yards of shallows that could not float the boats, all charged with the same mission, to hold the newly-acquired possession against the famous warrior Gaylan, who with 10,000 Moorish veterans was but one league away.

Once established in the fortress, friendly communications were opened with the chieftain, a treaty concluded, and limits fixed which neither must transgress.

The ships departed, the excitement died away, and the English soldiers set to work by patient toil to make their defences more secure. They then commenced to build a pier and to form a harbour in the bay, but soon the Moors became aware that all this quiet labour meant their own exclusion from the place; their jealousy was aroused, and peace was at an end.

Onslaughts and reprisals followed, and irregular warfare dragged on for months, till, on June 14th, 1663, when the officers were at dinner, and all were unprepared, Gaylan, with 20,000 men, surprised and carried the outworks, and would have overrun the town had not Major Ridgert, as Horatius of old, stood with but forty soldiers in a narrow way and held the Moors in check till the garrison had time to get under arms and advance. The enemy were at length expelled, and with such loss as made them less venturesome for some time to come.

A succession of treaties and ruptures followed during the ensuing years, and in this school of war began the education, among others, of a young ensign of twenty years of age, attached as a volunteer to the Queen's regiment, who afterwards became the famous Duke of Marlborough.

For nearly eighteen years the Queen's regiment held the fortress almost single-handed against the Moors, having in the intervals of active fighting erected works that made it all but impregnable, and transformed the open roadstead into a safe

anchorage. Fortunate was it that they had used their time so well, for now the Emperor of Morocco joined his forces with those of Gaylan, and proclaimed a crusade against all Christians in Africa. Europeans aided in the direction of the Mohammedan armies, and even Englishmen were found ready to supply 1,500 barrels of gunpowder to the enemies of their countrymen.

So great was the danger that companies of the Royal Scots and of the Foot Guards had to be hurriedly despatched to the seat of war, and in addition a second Tangier Regiment, now the 4th King's Own, was raised without delay.

On the 27th October, 1680, when all the reinforcements had arrived, a brilliant sortie was made by the garrison; and although it resulted in a long list of killed and wounded to the "Queen's," yet such severe loss was inflicted on the Moors that their action in future was desultory and weak. A chronic warfare, however, still continued, broken, nevertheless, from time to time, by an interchange of civilities between the combatants, as when, in 1682, the British Governor sent a present of three English horses to the Emperor, who in his reply adds the significant hint that "Everybody knows that a carriage requires four horses to travel."

During this time an embittered controversy was being carried on in England between the King and Parliament as to whether Tangier was worth the blood and money which it cost to hold it. At length the King, finding that the expense of the possession was greater than he could, without further assistance from Parliament, continue to bear, gave orders that Admiral Lord Dartmouth, with twenty sail of the line, should proceed to that station, dismantle the fortress, destroy the pier, and bring away the garrison.

Thus it happened that after the lapse of one-and-twenty years the British ships-of-war again in the winter sunshine cast their shadows on the blue waters of Tangier Bay, while from the rocky slopes behind the town re-echoed now the sounds of violent explosions, which announced the destruction of all that soldiers' labour at the expense of soldiers' lives had accomplished in a score of years. Groups of men were gathered as before, close to the water's edge. The young looked forward to their glad release and happy change to England. The old, with sad bronzed faces, turned inland, gazed towards the cemetery on the rising ground, and thought how many hundred comrades in their prime were resting there—the few, laid low by Moorish scimitar or lance; the many, killed by sun and pestilence, victims of exhausting toil and unsustaining food, and now their lives and works both blotted out. Thus it is that the nation, too often in duty's name, exacts from her soldiers sacrifices which make them heroes only to cast the results aside as a capricious child its toys.

The last charge had been fired, the sea resumed its sway over what had been the pier, the white sails vanished northward, and the Moorish soldier entered unopposed the gates that all his valour failed to open.

The English epoch of Tangier had closed.

Within a year of its return to England the regiment was engaged in the defence of James II at Sedgemoor, and as a sequence to the victory was unfortunately detailed to escort Judge Jeffries on the circuit of the "bloody assizes." This, through the congenial brutality of its colonel—Kirke—involved the corps in the atrocities that followed, and earned for it, suggested by the device on the colour, the ironical soubriquet of "Kirke's Lambs." It was this Colonel Kirke who, when pressed by the King to embrace the Popish creed, "regretted that he was pre-engaged, as he had promised the Emperor of Morocco that if ever he changed his religion he would become a Mohammedan."

When James vacated his throne and the army had gone over to the Prince of Orange, Colonel Kirke was received with distinction, and to him was intrusted the relief of Derry, where the gallant defenders, inspired by the courageous example of the Rev. George Walker, and despite the adverse opinions of the military commanders, held out till they were reduced to the utmost need. On the 20th May the Queen's, with the 11th Regiment, sailed from Liverpool, but so incompetent and hesitating was Colonel Kirke, that it was not till the 20th July that the ship *Mountjoy*, under convoy of the Dartmouth frigate, forced the boom that had been thrown across the Foyle, and landed men and provisions for the succour of the besieged.

Kirke accompanied the regiment to Flanders in 1691, to assume command as a lieutenant-general under King William, but died at Buda before the close of the year, thus ending a life which had been the only blot upon the honourable records of the corps.

Having crossed several times to and from the Netherlands during the ensuing ten years, in consequence of threats of invasion of England by France while King William was fighting the Duke of Luxemburg in Flanders, the regiment found itself in 1702 under orders to join the expedition of 14,000 men, under the Duke of Ormond, sent to expel the French out of Spain. It was present at the unsuccessful attack on Cadiz, but subsequently helped to retrieve the prestige of England by the brilliant and remunerative victory at Vigo Bay, where the galleons from the West Indies, conveyed by a French fleet, had just arrived. The troops, having landed six miles up the coast, marched upon and took the batteries that protected the entrance to the harbour, while the fleet on a given signal broke the boom and captured such of the men-of-war and of the galleons as had not been sunk during the action.

The extent and value of the plunder was immense, and offered a temptation to dishonesty, which some in high places were unable to resist. Among these was Sir Henry Bellasis, Colonel of the "Queen's," who, on his return to England, was tried by court-martial and dismissed the service.

Early in the year following the regiment was sent to the Netherlands to join the army under the Duke of Marlborough, and here earned its first historic distinction.

While the commander-in-chief was absent at the siege of Bonn, the French marshals, Villeroy and Boufflers, determined on surprising the troops under D'Auverquerque, which were dispersed in winter quarters. But to accomplish this the possession of the town of Tongres was indispensable. A vigorous attack with an overwhelming force was accordingly made while the place was held by only the "Queen's" and another regiment. These, however, maintained the defence for twenty-eight hours before surrendering, and this interval allowed the main army to be brought into



SECOND QUEEN'S ROYAL REGIMENT, 1662.

so strong a position that the French generals on arriving declined an engagement. The prisoners of Tongres were soon released by exchange. For this service the Queen's was made "Royal," and obtained the motto, "*Pristinae virtutis memor.*"

When, in 1703, the Archduke Charles of Austria endeavoured to establish his claim to the throne of Spain the "Queen's" was among the regiments sent by England to his aid, and landed at Lisbon in March, 1704, being thus, strange to say, brought once again into contact with the Queen Dowager of England, who had given them their name on their first formation, and who died at Lisbon soon after their arrival, in the sixty-seventh year of her age.

The disastrous battle of Almanza brought their service with the expedition to a close, as they suffered so severely that they had to be sent to England to recruit.

From this time, for more than three-quarters of a century, the regiment moved between England, Ireland, and Gibraltar, and passed through a comparatively uneventful period, till the European war which followed the French Revolution led to its being employed as marines on board the fleet under Admiral Howe, and afforded it an opportunity of taking part in the decisive victory over the French fleet on 1st June, 1794.

A year later it assisted at the capture of Trinidad by Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and when next in the field was helping to put down the Irish rebellion of 1798. Here a somewhat romantic incident occurred to a part of the regiment.

A misguided Protestant gentleman, Bagenal Harvey, commanded the rebels at the battle of Ross, which was rendered memorable not only by the fierceness of the fight, but by the strange fact that both sides were retiring from opposite ends of the town at the same moment. This double retreat was first discovered by the English, and turned to such advantage that the flight of the rebels soon became a rout.

Before many days Bagenal Harvey was an outlaw, with a price upon his head. As usually happens, an informer was not long waited for, and it was intimated that Harvey had taken refuge on the barren and uninhabited rock a few miles from the Wexford coast, called the "Great Saltee Island." Thither a company of the Queen's, under Lieutenant Turner, was sent in pursuit. Throughout a whole day a most careful search was made, but without effect. It seemed impossible that any living being could have escaped detection, and the soldiers were on the point of re-embarking, when one of them casually caught sight of what appeared to be a faint curl of blue smoke rising from a naked rock. When the spot was surrounded and a further examination made, an entrance was at last found to a deep natural cave, from whence the smoke came. Knowing the determined character of the man, and that his life was already forfeited, the commander of the party decided not to attempt to capture him in the cave, and accordingly informed him that unless he gave himself up, a volley would be fired into it. To the astonishment of all, he at once came forth, followed by another man, with whom was a lady. This was the reason of his accepting a public and ignominious execution instead of availing himself of the more soldierlike mode of death by a volley. His old friend Mr. Colclough, with his devoted wife, had joined him in his place of refuge, and had he drawn the soldier's fire the lady too must have fallen. A few days later both the men were hanged.

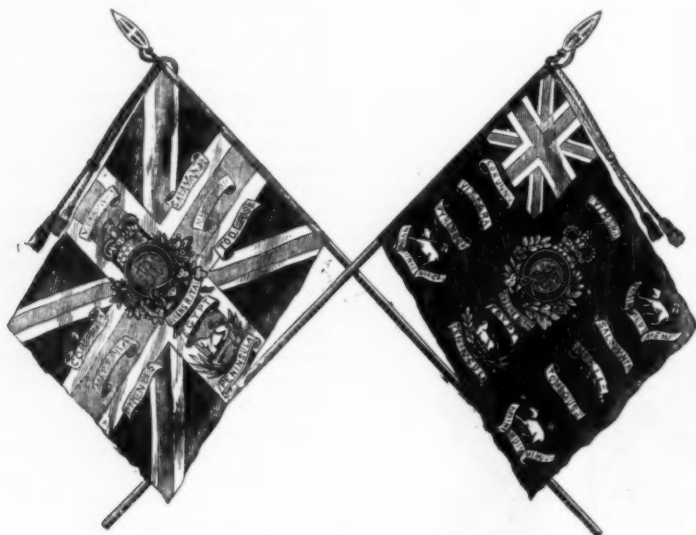
During the year succeeding the Irish rebellion the "Queen's" took part in the short but futile expedition, which commenced by a successful landing, under Sir R. Abercrombie, at the Helder, on August the 27th, included the victory over a very superior force at Egmont-op-Zee, and terminated in the withdrawal of the Anglo-Russian armies before the close of the year, leaving the French and Dutch in possession of the ground.

The regiment next fought under the same commander in Egypt, and was on the field of Alex-

andria when he received his death wound. Subsequently it was in the brigade commanded by Major-General, afterwards Sir John, Moore, and him also it was destined in another land to follow to a soldier's grave. For four years the "Queen's" did duty in their old station of Gibraltar, and in November, 1805, were ordered to return to England; but on the voyage home one of the transports was captured by the French fleet, and the several companies on board were taken prisoners and transferred to the *La Voluntaire* frigate, in which they were carried about for three months, obtaining their release in the end by an accident.

The regiment was then included among the 30,000 men that advanced under Sir John Moore into Spain, only to retreat before the superior forces of Soult, and after much suffering and disaster, to save themselves from destruction by the glorious victory of Corunna. The rapid embarkation that followed was covered by the brigade in which the "Queen's Royals" were.

In nearly all the great battles that made the history of the Peninsular War the regiment took part, but when Waterloo was fought it was stationed at Gosport, and that great name alone is absent from the colours. Ten years later the regiment was



COLOURS OF THE SECOND QUEEN'S ROYAL.

The frigate, finding herself in the vicinity of the Cape of Good Hope, put into Table Bay, under the impression that she was visiting a friendly port, but when it was too late discovered that this Dutch possession had been surrendered to the English, and that she had become a prize of war.

In 1808, when Napoleon had forced his brother Joseph upon the Spanish nation as a king, and effected the conquest of Portugal, the "Queen's" found itself again in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, forming part of the army under the future Duke of Wellington that, by the brilliant victory of Vimiero, at one blow freed Portugal from the power of France.

sent to Bombay, and then for the first time visited the famous eastern city that once was considered so far second to Tangier. It served in the Afghan War of 1842, but duty in the Kaffir War of 1851-52 caused it to be absent from the Crimean campaign.

The last active service of the regiment was in China in 1860, so that it has now rested for a quarter of a century.

Although changed in name to the "Royal West Surrey Regiment," it will doubtless bring to the next call of duty the same unhesitating devotion that enabled the "Queen's Royals" to hold Tangier for twenty years, to save an army at Tongres, and to help to win the battle of Corunna. A.





## THE DERBY CROWN PORCELAIN WORKS.

ABOUT five minutes' walk from the Midland Railway Station at Derby there stands, in the Osmaston Road—one of the leading thoroughfares of the town—a long brick building, one story high, regular and substantial, but with no pretensions to architectural beauty. The main entrance is approached by a carriage drive. The middle portion of the edifice, which is somewhat bolder than the rest, is covered with ivy, and is surmounted by a dome of glass and iron, on the top of which is a crown of open iron work. This building is the Derby Crown Porcelain Factory. Originally it was a workhouse; but in 1876 it was purchased by the present proprietors, and converted from a home for paupers into a treasure-house of art.

The factory owes its origin to Mr. Edward Phillips, one of the directors of the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. From the year 1750 Derby had been famous for its china, but the old manufactory was closed in 1848, and the whole of the plant, including raw material, unfinished stock, models, moulds, stools and benches, was sold, and transferred by the purchaser to the Staffordshire Potteries. A few of the former workmen then formed themselves into a company, and succeeded in establishing a business on a limited scale. This factory still exists in King Street under the name of the "Old Crown Derby" China Works, but when Mr. Phillips came upon the field only one of the partners remained (Mr. Sampson Hancock), who with a band of skilful workmen was endeavouring to keep alive an industry which had attained world-wide renown. There seemed to be no reason why the manufacture of china should not once more occupy a prominent position in the town with which it had been so long identified, and before the death of Mr. Phillips in 1881, the foundation had been laid of a most successful enterprise, which now gives constant employment to about 400 persons.

On entering the building the visitor ascends a broad staircase into the Show Room. It will be best, however, to reserve the inspection of the treasures displayed here till last, and proceed at once, under the direction of our well-informed guide, to be instructed by word and by illustration in the manufacture of porcelain.

We are first conducted along a narrow passage, and down a steep flight of stone steps, to the back of the factory, to inspect the raw materials from which china is made.

Speaking generally, we may say that porcelain is composed chiefly of two substances, one of which is fusible and the other infusible. These, when combined and subjected to an intense heat, produce a semi-transparent, semi-vitrified body. The *fusible* ingredient, which gives it transparency, is called by the Chinese *peh-tun-ssu*. The *infusible* substance, which prevents the fusible from melting at the high temperature required for

vitrification, is a fine white clay, which the Chinese call *kaolin*.<sup>1</sup> Both these are found in a natural state, though the kaolin (or *china clay*, as it is now called) is in reality the result of the decomposition of felspar in granitic rocks, and the *pehtuntsz'*, or *petuntse* (as it is often spelt)—more familiarly known to us as *china stone*, or *moor stone*—consists also to a large extent of a kind of felspar, more or less robbed of its potash and silica by the action of water and the carbonic acid contained in the atmosphere and in rain.

It was formerly believed that kaolin was peculiar to China, where porcelain was first invented,<sup>2</sup> sometime between the years B.C. 185 and A.D. 88, and where, at the famous factory in the village of Kingteh-chin, within the Department of Jauchau, east of the Poyang Lake, the finest porcelain has been made for the Chinese emperors since A.D. 1004.<sup>3</sup>

In the beginning of the eighteenth century, however, kaolin was discovered in Saxony at a place called Aue. In the year 1768 an abundant supply was found in a ravine at St. Yrieix, near Limoges. About A.D. 1755 a druggist named Cookworthy made a similar discovery in the burrows of an old mine near Helstone in Cornwall, and not long after succeeded in finding the *petuntse* also at Tregonn Hill, in the parish of Germoe in the same county. From that time the manufacture of porcelain in this country has rapidly increased. The kaolin, or china clay, used at the Derby Works comes from Cornwall and Devon in large white lumps somewhat resembling chalk.<sup>4</sup> The china stone, sometimes called Cornish granite, or Cornish stone, comes from the neighbourhood of St. Austell. It is a greyish-white, gritty substance, which can readily be pulverised. But, in addition to these ingredients, calcined bones enter very largely into the composition of the porcelain that is made here. These are brought chiefly from Ireland and America, or come in the form of bone refuse from the button-makers of Birmingham. The bones of bullocks are principally used, it being found that those of pigs and horses discolour the paste. The first to introduce, or, at least, to bring to perfection this ingredient in English porcelain, was Mr. Spode, in 1800 A.D. One of the chief advantages to be derived from its use is increased transparency in the ware, the phosphoric acid which the bones contain diffusing itself under great heat throughout all the materials, and

<sup>1</sup> From *Kao Ling*, or High Ridge, the name of a range of hills east of Kingteh-chin.

<sup>2</sup> In the country of Sin-p'ing, not far from the present centre of the Honan province.

<sup>3</sup> This factory gave employment to a million of workmen as recently as thirty years ago. It was almost wholly destroyed during the rebellion, but is now gradually regaining its former prosperity.

<sup>4</sup> It may be interesting to observe that china clay is not used in the manufacture of porcelain only. When first discovered at Aue it was used for hair-powder. When found in Cornwall it was used for mending the tin furnaces and the fireplaces of the fire-engines. And now nine-tenths of that which is dug up is purchased by the manufacturers of linen, cotton, and paper to give a "good finish" (?) to their productions.

blending them together in a translucent enamel. Clay mixed with this substance is also less liable to sink or get out of shape than that usually designated "hard paste," and can therefore be fired in larger kilns, and with less risk of failure or loss to the manufacturer.<sup>1</sup>

Having inspected the various ingredients of which the paste is composed, we are ushered into an apartment containing six enormous vats, in which these ingredients are ground to powder separately prior to their being mixed together for the potter's use. This process is a most necessary one, and the future perfection of the porcelain depends largely upon the thoroughness with which it is done. The materials having been severally mixed with water, are pounded by means of heavy stones from Bakewell, which are pushed round by strong upright boards attached to beams and placed at right angles to each other. In one vat we see Cornish or china stone being ground, in another animal bones, in a third felspar (which is used in the Derby factory for glazing, but which before it can be ground up to be mixed with the other ingredients must first be softened by firing); in a fourth the *frill*, which enters into the composition of the glaze (of which more will be said hereafter); and in another the flint, in which the ware is bedded for the first firing. Let us look at the flint. Originally it was in the form of large black pebbles from the seashore at Havre. But in their primitive condition they could not readily be submitted to the grinding process. First they must be calcined in a furnace specially constructed for the purpose, when they become perfectly white. They are then placed between rollers, which crack them into smaller pieces, so that they may be ground more easily. After grinding with water the flint is run off into another vat and washed. It is then subjected to intense heat, and presents the appearance of fine white flour.

The grinding of the several materials generally occupies two or three days, except the glaze, which is ground for a fortnight. A brief stay here must suffice; but, if interested in machinery, we may be permitted to look at the engine by which the grinding apparatus is worked. This is situated in a building by itself, close at hand, and is of 50-horse power. It acts upon the vats by means of enormous toothed wheels, in a chamber beneath the grinding-room, which are so arranged that any of the vats may be disconnected at pleasure, while the work of grinding continues in the others.

Adjoining the grinding-room is another containing large wash-tubs, worked by hand, into which the various materials can be poured as required. Thence they pass into a receptacle called an *arc*, from which they are pumped into the mixing vats, which are situated in an adjacent apartment.

The compound, which is still in a liquid condition, technically known as *slip*, is then strained successively through three fine silk sieves, and travels down wooden troughs furnished with

powerful magnets into large cisterns again, or arcs, situated beneath the flooring in the room below. The magnets are needed to catch and retain any particles of iron which may have found their way into the mixture. The slip is then forced up by means of steam power into a large wooden receptacle called a *presser*, containing sixteen chambers, which are fitted with courses of cloth, the whole mass in the arc being at the same time stirred with long poles, so that the materials may be well mixed together. In about forty minutes the presser is full, the water pouring out in a stream at the bottom and leaving the clay in stiff flat layers, of a light slate or lavender colour, and sufficiently solid to admit of it being folded up or piled up in large pieces one on the other. The clay is then forced through another press in order to exclude any air-bubbles, for if a particle of air remained it would become rarified and expanded in the oven, and produce blisters and other unsightly marks upon the ware.

Two kinds of clay are generally used; one, called *crown* clay, for toilet and table ware; the other, called *china* clay, for superior goods, such as cups and vases.

We will now visit the *Thrower*, who, in order to make himself master of the various branches of his art, voluntarily served three apprenticeships. To a stranger the readiness with which the clay responds to his will appears truly marvellous; but his craft has been so often described that it must be familiar to many.

Seated upon a stool, he takes a lump of clay and dashes it down upon the disc before him, and having moistened his hands, which by constant use have become extremely soft and sensitive, he squeezes the clay closely between them, while the disc revolves rapidly, until it rises into a long thin column, which he pushes down again into a lump, continuing the operation until he is sure that any air-bubbles that may have crept in are expelled. Then, with his first finger and thumb, or, if necessary, the whole hand, he begins to hollow out the mass, and with a command to the attendant at the wheel to steady the motion, he proceeds to give shape to the vessel which he intends to make. Next, with a piece of slate, called a *rib*, which is an exact profile of the vessel, the inside is smoothed, the shape more clearly defined, and any inequalities left by the fingers (technically styled *slurry*) are removed, the disc revolving all the time, swiftly or slowly, according as he may direct. Now he has fashioned a cup. By slight pressure near the top it assumes the form of an Etruscan vase. With a little more manipulation it is turned into an old-fashioned cream-jug, or any other article which the fancy of the moment may suggest. Then, with a piece of brass wire passed under it, it is separated from the disc, and being gently lifted off, is placed upon a board to dry. Do we wish to see how smooth and regular the inner surface is? The wire is passed down the middle, and the vessel is cut in half; and when our curiosity is satisfied and our admiration duly expressed, the mass is pressed together again, the

<sup>1</sup> "Technology," by Ronalds. London, 1848.

shape destroyed, and the object which seemed so sensitive and pliant under the operator's hand appears once more a lump of lifeless clay.

But we need not leave the thrower yet. If we wish to learn, he is very willing to instruct us further. We ask him how he is able to insure that any number of vessels shall be exactly the same size. This he tells us is determined by means of pegs or arms fixed at certain distances beyond the circumference of the revolving disc. But is not something more than the potter's hand required to give shape to a vessel? Yes. The disc on which he has been working till now, and which is made of sycamore wood, is generally used only to give it the first rude form. This being done, he unscrews the wooden block and, if a cup is to be made, fixes in its stead what is called a *brass chum*, a receptacle into which he drops a plaster-of-paris mould. In this he places the roughly formed cup, and with a piece of horn, called a *horn rib*, pressed against its inner surface, he makes it perfectly smooth. It is then left in the mould until dry, when, as it shrinks, it can be easily removed.

When the vessels leave the thrower they are spoken of technically as in a *green* state, though they are actually a slaty-grey. When sufficiently hard they are passed on to the *turner*, who, with a lathe very similar to that used for turning wood, ivory, or metal, gives a smooth surface to the exterior, reducing the substance of the clay where required, and attending to such minute details of shape as could not be completed when the clay was in a softer condition. Great care, however, must be observed, for the vessels are very brittle, and the slightest pressure would destroy them.

We now pass into another room, where the *handles* of articles that require such appendages are made and fixed to the ware. In one corner of the apartment is a small metal cylinder filled with clay and fitted with a piston. In the bottom of this cylinder is an aperture which can be closed at pleasure. The piston being pressed down upon the clay causes it to protrude through this aperture in long narrow strips, which are cut into short pieces and placed in plaster-of-paris moulds made in two parts, each of which contains one-half of the required figure. These are pressed tightly together, and so the handles are formed. When sufficiently dry they are taken out, the rough parts are removed with a knife, and being trimmed and smoothed, they are attached to the cup or mug with no other adhesive substance than liquid clay (or *slip*), and yet so firm is the union that when the articles have been fired and glazed they will break almost anywhere rather than where this joint has been effected.

The spouts of tea-pots and coffee-pots are made and affixed in a similar way.

We now pass into another apartment, where we are initiated in the art of Pressing. This is divided into two branches. Some ware, such as plates, dishes, saucers, etc., undergo what is called *flat pressing*. Some other articles, such as *tureens*, are formed by what is designated *hollow-ware pressing*.

Here are men engaged in making dessert-plates. If we watch them closely, and pay attention to the explanations which they are so ready to offer, we shall obtain a very fair notion of flat-pressing in general. Ranged upon shelves are a number of plaster moulds of various patterns. In order to obtain a mould in the first instance the modeller (who works in another part of the premises) takes a lump of modelling clay and cuts out the inside of the plate according to scale, making his model a ninth larger than the article required, to allow for shrinking during firing. From this model, upon which any ornamental work, raised or open, is most carefully delineated, any number of moulds may be made. The substance employed for this purpose is plaster-of-paris, which absorbs water with great rapidity, so that the ware made upon it can soon be detached.

The mould, being made, is fixed to a *whirler*—a round table very similar to the disc used by the thrower, and like it set in motion by a wheel. The only difference between the ancient system and the modern is that whereas in olden times the potter worked the wheel with his left foot, it is now turned for him by an attendant. The workman first takes a sufficient quantity of clay for the object he has to make and places it on a slab, where he bats it out to the required thickness and smooths it with a polishing-knife. Then, lifting it up as a cook would raise a thin layer of paste for a pie-crust, he deftly drops it on to the mould, dabbing it with a damp sponge while revolving, and levelling the surface first with a piece of earthenware and afterwards with a zinc rib, like that used by the thrower. A skilful workman can make eighteen plates per hour. As soon as the plate or dish has become somewhat hard the rough edge is taken off. This process is called *fettling*. In order to dry the articles they are carried into an adjoining chamber and placed for a short time upon a stove, and then upon plaster flags. The time generally required for this purpose is about half a day.

In *hollow-ware pressing* the clay, when batted out sufficiently, is placed over a *chum* to bend it somewhat into the desired shape. It is then dropped into a plaster mould, pressed closely to its sides, and smoothed with indiarubber. A top mould is subsequently added to form the verge. *Tureens*, and articles of a similar description, are not made in one piece; the handles, feet, and any raised ornamentation, are all moulded separately, and while the clay is in a green state the several parts are united, like the handles of cups, etc., by means of *slip*.

We now come to the Casting Room, where vases, jugs, teapots, etc., are made, and the figures for which Derby was so long famous. All these are cast in moulds—many of them, such as the statuettes and groups of figures, in sections—the head, arms, legs, drapery, and sometimes even a finger, each being formed in a separate mould<sup>1</sup> and afterwards joined with such nicety and precision

<sup>1</sup> The model is made first in clay *entire*, and then dissected for moulding, according as its special form and details may require.



that it is almost impossible to discover where the joints have been effected.

The process of casting appears very simple, though it requires considerable care. The mould, which is of course in two parts, having been properly adjusted, is charged with liquid clay. The water in that part of the clay which comes into direct contact with the plaster is quickly absorbed, leaving a thin coating of clay attached to the sides of the mould. After a few moments the remainder of the liquid is poured back again, and a hollow vessel is formed. The mould thus charged is placed in a stove until its contents have become sufficiently dry to be removed. It is then taken to pieces, and the vessel which it enclosed is left for a while to harden, when any marks made by the joints of the mould are obliterated, defects are remedied; and such parts as have to be joined together are united with *slip*. For perforated work fine sharp knives are employed while the clay is in a *green* state,<sup>1</sup> the more intricate work of course demanding great skill and caution. The piecing together of the various sections of a figure or group of figures requires also some knowledge of the human form.

The Drying Room, into which we are next ushered, is a heated apartment into which the various articles are brought previous to their being fired in the kilns, in order that any moisture remaining in them may be gradually and uniformly evaporated. This is important, for if they were placed in the ovens as soon as they were fashioned the surface might be hardened while the inner portion remained soft, and thus they would contract unequally and their symmetry would be destroyed.<sup>2</sup>

If the pieces are placed upon plaster shelves they will dry more rapidly, plaster (as we said just now) having a strong affinity for water.

The next business is to arrange the articles in *seggars* (or *saggers*) for firing—i.e., in deep boxes or cases, either round or oval, made of fireclay, and sufficiently strong to resist the action of intense heat. Their immediate purpose is to protect the ware from smoke and flame, and to secure the transmission of a uniform temperature to the vessels which they contain, which are partly, moreover, imbedded in ground flint, to prevent their adhering to the seggars or to each other. The seggars used in the Derby Porcelain Works are made on the premises. When full, they are piled up in columns all round the interior of the kiln or oven, the doorway of which is then bricked up and the furnaces are lit. These, which are ten in number, are situated outside the oven, the heat being conveyed to the interior by horizontal flues placed under the pavement, and communicating with a large hole in the centre of the floor and with sundry apertures at its sides. The required temperature is thus regularly diffused, any surplus heat escaping through an opening at the top. The coal used in the furnaces comes

from Derbyshire, and is specially in demand because it burns quickly and so heats the kilns in the shortest possible time. Ordinarily the porcelain clay undergoes three firings. The first occupies altogether from forty-eight to fifty hours, during which time the heat is gradually increased, and then as gradually diminished. By this process the clay is changed from a light slate colour to a pure white or cream colour, hard, semi-transparent, and with a musical ring. The kiln for this purpose is called the *biscuit* kiln, and the articles when fired are said to be in a *biscuit* state. After being dipped in the glaze (which we shall speak of presently) they are fired in the *glost* oven or *glazing kiln*, in which they remain from fifteen to twenty hours. Then *usually* the patterns are laid on, and the ware is fired a third time for six or eight hours in an *enamelling* kiln. When the decorations are elaborate, several additional burnings are necessary, the colours which require the greatest heat to fix them being applied and fired first.

The ovens take a day and a night to cool after the fires have been extinguished; and even then the heat is so excessive that the men are obliged to strip to their shirts before entering. But if it were possible to remove the vessels as soon as they are sufficiently baked, it would be unwise to do so, for a sudden change of temperature from the oven to the outside atmosphere would in all probability cause them to crack.

But how can the firemen ascertain that the articles are sufficiently baked? Each oven is furnished with eight *trial-holes*, four at the bottom and four near the top. In these are inserted small clay pots, called "*trials*," which can be readily removed for examination without entering the kiln. As soon as these trial pieces have attained the proper tone and solidity, the fires are allowed to die out, the air-holes and furnace doors are closed, and the contents of the oven gradually become cool.

The Derby Works contain three biscuit ovens, and three glost or glaze ovens, which rise at the back of the factory like lofty cones.

After the first firing the articles are carefully cleaned with sand-paper and brushes. They are then ready for glazing.

Several substances enter into the composition of the glaze—flint, felspar, Cornish granite, borax, soda, and lead. Some of these are first fused together in a reverberatory furnace, called a *fritt kiln*. While in a molten condition a plug at the bottom of the kiln is drawn out, and the compound, which is called *fritt*, is allowed to flow into a trough of running water. It then presents somewhat the appearance of light-green glass, which, when broken up into small lumps, is stored in bins till wanted. To this the other ingredients are subsequently added, and all are ground together in water, in one of the large vats which we inspected some time ago. It then assumes the colour and consistency of cream. This is poured into a large tub, into which the glazer dips the ware, shaking off any superfluous liquid that may have been caught up by it. The vessels are then left to dry for a while, after which they

<sup>1</sup> Open work in plates, etc., requires a small drill before the knife can be used, as the clay is in a somewhat harder condition.

<sup>2</sup> Pressed ware, as we have already intimated, shrinks one-ninth in firing; articles that have been cast in a mould contract one-fifth.



are enclosed in seggars and taken to the glost-oven.

The occupation of glazing is considered unhealthy, and often produces a sense of nausea; but with due care and precaution no serious mischief need be apprehended. The heat required for fixing the glaze is, as we have intimated, less than that of the biscuit kiln. Being softer than the body of the ware, it fuses at a lower temperature; and as clay, when once baked sufficiently, never shrinks again, the glaze is not likely to crack when fused upon it.

As the composition of porcelain varies in different countries, so also does the glaze, the time of its application, and the duration of the firing. English porcelain, as we have said, is subjected to hard firing before being glazed. *Hard* Oriental and Continental porcelain, on the contrary, is first fired at a low temperature, and after glazing is subjected to intenser heat. The glaze (which is, generally speaking, composed of felspar, with lime in the form either of gypsum or salt) and the body of the ware are thus fused together in a compact mass.

In English porcelain transparency is attained in the biscuit kiln; in foreign porcelain it is not attained until it reaches the glost kiln. English porcelain, moreover, is more transparent than foreign ware, but in the latter the glaze is harder and not so easily scratched or defaced. This is due not only to its permeating the whole substance, instead of acting merely as a coating of varnish, but also to the absence of lead from its composition. If a piece of English china be broken, the fracture has a dry appearance, the glaze being readily distinguished from the body. In foreign specimens the substance is vitrescent throughout.

After glazing, the articles undergo further inspection in order that any roughness may be removed previous to their being embellished with colour.

Before proceeding to the rooms where the patterns are laid on, we are permitted to inspect the colours themselves, and learn something of the manner in which they are ground and prepared.

All the colours used, both in printing and painting on china, are metallic oxides. The blue is made from oxide of cobalt; the green from the oxides respectively of copper and chromium; the red from oxide of iron; yellow from that of lead; rose and purple from gold. It is interesting to observe that the cobalt, which is now so highly prized, and which was a prominent feature in old Derby ware, was regarded about the end of the fifteenth century as of no value, and was employed for mending roads. At that time it was dug up in large quantities in the mines on the borders of Saxony and Bohemia, but it was not only thrown aside as useless, but was even regarded with aversion by the miners because it gave them much fruitless labour, and often proved injurious to health, owing to its combination with arsenic. They named it *cobalt*,<sup>1</sup> after an evil spirit which

was thought to haunt the mines and destroy the labours of the miners; and a prayer was introduced into the church service that God would preserve them from *kobolts* and spirits.<sup>1</sup>

The green oxide of copper, as first prepared, was found to be unreliable, and was therefore rarely employed. This evil, we believe, has now been somewhat remedied. The introduction of the green oxide of chromium early in the present century has been attended with highly satisfactory results, as it can be subjected with impunity to the intense heat of the biscuit kiln. The same may be said of cobalt, and of some other colours, such as black, brown, and drab, all of which may for this reason be laid on *before* the vessels are glazed. In the superior kinds of decoration, however, the colours are painted on the glaze, for if done before, the heat of the glost oven might seriously injure them, especially the more delicate tints.

When the pattern is put on before glazing it is of course completely covered by the creamy substance, but during the process of firing the glaze melts, and the colours are revealed in their natural brilliancy.

We have said that metallic oxides form the bases of all colours used for decorating porcelain, but not all metallic oxides can be so employed. Some are too volatile, others part too freely with their oxygen on the application of heat. But none of them are fusible by themselves. They require, therefore, to be mixed with some substance which will promote their fusion. For this purpose *fluxes* are added—*i.e.*, fusible glasses which melt at a low heat, and which cause the colours to adhere to the glazed surface of the porcelain. They act, moreover, as a sort of varnish, which preserves the colours from contact with the air, and gives them the glossy appearance which has led to the supposition that they are done *under* instead of *over* the glaze.

Of course, by the blending of different oxides great varieties of colour may be obtained. The several colours come to the factory in the form of powder, but before they can be used they must be ground again. This is first done in a room leading out of that in which the various ingredients are ground for the porcelain clay, and the process is similar, but on a smaller scale.<sup>2</sup> They are then subjected to a further grinding on slabs with a muller, until they attain the most perfect softness, as the slightest grit would impair the beauty of the decoration.

The gold with which porcelain is often embellished is the purest that can be obtained. Formerly, *leaf* gold was used, ground up with honey, and mixed with a little flux to enable it to adhere to the ware. This was laid on so thickly that it might be cut with a knife. The gold now in favour is that known in the trade as *brown* gold. This is prepared as follows. The refiner first melts the pure metal in a crucible, and pours it while in a molten state into cold water. It thus becomes so friable that it may be crushed between the fingers. Mercury is then added, in the pro-

<sup>1</sup> From *Kobold* (German), a goblin. (Greek, *Kobalos*.)

<sup>1</sup> See Beckmann's "History of Inventions."

<sup>2</sup> The stones used for this purpose are of Aberdeen granite.

portion of five parts of mercury to six of gold. These, having been blended in a mortar, are ground in turpentine and oil upon a glass slab with a glass muller. When sufficiently fine a little flux is added. The heat of the enamelling kiln expels the mercury, leaving the gold in a dull or dead state, which may afterwards be burnished.

Most colours are greatly altered in appearance in the process of firing; and some, owing to their peculiar composition, would hardly be recognised by the inexperienced eye until they left the oven. The mazarine blue, for instance, which is so much admired, when first laid on is a dull black, and the gold is a dirty slate colour. Few would imagine, if visiting a manufactory for the first time, that the thick, heavy, discoloured mass, into which the artist dips his brush so gently, was the "king of metals," or that by the mere application of heat it would undergo so striking a change. It is obvious, therefore, that in artistic decoration great skill and perseverance are often needed, in order to obtain the exact tints that are required.

We now enter the room where patterns are printed and transferred to the ware. The design having been engraved upon a copper-plate, the colour, which is mixed with linseed-oil, is spread over it with a leathern muller, in the same way as ink is applied by the copper-plate printer. The metal is then heated in order to increase the fluidity of the oil; the superfluous colour is carefully removed, and the design covered over with a sheet of thin transfer-paper. It is then passed through the press. The transfer-paper being taken off with the pattern printed upon it, is handed while wet with colour to a girl called a *cutter*, who removes the blank portions of the paper with a pair of scissors, and passes it on to another girl, called the *transferer*, by whom it is laid upon the ware and rubbed gently with a small roll of woollen cloth, until it perfectly adheres. In a short time the colouring matter is absorbed, and the paper can be easily washed off without injuring the design. If the ware has not been already glazed, it must now be subjected to a gentle heat in order to dissipate the oil. It is then ready for the glazer. The idea of thus printing upon porcelain originated with Dr. Wall, of Worcester, but very little was done in this way till 1806. In 1764 Mr. Richard Holdship, a partner of Dr. Wall's, entered into negotiations on the subject with Mr. William Duesbury, the founder of the Old Derby China Works; but although the latter tried the process he did not regard it with favour, finding it more satisfactory to produce goods coloured by hand. Costly ware is painted by hand still, but copper-plate printing is now very commonly employed for ordinary goods, as patterns in various colours can be transferred in this manner with considerable accuracy, and at a great saving of time and labour.

The Engravers' Room will repay a visit. Here a number of artists are seated engraving new patterns on copper, or renovating those that have been worn down by use. The patterns are

cut sharp and deep with graving tools, it being found undesirable to "bite" them in with acid, as is often done in copper and steel-plate engraving where fewer copies may be required.

Sometimes only the outline is printed, the filling in being entrusted to girls, who soon become proficient in it. Sometimes a sheet of tea-lead, on which the design has been pricked, is laid upon the ware and rubbed over with powdered charcoal or pounce. By this means a faint outline is impressed, which is afterwards painted in with Indian ink. All these various processes are clearly explained to us as we visit one room after another, and watch the busy workers of both sexes in their quiet occupation. Here are girls engaged in ground-laying. Very frequently it is desired to cover a large portion of the ware with one colour. This was formerly done with a brush, but the method was not satisfactory, as some colours could not be laid evenly on a smooth surface without leaving marks of the brush.<sup>1</sup> The plan now adopted (which was introduced about 1817) is to cover the part to be ground with a thin layer of oil, which is smoothed and levelled with a boss made of cotton wool enclosed in silk lawn. Upon this the colour, which is in the form of a finely-ground powder, is dusted with cotton wool. For some time this process was kept as a profound secret, and those who worked at it were locked in a room by themselves. But we are abusing no one's confidence by mentioning it here, as the whole method, as explained to us, is to be found in Haslem's interesting work on the "Old Derby China Factory," where he was himself employed for many years.

Sometimes, although there may be an extensive ground-work of one colour, some spaces are required to be left blank, in order to receive special ornamentation, such as landscapes or groups of flowers. These having been previously stencilled or painted over with some colour (usually rose-pink) mixed with water and a little treacle, the entire surface is covered with the ground colour in the manner already described. Then, by immersing the ware in water, the stencil colour is loosened, and may be removed with cotton wool, leaving the portions which it covered perfectly white, while the ground remains undisturbed.

We are next invited to enter the Painters' Studios, where with steady hand and practised eye the most exquisite and elaborate designs are wrought in colour upon the glazed porcelain. Here cups and saucers, plates, vases, plaques, and ornaments of various kinds are embellished with flowers, fruit, birds, landscapes, or whatever else is likely to find favour. Some of the artists are serving their apprenticeship. Some, however, have evidently been engaged in the work for many years. In one room may be seen Count Holtzendorff, who painted all the views on the dessert service presented to Mr. Gladstone, in December,

<sup>1</sup> "Yellow was less difficult to work than most others, which may account for its occurring so frequently among the old ground patterns. Some few other colours, such as peach-bloom, fawn, or pale red, were also much in use, as they could be laid evenly, being so thin as to be little more than stained oil."—"Haslem's Old Derby China Factory," p. 128.

1883, by the Liberal Working Men of Derby, on the occasion of the jubilee of his Parliamentary career. In another room there sat until recently old James Rouse, who painted the flowers on the same service. Fifty years ago he worked at the old factory; now, at the age of eighty-six, he is still engaged in his much-loved occupation, transferring to porcelain groups of flowers which are famed for design and colouring. The Company specially recognise his handiwork by appending his name to it. Here the gold rims and circles are added, which form so effective an addition to painted china—the articles being placed upon a revolving table, and the brush held steadily in position. Where a raised gold pattern is required, a thick paste is first laid on, and subjected to the heat of the enamelling kiln. Upon this the gold is painted in the ordinary way, and the piece is fired again.

The Burnishing Room is a long apartment occupied by women, who lightly rub the parts that are to be made bright with agate and blood-stone burnishers of various shapes and sizes adapted to the form and character of the ware. The operator always works in one direction, otherwise the gilding might appear scratched. She is also careful to use a piece of soft linen in handling both the porcelain and her tools. When the burnishing has continued for some time the gold surface is cleaned with a little vinegar or white-lead. The work is then resumed until a sufficient degree of brilliancy is obtained.

And now, having visited the various rooms where the processes of manufacture are carried on, and traced the gradual development of the porcelain from its elementary constituents to its final form, we come back to the Show Room, whence we started.

The centre of the apartment is occupied by two long and lofty glass cases, filled with vases of all shapes and sizes, beautifully chased and decorated mirror frames after the pattern of the old Chelsea-Derby ware, superb ornaments painted by Count Holtzendorff, large and delicately-finished plaques by Landgraf (now deceased), and parian statuettes which vie in gracefulness and beauty with the best figures of a former age. Round the room are shelves laden with dinner and dessert services, tea-cups, toilet ware, and small spirited figures, some of which are reproductions of those originally made at Bow and Chelsea; and beneath these are drawers containing plaques suitable for framing, and cups, etc., of egg-shell china, far too fragile for ordinary use.

The enormous prices necessarily charged for some of the best works of art evidently do not form an insuperable obstacle to those who wish to possess them. The largest buyers are Americans; and as they are willing to give two hundred guineas for a dinner service, and five pounds apiece for cups and saucers of the choicest description, the Company are encouraged to employ the best artists, who bestow upon their work the most painstaking care.

FRED. J. AUSTIN.

### A FEW DAYS IN NORMANDY ON A TRICYCLE.

MY brother Jack and I determined to spend our summer holiday on a tricycle trip. Jack had ridden a machine about three times, the longest journey being an all-night one from Margate to a town in Essex. I had ridden some seven miles on cross-country roads one wet afternoon. The tricycle then came to grief. I had to sleep at a relative's, and the machine had to be fetched home the next day.

As soon as we announced our intention of trying a trip in France, all our friends prophesied that we should never cross the Channel; some were even mean enough to say that if we did reach France, we should leave the machine at the first town and do the rest of our holiday in the train. Undaunted, however, by these discouraging remarks, Jack made all the necessary arrangements, and on the day appointed we left Edgware Road soon after four o'clock. For myself, I think I was a little nervous as we threaded our way between carriages in Park Lane, and between all kinds of vehicles round Victoria Station and over Vauxhall Bridge, past the Oval, into Clapham.

We had hired a Centaur tandem, a compact machine, which took up but little room, was strong, and yet not too heavy for our purpose.

Our luggage was very limited; Jack's mackintosh and my waterproof were the two bulkiest articles, and everything was strapped up in a double fold of rainproof cloth.

As the traffic grew less I lost fear, and was beginning to enjoy the ride up Clapham Hill, when, whether Jack in steering turned the handle too suddenly, or the wheel caught in the tram-line, we do not know, but somehow we found ourselves in collision with one of the horses drawing a heavy coal-waggon. Fortunately, the driver pulled off sharply, and no hurt to us or the animals was done. But our machine! Oh, what a doleful-looking object it was, and how quickly the crowd collected! Jack had fallen under the tricycle. I had to pull that off him before he could pick himself up. His first question was to discover a machinist. Finding there was one at the top of the hill, and bidding me walk away from him, he pushed that miserable thing, with both its wheels wobbling about, up to the shop, a crowd of boys following behind him. At first we were told it could not be repaired that night; it would take at least three hours to straighten the wheels. We said we would not mind waiting, for we were determined not to go home again, and at



least we could reach Leatherhead by eleven o'clock. Of the weary waiting, lovely evening though it was, on Clapham Common we need not speak, nor of our joy when, at nine o'clock, we started again.

Through Balham, Merton, and Morden we rode, and were spinning down a hill just outside Morden, when suddenly a fearful sway, an exclamation from Jack, and over went the machine again! Was Jack hurt was my first thought, for we had tumbled on a heap of stones. No, but the tricycle was. Both wheels were again completely buckled. We were no better off than we had been a few hours earlier. There was not a soul near, we did not know the road, and it was just ten o'clock. We had passed a small beer-house at the top; Jack ran back there, found we were nearer Sutton than anywhere else, and, as he remembered that an agent of the Cyclists' Touring Club had a shop there, determined to make for it. We were both getting tired, and were a little miserable. To have gone no farther on the first day was discouraging. What would our friends say? Were accidents of this kind going to happen all the time? After many inquiries at house-doors, and of policemen—after taking the wrong turning several times, and having to be put in the right way, again—we found the man we wanted. He promised to have the machine ready by ten o'clock in the morning, and recommended us to a hotel, just as the clock struck eleven.

I could not sleep for some time; every moment I imagined myself either running into coal-waggons or coming to an untimely end at the bottom of a perpendicular hill; then followed a nightmare of fear as to whether we should catch our train at Worthing the next evening. Not till after daybreak did I fall asleep.

In the morning we were ready in time. The machinist gave us two reasons for our second accident; either the wheels had not been properly sprung back, or, more probably, the steering-wheel, which was behind, was too close in to the tricycle, causing it to sway going down a hill, and even helping to turn it over. He said it would be wiser to descend more slowly.

As it had been raining, we were advised to take road to Horsham, through Brockham Green, the Holmwood, Bear Green, and Betchworth. The ride was across one of the loveliest spots of lovely English scenery; and going through it on that perfect summer day, we felt our drooping spirits revive. We lunched on Peebles Hill, and did not stop for another meal till we had passed Horsham. As a heavy shower came on, we stopped at a wayside inn, where we were regaled in country fare in country fashion. But after that we had a stiff piece of work over the Downs. We think we must have taken the wrong road, though Jack declared it was right; it was covered with flints, and we seemed no sooner to have pushed over one incline than we had to pull up another. It struck eight while we were still six miles from Worthing; our train was due there in eleven minutes; we did not see how we could catch it. Jack rode as if for dear life; all power of motion

seemed to leave me; but at a quarter to nine we raced into the railway station to find that the train would not be there for nearly a quarter of an hour. It took the two booking clerks half that time to find the tickets for Honfleur, the route is so little known or used.

To be in the train was a rest after the toil with which we had been travelling the latter part of the day. No more accidents could happen to our machine till we were in Normandy.

Of all the boats that cross the Channel to France, surely those plying between Newhaven and Honfleur are the most uncomfortable. They are used principally to import fruit from the northern French orchards to England; twice a week passengers are conveyed by them. The sea was choppy, and we were both ill; nor was this the only inconvenience. We had sufficient luggage with us for day travelling, but nothing warm to wear at night at sea. However, one of the sailors kindly made me a bed on some tarpaulin near the engine-room, and I was soon asleep there.

Honfleur is not a clean town, nor is there anything now remarkable about it to me beyond the fascination that belongs to all French seaside towns. The picturesque colours of the men's garments, with the vivacity of the women, the constant gabble of the patois, the bright blue sky and clear air, engaged one's attention, and inspired fresh thoughts and life.

Our tricycle was a source of interest to every one, from the men who lifted it off the steamer on to the quay to the custom-house officer. All cyclists know that on entering France a duty has to be left on machines, which is returned if they are taken out of the country within six months' time of entrance. The custom-house officer took us in charge, and the clerk to the railway company came to interpret. This gentleman did not seem to understand that the diameter of a wheel is the same from any two points across it, but took the height and breadth in separate measurements. He also noted down a full description of every separate and component part, even to the very lines of colour with which it was painted; and finally, after some difficulty in getting it on to the scales, weighed it carefully. We paid as duty three pounds and some odd pence.

For the first two days our road was through the wonderful orchards for which the Department Calvados is noted. In some places there were no hedges round them, and we could easily have picked cherries to our hearts' content. The trees grew on hillsides where other cultivation would have been impossible; and it was our great delight to come to the end of one ridge of hills and find several more rising behind each other. At Lisieux we saw a French market to perfection. The town is very old and quaint, and possesses some houses with ancient carvings in wood, in one of which Francis I is said to have stayed (1520). Around Falaise the scenery changed. The ground was much flatter, the road almost level. It would have been splendid for a good long spin had it not rained heavily the night before. As it was, when we reached Falaise we

were very stiff, and glad of half a day's rest. We visited the castle where William the Conqueror is supposed to have been born, saw the stream in which Arlette of that day, and the women of the present, carry on their laundry-work and their gossip, and also went into the park where the people promenade on saints' days and holidays.

bent, but that was sufficient to cause us anxiety. Could we get it properly repaired, or should we have to go by train to Caen?

The landlord of the hotel at which we were to stay took Jack to a cyclist agent. If his own were a specimen of the bicycles he sold it would be woe to the trade. It was a regular



FALAISE CASTLE.

We passed through most lovely scenery that evening between Pont d'Ouilly and Condé. It reminded me of the valley of the Doonee. Our road lay in a valley, with the railroad and river running parallel. On our left the cliff rose steep and perpendicular, often showing a flat grey face of rock. Where anything green could grow on a wall so upright it had planted itself, and seemed to cling to it tenaciously. On our right the cliff was not nearly so sharp, and vegetation abounded.

The river looked cool and peaceful in the sunset, reflecting most faithfully the shadows of the bridges which crossed it, or the trees that grew beside it.

Just as we emerged from this valley, with the spirit of peace and beauty still around, our third accident occurred. This time only one wheel was

bone-shaker; the back wheel almost equalled the front in size; the rims of both were nearly a foot wide; they were made of wood even to the spokes. He found a machinist who said he would repair ours, and we had to wait again.

The name of Condé had historical charms for us, and we inquired if there were any traces left of the well-known family. There were some ruins a few miles away, we were told, but nothing worth going to see. It is a manufacturing town, where much of the blue linen that is worn in France is made. Two factories have the electric light. The coffee-room in which we sat was fitted with electric bells. Altogether the town bore out in practice the theory that manufactures tend more to the progress and advancement of civilisation than agriculture does.

Our last accident had somewhat shaken our confidence. We had spent as much money on repairs as we had on hotel bills. Instead, therefore, of going to Domfront in the Department Orne, we thought it wiser to turn coastwards again. At Harcourt we put up at a most old-fashioned hotel. Outside our bedrooms were some ropes fastened to heavy stones. At first we could not imagine what they were for, but found afterwards that it was a contrivance for turning the spit on which our dinner was being roasted in the kitchen below. The rooms were equally old-fashioned; after shutting the door I had to go down two steps to tread on the floor.

The next large town through which we passed was Caen. Of course our machine and our costumes attracted attention, and, after seeing the Hotel de Ville, and calling at the Post-office, we were glad to leave all its other historical monuments and turn off to Clopée. Imagine, on a hot day, a broad, still-flowing river, two rows of tall, wide-spreading trees each side of it, with a good road under them, and you will come to the conclusion that we did, that a country ride was far better than sight-seeing in a hot town. We had hoped to get some dinner at Clopée, for our breakfast that day in a small village had been badly cooked. But it was too soon, and we made up our minds to go on to Cabourg.

That town, with its environments, seemed quite *en fête*; flags were flying, people were about; we wondered what could be going on. According to our practice, when we had received no previous recommendations, we rode to the door of what looked like the most comfortable hotel in the town. To our astonishment we found there were no beds to be had. We made inquiries for private lodgings; all were occupied. To-morrow the races were to be held. We rode on to Dives; it is only a mile from Cabourg, so we did not expect to be better served. Nor were we. The hotels were full, and but for an obliging chambermaid, who ran out with us and showed us where we could get two rooms, we should have been houseless that night. As it was, the man asked a great deal more than we had been paying. We flatly refused his price, threatened to take the train on to the next town or to ride to Montreux, but as we were tired, and far worse, very hungry, we thought it wiser to settle the bargain at a small reduction. The price of dinner, too, we found, had risen considerably. We were very glad the next morning to turn our backs on such uninteresting towns and such flat country. They might be good for races, but we did not care for such matters, especially when men shouted after us, "The prize, the prize."

Alas! we had turned our backs on the race-course, but we had also turned our faces to the people who were coming to it. We passed one continuous stream pouring out of Trouville, Deauville, Beuzelay-le-Val, and even Honfleur.

There was one thing we had soon found out in Normandy. The horses were not used to bicycles or tricycles, and were afraid to pass them on wide country roads. Meeting cart-horses, or occasion-

ally a farmer's carriage, did not matter much; we could draw up to one side, or even dismount. Along a narrow road, however, through these fashionable sea-side resorts, it was quite another matter. It became tiresome, and even dangerous, when horses suddenly started right across the road.

The dainty beauty of Trouville, as it lay snugly under the hill; the tastefulness of the houses dotted here and there amongst the luxuriant trees; the brilliant flowers, which bloomed everywhere in such great profusion, almost tempted us to make a stay there. But we were not fit for Trouville; our hats had been repeatedly washed by the rain and dried by the sun, which processes had not improved their appearance. Both our costumes were soiled with machine oil, smothered in dust, and mine had shrunk considerably; it looked sizes too small for me. We decided, therefore, to return to Honfleur the same night, and go for a short ride out of it the next day. We started along the road that runs parallel with the Seine between twelve and one o'clock. The women were returning home from market in their donkey carts; the men usually drove larger conveyances. Their horses were like all the rest, starting and shying at the sight of the machine. We thought, however, the donkeys would behave better.

About two miles out of the town was a steep hill. Jack pushed the tricycle to the top and seated himself on it, waiting for me. I was interested in a fine donkey that would not pass the machine. Its driver, an old woman, was urging, coaxing, scolding, and whipping by turns. Pass! No, it would not. First one way, then another, it tried to turn. At length it dashed to the other side of the road on to a heap of stones, turned the cart over, the old woman underneath it, lying as if dead. My heart went into my mouth. Suppose the woman was killed?

Thankful we both were to hear her ejaculations, and to see a poor old head struggling out, bleeding, and without a cap. We went to her assistance at once, helped her up, and tried to undo the donkey's harness; but we had to fetch some peasants, and then gladly found that the donkey also was not hurt. We helped her into her cart, picked up her Saturday's dinner, gave her our last few francs, and sent her off, still terribly shaken, but with no serious wounds or broken bones.

That finished our riding in Normandy. We turned back, met no end of donkeys and horses, and made up our minds to give the tricycle into the possession of the steamer's officers. The measurements were taken over again at the custom house, the descriptions written down for the second time, and then came the weighing process. The weights did not tally. We explained that when we landed our luggage was strapped on it, and that now it was at the hotel. After various references and talks that matter was settled, and the money, less eightpence for stamps, was returned. It cost the French Government quite two hours of time to earn the eightpence, and we had certainly one view of the benefit of protection.

We had a better passage coming back to New-



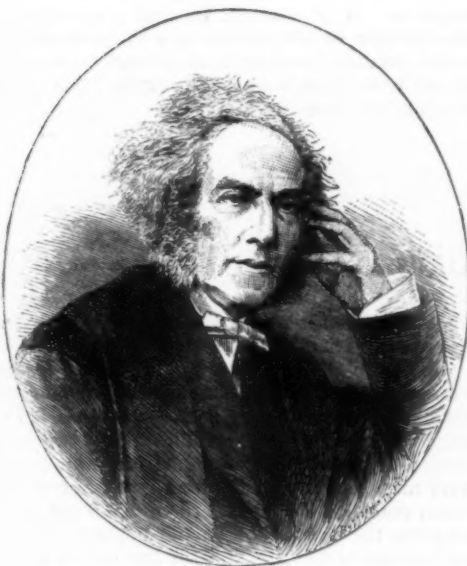
haven, and, after getting over the roughness of the cart-road between Newhaven and Lewes, had a most delightful spin to Croydon through Godstone and Caterham, seeing another side of Surrey and Sussex. At Croydon we took the train, and returned the machine in good order.

We were eleven days doing our little trip. Although so near to England, Normandy, I need not say, has its own characteristics. The scenery is bolder than we are accustomed to. The living is different, the peasants are another race, everything is far more primitive. In the villages

the children used to follow us, the women came out of doors to look after us, and the men left their work to see the new machine, which was universally pronounced "perfect." There is not so much comfort as in English hotel life, but there is not so much to pay, and, without exception, the cooking was better and more varied.

Too much praise cannot be given to the roads. With kilometre stones and the distances between towns distinctly marked, one cannot only not go wrong, but can time the distances almost to a minute.

### PROFESSOR LEONE LEVI.



*Leone Levi*

**P**ROFESSOR LEONE LEVI, of King's College, London, has long been known as one of our most eminent and useful public men in all matters of statistics and in various departments of political economy. On questions of international commercial law he is a high authority. He is a member of the International Statistical Institute, and was the most prominent English representative at the last meeting of that body, held in Italy last year. He is the author of several standard works on his special subjects, as well as of numerous papers in the Transactions of the British Association, of the council of which he is a member, in the Journal of the Society of Arts, of the Royal Statistical Society, and other institutions. Without attempting to give a formal biography, the readers of the "Leisure Hour" may

be pleased to know something of the career of a writer to whom they have been indebted for many valuable and interesting contributions, the latest being a summary of the progress of the nation during fifty years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

Leone Levi is a native of Ancona, where he was born June 6th, 1821. At the age of twenty-three he came to Liverpool, where he was engaged for several years in commercial pursuits. In 1849 he established the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the first purpose of which was the settlement of commercial disputes by rules and arbitration. Of this institution, the first of its class in England, he was the honorary secretary, and in 1850 was made an honorary life member. The objects of the Chamber have now wider scope, and it numbers above six hundred members. The experience obtained in connection with Liverpool led to the publication, in 1850, of a treatise on the commercial law of the world, supplemented, in 1873, by a work on international commercial law.

In 1852 Leone Levi came to reside in London, and was appointed Lecturer, and soon after Professor, at King's College, of the principles and practice of commerce and commercial law. This office he has held for above thirty-five years. The lectures have not been confined to commercial subjects only, but the Professor has given discourses on questions interesting to wider classes, as upon currency, banking, taxation, and other points of social and political economy. Being a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, of the Society of Antiquaries, and the Society of Arts, as well as of the Royal Statistical Society, the lectures have often touched on topics of more varied interest than those belonging to the mere statistician.

In 1859 he entered as Barrister-at-Law, of Lincoln's Inn. In 1861 he received an honorary degree of laws from the University of Tübingen. Other honours he received at earlier or later times: in 1853 the gold medal for scientific and artistic merit from the Emperor of Austria; in 1854 the Swiney Prize (£100, in a silver goblet of the same value) for the best treatise on jurisprudence; and in 1881 membership of the Order of the Crown of Italy. In the same year he founded and endowed, in his

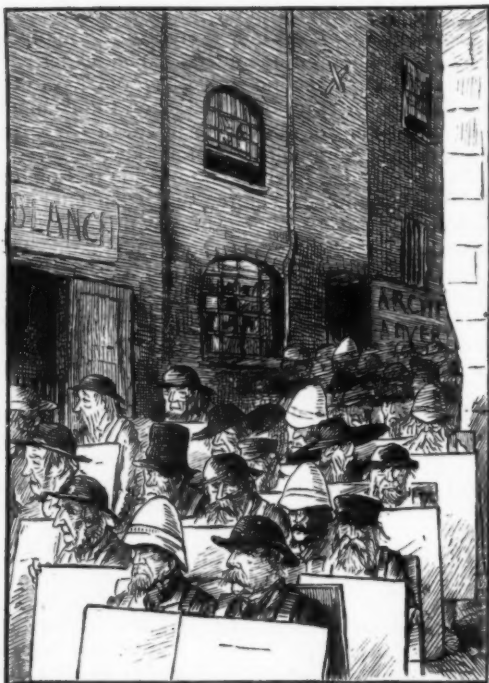
native city of Ancona, a technical science library. He had many years before received medals for special services in connection with the Paris Exposition of 1867.

Professor Levi's published works have not been mere academic and philosophical studies, but have borne practical and useful fruit in the national service. His earliest book on commercial tribunals (1849) led to the establishment of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, the precursor of many similar institutions. To a treatise on the Law of Arbitrament was due an alteration in the law on the subject, introduced by Lord Brougham. His works on the "Commercial Law of the World," and "A National Code of Commerce" (1850-1852) caused the passing of two Acts for the assimilation of the mercantile law of England, Scotland, and Ireland. A report on Judicial Statistics, published in 1855, was the origin of the present Judicial Statistics of the United Kingdom and Ireland, which are published yearly by the Home Office. These are examples of influence in legislation and administration exerted by the learned and industrious Professor, an influence which could hardly have been greater had he been a member of the Legislature. For many years—from 1856

to 1868—he published, under the title "Annals of British Legislation," a Digest of the Blue Books. This is a work more needed than ever, and it would have proved a truly national benefit if an official digest of our blue books could have been prepared under the supervision of an able and judicious director, such as Professor Levi. Much of the important information in the ever-multiplying and enlarging blue books is lost to public use by the want of a special department and public officer for this service.

The name Leone Levi indicates the race as well as the nationality of the professor. He has, however, been a naturalised British subject since 1847, and not long after his residence in London he united himself with the Protestant Christian body known as the Presbyterian Church of England. He has long been an honoured and useful elder of that church, which he joined when his friend the Rev. Dr. James Hamilton, a successor of Edward Irving, was minister of the Regent Square congregation. It is pleasant to find that a man so cosmopolitan in his pursuits and so eminent in his special studies, is also a zealous worker in moral and religious associations, especially those for the benefit of the young.

## BETWEEN BOARDS.



"WHEREVER are all these men going?" I ask as I stand at the end of a street near Piccadilly Circus.

"It is half-past five, and they are taking back their boards," said a loungee with a pipe.

"They look quite picturesque." Two hundred or more with boards and bills of various colours, letters and pictures, are in front of me. They march down into a yard, fall into double lines like a regiment of soldiers, and take off their boards. Every man stands with his board in front of him. A man comes and inspects them when all are in, and soon the process of paying begins. I linger near the end of the line, and, as the rain is coming down, put up my umbrella to cover myself and one who seems to be communicative and intelligent.

He is a strong man, and his clothes show that he has not yet sunk to the lowest depths of poverty. He had been a soldier, and had a small pension. He said that many of the men who carry sandwich-boards are discharged soldiers, and pointed out at once five near to him. "Thus we who have spent our strength for our country have still to struggle." Said another, "Yes, and we become a nuisance to the public, to the police, and, worst of all, to ourselves."

"Why are you a nuisance to the public, seeing you carry such grateful information to them?"

"We are always getting in the way of people when we step out of the gutter to save ourselves from being run over by the omnibuses. We are sandwich-men, and are likely to be eaten up between the pavement and the 'buses.'"

"It must be wearisome work."

"Yes, sir; but it is more wearisome to have to

stand about all day and do nothing. Why, some of those men at the corner are worse off than we are; they have been waiting all day for a job, and nothing has turned up. There were four hundred here this morning, and only two hundred were picked out."

"How are you 'picked out'?"

"By our clothes. The best dressed have the best chance. When a fellow's clothes get too shabby he must go lower down still."

"What is the lower depth?"

"Ah, sir, I don't know save this—no work, less food, and walking the streets for want of the coppers to pay for the night's lodgings."

"Our pay, sir? Ah, that is poor enough. We get one and twopence a day if we go in our own clothes, and one and sixpence if dressed up and made into guys."

"But I should have thought that to wear garbs of æsthetic tints, hats with broad brims and gay flowers, or blue coats and soldiers' caps would be an advantage."

"What! and be stared at by everybody, and perhaps recognised by somebody who once knew you? No, sir, it is worth the extra fourpence a day to endure curious looks and hear peculiar remarks."

"How many hours have you to be out?"

"From nine to half-past five. We get one hour for dinner, but we must not do any 'miking' at any other time. 'Miking' is skulking. We don't know when we shall be caught, there are always men about. They look after us, and if a fellow has done any 'miking' one day, the next morning when he goes for a job he hears the words significantly said, 'Shan't want *you* to-day.' That is a settler for a man who hasn't a 'rap' in his pocket to buy grub. Not only so, but you may go many days after with the same result. When you have learnt a lesson you may get a chance again."

At this point there is a movement. The men go down one side of a small passage, double at the end, and come back, taking their money as they pass the window. One man stands outside and gives it to the men in groups. Six men receive seven shillings to divide among them. They have to do the subdivision afterwards, and I heard "Got sixpence, Bill? Got twopence?" "No, wish I had."

In about seven or eight minutes the whole two hundred men were paid off.

As I came away one man came up to me and

said, "Do you want a man to carry a board to-morrow?"

"What would it cost me?"

"Two shillings."

This is evidently the price to the retail employer. I said, "I don't want anybody to carry boards, I am only seeing what I may come to one day."

"Hope you won't come to this then; and yet men have come down to it who little expected to do so. Why, sir, this fellow has a doctor's diploma, but failed to get enough practice."

"Well, at any rate you earn an honest penny, and that is something to comfort you."

"Yes, it is better than cadging."

I asked the small group from whom I had received the most information, which man had a wife, and found that only one out of the six had another poor soul depending on him. As I gave him a bit of silver that might cheer him a little, another said, "Ah, sir, I ought to have said I had a wife too."

Others began to pour tales of need into my ear, so that my only refuge was a word of sympathy and a hasty flight out of that yard and round the corner, past the poor waiters on the morrow's chances.

Many a glimpse into wretchedness is forced on one in this city of wealth and pleasure. A poor fellow came recently to me for help, one whom I had known as a wearer of the "boards." He was in trouble because he could get no employment. He thought that the fact that he had once carried the "boards" was against him. Evidently the memory of what he felt to be a degradation had eaten into his soul. He had had to wear a peculiar head-dress, and he feared some might have recognised him and despised him. He despised himself, and moreover was troubled because he had to depend on his wife's earnings to supply him with bread. His nerves became so shattered by long disappointment that he was afraid to be left with his own children while his wife went to work. He stood in my study and wept at the thought of the dreadful temptation he had been fighting all the previous day—the temptation to take the lives of his two children. I shuddered as he told me, for I had seen him in his time playing with his two pets, and they were as cleanly, neat, and pretty children as would be found in a day's march. Thank God they are living yet. But what tragedies can be hidden between boards, as well as advertised upon them!

F. H.



## Varieties.

### A Forest Adventure.

At the beginning of the century, when wolves were frequently encountered in forests east of the Rhine, three fiddlers happened to be going home late at night through the Hundsrück Wald, having finished their performance at a village dance by a carousal over their wine. They had to traverse a dense and thickly-grown forest to reach their homes. Being a little demented after the good supper to which they had been treated, they soon lost their way, till suddenly they stumbled and fell into a deep pit, over which a thin layer of sticks and branches had been strewn. The shock they experienced in falling aroused them somewhat from their state of beatitude, and when in some degree they had collected their scattered senses, to their horror and dismay they felt a warm breath advancing even to their faces, as though some huge animal were sniffing at them. They now became aware that some wild creature was shut up with them in the pit.

They soon agreed that it must be the redoubted wolf they had often been told frequented the forest. They supposed they must have walked into one of the trap-holes, so arranged that wild animals, upon treading on the branches of trees laid lightly over the aperture, were sure to fall into the snare prepared for them. No doubt that, thus imprisoned, a wolf was sharing the enclosed space with them—and they could not but anticipate great difficulty in getting out, until morning's light should bring some one to their assistance. The thought appalled them, for they had no weapon either to defend themselves or to kill a powerful wolf; death seemed their certain fate, doomed to such close quarters with him. No rescue for them until the morning, when the forester would visit the wood, before which time they could not but fear that they would be torn to pieces and devoured. In this dangerous dilemma, one of the musicians, all of whom were thoroughly alive to their alarming situation, suggested that each one should take his violin and perhaps by executing music vigorously and by making a great noise they might frighten their foe out of his intention of attacking them. They began to play. The wolf hearing the strange and unaccustomed vibrations of instruments round him suddenly recoiled backwards, and began to howl piteously. The musicians seeing what a good effect they had produced went on playing jigs and dances one after the other in, we may be sure, a most animated manner, in the darkness of that awful night; whilst the wolf, either from terror or possessing a nervous temperament (in which he resembles the canine species, his cousins), continued howling all through the stillness of the night, as though to outdo and overcome the sharp jarring sounds they made; he did not venture to approach any nearer, but kept at a respectful distance. Thus the night wore on, but of course the poor fiddlers became more and more tired with their great exertions. The sides of their violins soon gave way from this boisterous treatment, their hands trembled, till at length it was agreed that one should take repose whilst the others should continue playing. The wolf had retired to the farther end of the pit and never ceased to fill the air with discordant lamentation, whilst the fiddlers had now but one string left on their violins to perform on. Fear, fatigue, and the long-continued strain on their nerves had greatly prostrated them, when steps at length were heard approaching, and a loud voice called out, "What is the matter here?"

It was the forester, who at early dawn passing through the wood had heard a strange continued sound of fiddling and howling proceeding from the direction of the pit.

In a few minutes he perceived the situation—no time was to be lost.

"So, Mr. Wolf, we have caught you at last!" he exclaimed joyfully, and a ball soon put an end to the wolf's life. The poor musicians were helped out of their imprisonment, and seemed more dead than alive when they appeared before him.

Their adventure was soon known in all the villages of the

district, and the "wolf fiddlers," as they were henceforth nicknamed, had many more invitations to play than they had had previously to their encounter; the extra money they earned soon compensated them for all the agony they had endured that terrible night. The anguish they experienced for so many hours had made a deep impression on them, and rendered them permanently sober men; the three "wolf fiddlers" were never again known to exceed the prescribed limits of sobriety.

### Long Reigns.

In a short article, entitled "Jubilee Reigns," contributed to the "Leisure Hour" for September, I referred to the kings of England who ruled for periods of more than fifty years, and to those of neighbouring nations closely connected with our own, whose reigns had also amounted to more than half a century. Mention was also made of Uzziah, the only king recorded in sacred history as having ruled continuously for a like period; it will be remembered that, although another king of Judah (Manasseh) is stated to have reigned for fifty-five years, he was during a portion of that time in captivity at Babylon, which then probably formed part of the dominions of Esarhaddon, the successor of Sennacherib on the throne of Assyria.

In a letter to the Sheffield "Daily Telegraph," dated August 8th, Mr. Walsh gives a "list of the world's jubilee monarchs," and although it is manifestly impossible that such a list should be really exhaustive, yet this seems to be (as the author claims for it) fairly complete in regard to the authentic history of civilised nations, whilst also including several "kings" (such as Deucalion, Tros, and Latinus) whose exploits and achievements belong rather to fable than to history, and others the chronology of whose reigns is more or less uncertain. To these I will not allude, but a few particulars may be interesting respecting some of the modern monarchs of European history mentioned in Mr. Walsh's list.

According to this, the longest recorded reign is that of Alfonso (or rather Affonso), the first king of Portugal, who is credited with one no less than seventy-three years in duration, or one more than Louis XIV of France. The dignity, however, which Affonso inherited when an infant from his father was only count of that district which acquired the name of Portugal from its first establishment at Porto Cale. It was then only a fief of Galicia, but the successor of Affonso obtained for it independence and great enlargement of territory. The title of king was conceded to him in 1143, and five years afterwards he, with the assistance of English and German crusaders, finally wrested the old city of Lisbon (which takes its name from the legend of its foundation by Ulysses) from the Moors and made it his capital. He died in 1185, after reigning as king for forty-two years, during the last thirteen of which he had associated his son Sancho with him in the title and power.

Mr. Walsh also refers to two kings of Aragon (before its union with Castile under Ferdinand and Isabella) who reigned more than fifty years, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries respectively. Victor Amadeus II (who married Mary of Orleans, granddaughter of our Charles I), Duke of Savoy, became the first king of Sardinia in 1720; he abdicated the crown in 1730, two years before his death, but by reckoning his rule from his succession as a minor to the dukedom of Savoy in 1675, and carrying it on till his death in 1732, Mr. Walsh puts the length of his reign at fifty-seven years.

And now a few words about emperors who have reigned more than fifty years since the Christian era. Mr. Walsh includes in his list three Greek emperors of Constantinople who did so. The last of these, John Palæologus, terminated an inglorious reign of almost exactly half a century in 1391. The two former, Basil II and Constantine IX, reigned jointly (after the death of the usurper, John Zimisce, in 976) until the death of Basil (surnamed "Slayer of the Bulgarians") in 1025, when Constantine ruled alone until he died in 1028,

after the longest reign recorded in the annals of Constantinople. The German emperor Henry IV reigned nominally for a period of almost exactly fifty years, from 1056 to 1106, but was a minor during the early part of it. His excommunication by the Pope, Gregory VII (the famous Hildebrand), and his humiliation before him at Canossa, are events familiar to all students of European history. One of the Russian emperors, Ivan IV (commonly called "the Terrible"), ruled for a period of fifty-one years, from 1533 to 1584. During his reign (in which Siberia was added to the Russian dominions) the English first had dealings with the Muscovite, and Ivan, on the death of his seventh wife, sought an eighth from England, offering the alliance through his ambassador to a daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, but the lady not unnaturally under the circumstances declined the honour.

Mr. Walsh gives the names of several Chinese emperors in his list, but prefers to omit the Japanese. I shall not further allude to either. But in conclusion it may be interesting to mention that the only living monarch who has reigned more than fifty years, besides Queen Victoria, is Pedro II, the Emperor of Brazil, so famed for his culture and his travels, who ascended the throne in 1831, in the sixth year of his age. This short article shall be closed with the words in which Mr. Walsh concludes his letter: "The only recorded instance of a woman attaining the distinction of a Jubilee reign, so far as I am aware, is that of our beloved queen, whom God preserve." W. T. LYNN, B.A. F.R.A.S.

**Præd's "Sir Hilary."**—The Rev. Dr. Irwin writes: "Perhaps no charade has elicited so many attempts at its solution as Præd's 'Sir Hilary.' Some years ago 'Once a Week' contained above twenty such attempts, and subsequently a leading London journal had a correspondence extending through several numbers, offering various solutions (though, for myself, 'Dævus sum, non Cædipus'). I ventured to forward one (not in metre) which was accepted as the best—the same as I have now attempted in the accompanying lines:—

My first is deemed the prize of all the brave—

'None but the brave deserve the fair.'

My next's for those who fill a glorious grave;

They won their *rest* and have it there.

Brave Hilary has my whole before his eyes,

When, midst the fray, he for his *fair rest* sighs.

FAIREST (FAIR-REST).

It is said that Queen Adelaide, with whom Mr. Præd was a special favourite, offered £500 to any one who could solve the charade. Unhappily my chance was gone, her Majesty having departed ere I attempted the solution."

**The Comet of 1815 Returned.**—The third septuagenarian comet, of which we announced the probable approach some time in the course of the present year, was sighted by Mr. Brooks, of the Red House Observatory, Phelps, in the state of New York, early on the morning of the 25th of August. It will be nearest the sun about the first week of this month, but is not likely to be a conspicuous object, although interesting as a third case of a comet revolving round the sun in little more than seventy years, having been first discovered by Olbers at Bremen on the 6th of March, 1815. Mr. Brooks, it will be recollected, was also the first to re-detect the returned comet of 1812. W. T. LYNN.

**Zodiacal Light.**—Mr. T. Lowe, of Stratford-on-Avon, has recorded in a local newspaper, "The Herald," some splendid solar phenomena observed by him in the month of February:—"On Saturday morning, Feb. 5th, the parhelion or mock sun was observed with some striking effects. In former similar solar phenomena I have observed four mock suns, with several circles and segments glowing with lovely chromatic effects. Sometimes the parhelia are double and sometimes triple. They are formed by the reflection of the solar light reflected on a cloud favourably situated. They are accounted for by supposing an infinity of small particles of ice floating in the air, which multiply the image of the sun by refraction or reflection. The prismatic colours, or rainbow

hues, occasionally observed, greatly enhance the beauty of the phenomenon, and sometimes they appear accompanied by a luminous train. On Wednesday evening, the 2nd Feb., I observed an exceedingly beautiful display of the zodiacal light at Wellesbourne. After sunset, the golden after-glow was projected in the heavens in a brilliant, luminous pyramid. Beyond it and edging it the sky was a pale rose tint, and stretching away towards the zenith the sky was a darkish ultramarine colour. The whole of the western horizon was like a golden curtain. The brilliancy of the vast cone of light was equal to the Milky Way. Some scientists suppose it is the effect of an enormous nebulous ring revolving round the sun, either between the orbits of Venus and Mercury, or between the earth and them. Other astronomers have supposed it to be an extension of the luminous atmosphere of the sun. Cassini imagined it to be a ring of small planetary bodies revolving round the solar orb. Here is a field for careful observation and research, for we seem to be just as far from discovering the true cause of this sublime phenomenon as ever."

**Tobacco-smoking first seen by Europeans.**—In the narrative of Cartier's second voyage to Canada, in 1575, occurs the following quaint account of smoking, then unknown apparently to the French explorers: "The Indians have an herb of which, during the summer, they gather a great quantity for the winter, and which they prize very highly, and use (the men only) in the following manner: They dry it in the sun, and suspend it from their neck, tied up in a little skin instead of in a bag, together with a horn (cornet) of stone or wood. Then, at all hours, they make a powder of the said herb, and put it in one end of the horn, and then place a live coal upon it; and through the other end they blow so hard that their body is filled with smoke, so much that it comes out of their mouth and nostrils as out of a chimney. They say that this keeps them healthy and warm, and they never go about without these things. We have tried the said smoke, and having had it in our mouth it seemed to contain pepper, so great was the heat of it." At that time the use of tobacco was altogether unknown in France, and, although the plant had been brought to Spain and Portugal by the early explorers of America, it was only a quarter of a century after Jacques Cartier's second voyage that the French Ambassador, Jean Nicot, sent the seed from Lisbon to France.—*The Week, Toronto.*

**Sir John E. Millais on his Early Struggles.**—Sir John E. Millais, distributing the prizes at the Sheffield School of Art, took advantage of the occasion to narrate several eventful episodes of his life. Fifty years ago his parents brought him from Jersey to Southampton, and thence to London. As they approached the metropolis on the top of a mail coach, he remembered that he observed a great red glow in the sky which was new to him, and he asked his mother what it was. "My boy," she said, "those are the lights of London"—the London in which he was to sink or swim. Two days later he was taken by his mother to Sir Martin Archer Shee, then President of the Royal Academy, who received them with old-fashioned kindness and politeness. His mother, who was a clever practical woman (and here he should like to say that he owed everything to his mother), lost not a moment in telling the President the object of their visit. She told him how their neighbours and friends in Jersey thought greatly of his talents, that she would not trust to the opinion of friends, and so she had come to him to ascertain from the best source whether it would be prudent for his father to bring him up as an artist. The first remark which Sir Martin Shee made he should never forget. He said, "Madam, you had better bring the boy up to be a chimney-sweeper." They could imagine that his hopes looked very black indeed. Nothing daunted, his mother replied, "But surely, Sir Martin, you will look at the boy's drawings before you decide." Thereupon a portfolio was brought up from the hall and opened and inspected by the President. After giving the drawings some careful attention the President turned to him, placed his hand on his head, and looked him steadfastly in the face, saying, "You did all these drawings yourself, my little man?" He was too frightened to answer, but the President evidently thought he was not an impostor, for, turning to his mother, he said emphatically, "Madam, it is your duty to bring this boy up to the profession." Following this advice, he was at once

placed with Mr. Sass, in Bloomsbury, but Mr. Sass was unfortunately ill, and he must say he got little or no instruction from him. He was placed among companions who were much older than himself, some very clever draughtsmen among the number, and he improved by looking at their work and obtaining their criticism upon his own work. He could not too strongly insist upon the advantage students might be to one another. At Mr. Sass's he worked hard, very hard for so young a boy, and made great progress. From that school he went into the Royal Academy as a probationer, and after passing a qualifying examination he became a student. As the youngest student, he remembered one duty in connection with those early days. He was told off by the other students daily to obtain their luncheons for them. He had to collect from forty to fifty pence from his companions and go with that hoard to a neighbouring baker's and purchase as many buns. He had an eye to business even in these days, for he got a commission upon the transaction. He always got a bun for himself gratis, and the good-natured baker gave him his best bun—a Bath bun, value 2d. In the very first year of his studentship he entered for a prize, a medal given for the best drawing in the antique, and failed by one vote, so that he could thoroughly sympathise with those students who were not taking prizes that night. The next year he again tried, and to his joy and astonishment he won a first of three prizes. Since then he had tried for many medals, and he hoped they would not think it immodest in him to say that he had always won them, because it was a simple fact.

**A Riddle by Mr. Canving.**—A correspondent sends the following riddle by Mr. Canving, the statesman. It may be new to many of our readers.

A noun there is of plural number,  
Foe to peace and tranquil slumber.  
Now, any other noun you take,  
By adding *s* you plural make;  
But if you add an *s* to this,  
Strange is the metamorphosis—  
Plural is plural now no more,  
And sweet what bitter was before.

He gives the following answer in verse :—

If you to *cares* add but the letter *s*,  
The riddle's solved : instead, you have *caress*.

**The Queen and the Working Classes.**—Among the numerous and varied addresses sent to the Queen, in connection with the jubilee, there is not one more gratifying than that unanimously voted at the Co-operation Congress, attended by delegates from all classes of working men. The proceedings on this occasion are worthy of being quoted, as the testimony of the best orders of the industrial classes to the advance of the people under Victoria's reign.

Mr. J. J. Stockall, a watchmaker, and, as the Past Grand Master of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, representing the provident institutions of the industrial classes, proposed the adoption of the address. He called attention to the improvement which had occurred in the condition of the working classes during Her Majesty's reign, recalling the fact that fifty years ago the hours of labour were from early in the morning until late at night, that the young had to labour without recreation or education, that there were not only taxes on knowledge, in duties upon paper and stamps upon printed matter, in those bygone times, but that actually the light was taxed if it shone through the windows, and there was a tax upon the necessities of life. The working classes, too, were without power in political questions, or in matters which affected their health and lives, and they lived a sordid existence, compared to the condition of things to-day, when the upward path was open to the working men's children by means of good education, when the fount of knowledge was free, and food and knowledge were both untaxed. Then, too, the working classes could take their share in the government of the country, and were found now both in Parliament and municipal councils. These beneficial changes had occurred during the reign of Her Majesty, and those who lived when the Prince Consort stood by the Queen's side were aware that the late Prince took an active part in promoting movements

for bettering the condition of the working classes. The people remembered, too, with gratitude that no misfortune occurred to the ranks of labour without eliciting the sympathy of Her Majesty.

The adoption of the address was seconded by Mr. C. J. Drummond, who, as the secretary of the London Society of Compositors, represented the trade unionists, and commented upon the fact that the trade unionists, who were formerly held by the law to be conspirators, and against the interests of trade, now took a part in shaping legislation, he himself having served upon the Royal Commission to inquire into the trade depression, and Mr. Shipton, another prominent trade unionist, serving upon the Royal Commission upon Elementary Education, Mr. H. Broadhurst, a third, having held a yet higher position as Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department. These facts showed, he said, that the working classes now held a vastly better position than that which they held formerly, and they had reason to be grateful for the progress made by workers under Her Majesty's reign.

Mr. Woodall, M.P., as the representative of a working-class constituency, added a few words, in the course of which he pointed out how much wise legislation had added to the well-being and happiness of the people during Her Majesty's reign.

Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, a veteran reformer and educator, pointed out that Her Majesty's father, the Duke of Kent, was one of the foremost promoters of the co-operative movement, and the Prince Consort was one of the earliest supporters and subscribers to the movement for giving music in the East-end (Victoria) Park. Her Majesty had given her countenance to social progress of the people, as had the Prince of Wales, and other members of the Royal Family, and the immense power of the Crown had stimulated social movements to such an extent that they had attained a position which could not otherwise have been attained within the span of years of Her Majesty's reign. Hence, the speaker observed, the Queen was entitled to the respectful congratulations of the people.

**Postage of a Business Firm.**—In giving evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on Sunday Postal Labour, Mr. Martin J. Sutton, managing partner of the firm of Sutton and Son, seed merchants, Reading, stated that for four months of the year they received from 1,200 to 1,500 and despatched about 2,000 letters a day, and during the rest of the year about 500 a day. They sent out 150,000 catalogues and 200,000 circulars every year, and about a ton of parcels a day. Their expenditure in six months in stamps was £3,411, and during the same time they sent by small postal orders £1,948, and £520 in stamps, without a single loss. They had never received or despatched letters on Sundays, and they considered that that improved their business, so far as its conduct was concerned; but it had caused them the loss of some large customers, because competitors in the trade, though they did not ostensibly keep open, did receive letters and despatch goods on Sunday. His firm posted as little as possible on Saturdays with the object of avoiding labour in the Post Office on Sundays. That was a serious loss to them in this respect—that it restricted them to about four days a week for posting their catalogues, because as they sent out from twenty to thirty tons of them the Post Office required notice before delivery. If there were not a Sunday delivery, they would post them on Saturday as on other days, and would thus save time. It was of importance that they should not post them earlier than necessary owing to the varying prices of seeds.

**A Canine Tourist.**—A correspondent of the "Spectator," who signs himself "Ex-colonist," writes :—Your dog-loving readers may be interested to hear that there is (or was till lately) in South Africa a rival to the well-known "Travelling Jack," of Brighton line fame, after whom, indeed, he has been nicknamed by his acquaintance. I was introduced to him eighteen months ago, on board the Norham Castle, on a voyage from Cape Town to England—a voyage which this distinguished colonial traveller was making much against his will. He was a black-and-tan terrier with a white chest, whose intellect had therefore probably been improved by a dash of mongrelism, and I was told that he belonged to a gentleman connected with the railway department living at



Port Elizabeth. It appears that it was "Mr. Jack's" habit frequently to embark all by himself on board the mail steamer, leaving that place on Saturday afternoon, and make the trip round the coast to Cape Town, arriving there on Monday morning. Where he "put up" I do not know, but he used to stay there until Wednesday evening, when he would calmly walk into the station, take his place in the train, and return to Port Elizabeth in that way, thus completing his "circular tour" by a railway journey of about eight hundred miles. He was well known by the officers and sailors of the *Norham*, and her commander, Captain Alexander Winchester (who can vouch for these facts), told me that, as the dog seemed fond of the sea, he had determined to give him a long voyage for a change, and had kept him shut up on board during the ship's stay at Cape Town. "Jack" was evidently very uneasy at being taken on beyond his usual port, and he was on the point of slipping into a boat for the shore at Madeira, probably with a view of returning to the Cape by the next steamer, when I called the captain's attention to him, and he was promptly shut up again. I said good-bye to him at Plymouth, and hope he found his way home safely on the return voyage.

**Queen Elizabeth's reign in the hearts of her People.**—While so much has been said of the loving loyalty of her subjects towards Queen Victoria, the feeling that prevailed towards Queen Elizabeth is worthy of remembrance. When she addressed the troops at Tilbury Fort, in prospect of the Spanish invasion, she said: "I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear. I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects." Catholic and Protestant were alike loyal in those days, and the Admiral of the Fleet which was to meet the Spanish Armada was a Howard of Norfolk. In the speech to her last Parliament, the Queen said: "Though God has raised me high, yet this I count the glory of my crown that I have reigned with your loves. This makes me that I do not so much rejoice that God hath made me to be a Queen, as to be a Queen over so thankful a people. To be a king and wear a crown is a thing more glorious to them that see it than it is pleasant to them that bear it. For myself I was never so much enticed with the glorious name of a king or royal authority of a queen as delighted that God had made me His instrument to maintain His truth and glory, and to defend this kingdom from peril, dishonour, tyranny, and oppression. There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country and care for my subjects, and that sooner with willingness will venture her life for your good and safety than myself. For it is not my desire to live nor reign longer than my reign and life shall be for your good."

**Arbor Day in the United States.**—Arbor Day is likely to become before many years an institution in every State in the Union. The tree-planting movement began in Nebraska only fifteen years ago, and since that time it is estimated that over 700,000 acres of trees have been planted in that State. J. Stirling Morton, the Governor at that time, has the honour of being the originator of the movement. On the day that his proclamation was published, twelve millions of trees were planted in Nebraska State. Its citizens glory in the old misnomer, "The Great American Desert," since it has become so habitable and hospitable by cultivation and tree-planting. Arbor Day in Minnesota, first observed in 1876, resulted, it is said, in planting over a million and a half of trees. In Michigan the Arbor Day law was passed in 1881, and in Ohio in 1882. Since then Arbor Day has been observed in Colorado, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Indiana, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, and Georgia. Kansas instituted the day soon after it was adopted in Nebraska. In several other States its observance has been secured by the recommendation of agricultural societies and other organisations. It is expected that the New York Legislature will act upon the subject during the present session. In a paper on Arbor Day, its history and aims, included in the last annual report of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, Dr. B. G. Northrop urges the observance of tree-planting day as a special feature in schools. He says the success of the movement thus far has been largely due to the enthusiastic efforts of school

officials. Arbor Day is an institution which may be commended on various practical grounds, economic, aesthetic, moral, and educational. Its general observance cannot fail to be of vast practical benefit to the country. Continuing in another part of the paper the subject of the reclamation of land by tree-planting, Dr. Northrop says: "While forests should not be planted on our rich arable lands, there are in New England and all the Atlantic States large areas of barrens worthless for field crops that may be profitably devoted to wood-growing. The feasibility of reclaiming our most sterile wastes is proved by many facts both at home and abroad. Our Atlantic sand plains were once covered with forests and can be re-forested. Over 10,000 acres on Cape Cod, which thirty years ago were barren sandy plains, are now covered with thriving planted forests. An interesting experiment in reclaiming barrens by tree-planting was begun nine years ago by Mr. H. G. Russell, of East Greenwich, Rhode Island, which is a genuine object-lesson for the farmers of New England. Here are already over three hundred acres of planted trees. More than 500,000 trees have been set out, and many bushels of acorns, chestnuts, and other tree seeds have been planted in the fields where they are to grow. Mr. Russell is confident that his experiment will prove a financial success. Vast areas of sand-barrens in the different countries of Europe have been reclaimed by tree-planting. In France alone 'nearly one million acres of desolate land, once supposed to be doomed to everlasting sterility, have been thus reclaimed with thriving forests.'"

**Wellington and Glory.**—It has been said that in all the twelve large volumes containing the "Wellington Despatches," the word "Glory" never occurs. It was by a Frenchman, M. Cormenin, that this remark was first made. The Duke, hearing of it, thus referred to the remark: "Some Frenchman has said that the word *Duty* is to be found in every page of my Despatches, and the word *Glory* not once. This is meant, I am told, as a reproach; but the foolish fellow does not see that if mere glory had been my object, the doing my duty must have been the means." This is rather hard on the Frenchman, who probably intended no reproach in his remark, although he had formed no very high idea of Wellington as compared with Napoleon, who lived in an atmosphere of *glory*, and breathed and wrote the word continually. M. Cormenin thought that Wellington's loftiest impulse was the love of his country, and summed up his character by calling him "Pitt on horseback." The nearest approach to the use of the word *glory*, that we remember, is in the letter written by the Duke to Sir John Flint, at Brussels, at three in the morning of June 19th, 1815. This is the letter:—"What do you think of the total defeat of Buonaparte by the British army? Never was there in the annals of the world so desperate or so hard-fought an action, or such a defeat. It was really the battle of the giants. My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained of my old friends and companions, and my poor soldiers! And I shall not be satisfied with this battle, however glorious, if it does not of itself put an end to Buonaparte."

**United States Supreme Court.**—The Peace Society, in one of its recent circulars, describes with admiring sympathy the nature and functions of the Supreme Court of the United States, and only wishes that there could be an International Court exercising the same control over national councils that this Court does over the State Legislatures in America. This tribunal is, in fact, an executive Court of Arbitration for the several sovereign States and Territories which make up the great Union. Whenever a dispute arises between one State and another, or between any State and the Central Government at Washington, the decision of the Supreme Court of the Nation is final and binding upon all. This truly grand tribunal is as simple in its constitution as it is great in its powers. It consists of nine judges appointed for life and receiving a salary of £2,000 each. The Chief Justice has £2,500. This Court has, in some respects, more exalted functions than either the President or the Senate or the House of Representatives. For it is the sovereign custodian of the integrity of the Constitution of the United States; and if even the Legislative Chambers pass any measure inconsistent with the tenor of that Constitution, the Supreme Court has power to veto such legislation. And its decision

on such points is final. Well might the Marquis of Salisbury declare, as he has done, that he envies the Americans "their magnificent institution of a Supreme Court." What a blessed thing it would be for British and other European Governments and Parliaments if they also were similarly subordinated to some superior body of arbiters and umpires endowed with absolute authority to submit every great measure affecting the general intercourse of nations to the test and standard of abiding principles of law and equity!

**Bushey Park and the Duc de Nemours.**—The Duc de Nemours has sold his splendid hotel in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, with its extensive grounds, to Baron Adolphe Rothschild, who presented it to his daughter, Madame Maurice Ephrussi, as a New Year's gift. This hotel was built by a rich merchant, who did not live to inhabit it, and his widow sold it to the Duc de Nemours, in 1878, for £104,000. It has been a good speculation for his Royal Highness, who has now sold it for £136,000. The Duc de Nemours and his daughter, the Princess Blanche, intend to reside principally at Bushey, which was lent to him by the Queen in 1849, and he has always retained it. The Duchesse de Nemours, who died in 1857, was a first cousin of the Prince Consort. Bushey was lent to the Duke of Sussex when William IV died; but before he could take up his residence there it was taken away again, being wanted as a dower-house for Queen Adelaide, as there was no other Royal residence available, and she retained it till her death.

**A Huge Tree.**—The reputed largest tree in the world is situated in Mascoli, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called the "Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses," and moreover is believed to be one of the oldest trees in the world. Its name arose from the report that Queen Jane of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. At one time it was supposed that it consisted of a clump of trees united, but on digging away the earth the root was found entire at no great depth. Five enormous branches arise from one great trunk, which is two hundred and twelve feet in circumference. A part of the trunk has been broken away and its interior is hollow, and is large enough to contain a flock of sheep, or two carriages driven abreast through it. It still bears an abundance of fruit, and its collectors have built a hut within the trunk, the better to promote their proceedings.

**Railway Progress in the United States.**—The statistics published by the "Railway Age" show that the increase in the mileage of the United States railways was greater last year than it had been since 1882, the figures being as under:—In the year 1880, there was an increased mileage of 6,876 miles; in 1881, 9,796 miles; in 1882, 11,568 miles; in 1883, 6,741 miles; in 1884, 3,825 miles; in 1885, 3,131 miles; and in 1886, 8,010 miles. The average cost per mile having been about £4,000, it will be seen that the total expenditure upon making new lines was about £32,000,000, and most of them were constructed in the north and southwest, the four States of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, and Texas having alone more than half of the whole mileage. The "Railway Age" adds that if trade remains good, at least as many miles of railway will be constructed this year.

**Party and Patriotism.**—I care not who is Minister, but I want to see a strong Government, one which may have the power of free action, and not be obliged to pick its steps through doubtful divisions, living from day to day, and compelled to an incessant calculation as to the probable success of every measure, whether of principle or detail, on which it ventures in the House of Commons. Things are not yet ripe for such a consummation, and a fresh fusion of parties is necessary to bring it about.—*Greville Memoirs.*

**The People who Profit by Protection.**—Steel rails are now sold in the United States for from 37 to 38 dollars per ton. Two years ago they were sold for 27 dollars per ton. Increase in price 10 dollars per ton. Commenting on this, the "New York Herald" goes on to speak in this significant strain: "Under this increase the wages of the workmen have been advanced about 2 dollars 70 cents per ton. The rest, or 7 dollars 30 cents per ton, is quietly pocketed by the

capitalist employers. A million and a half tons of steel rails are produced annually in this country. Protected capitalist employers gain thus over 10,000,000 dollars out of the advanced price for their own share of protection. This is divided among the owners of eight steel-rail mills. These capitalists are very urgent for 'protection to American labour.' Of course, 'protection to American labour' is a very good thing for the employers, but why don't the workmen get their share? or, if they don't, why not call it 'protection to American capitalists and monopolists'?"

**Conundrum by Dr. Whately.**—Archbishop Whately used to hold a sort of weekly levée at the palace in St. Stephen's Green. After business was over, he would amuse himself and his company with *bonmots* and riddles. On one of these occasions, standing as usual with his back to the fire, he proposed this conundrum to his clergy: "Why does intercourse with the great tend to injure a man's personal appearance?" All gave it up. The archbishop solved it. "Because it tends to make him flatter." A general laugh, of course, followed; but Kyle rejoined instantly, "Oh, my lord, that won't do; it is a *petitio principii*." "How so?" says the archbishop. "Why, my lord, it takes for granted that the man was a flat before." "Oh, that is a *paranomasia*," said the prelate—"a mere play upon words."

**Washington's Religious Attitude as a Statesman.**—Throughout his career George Washington showed habitual regard to Divine Providence, and there are many passages in his published works containing solemn references to God and profession of faith in Him, in connection with civil liberty and national prosperity. His "Farewell to the army" in 1783, and his "Farewell address" in resigning the Presidency, were written in this spirit. These are memorable words: "The singular interpositions of Providence in our feeble condition were such as could scarcely escape the attention of the least observing;" and again, "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. Nor can morality be maintained without religion. Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

**Mixed Metaphors.**—Various versions have been given of Sir Boyle Roche's famous image, but none, we think, is quite correct. Does it not run thus? "I smell a rat; I see it brewing in the storm; but I will nip it in the bud." Probably it was spoken in the Irish Parliament, whose debates were often enriched by his startling rhetoric. It was he who was prepared to give up not only a part, but the whole of the constitution, in order to preserve the remainder. But he never excelled the unknown advocate who described a witness as coming into court with unblushing footsteps, and with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth. And in our own day an English Member of Parliament—Lord Stanley, if we mistake not—said that a pension was a nest-egg upon which a soldier might take his stand in his old age. Who is there, indeed, who has never mixed his metaphors?—*British Weekly.*

**Mr. Bright on Sunday Schools.**—Sunday schools have been the foundation of much of what is good among the millions of our people. I will not say that no attempt has been made, but no attempt has been at all successful, to show the enormous gain which our people have received from the institution of Sunday schools, and from the zeal and continuity by which they have been supported. I speak with the greatest sincerity, and the most entire conviction of truth, when I say that there is no field of labour, no field of Christian benevolence which has yielded a greater harvest to our national interest and national character than the great, widespread institution of the Sunday school. My approbation may be worth nothing, my thanks may be worth nothing, but as one of those who have wished to improve the condition of the great mass of our people, I have always looked upon the Sunday school as an institution of immense importance, and I believe it is one that has produced immense and most valued results.

**Erratum.**—In our paper on Karl Metz, p. 627, 2nd col., line 7, for *golden*, read "*silver wedding*."

s  
t  
s  
e  
a  
a  
-

d  
s  
r  
e  
s  
l  
i  
l  
y  
d  
-

al  
es  
d  
il  
ne  
g  
re  
i  
y  
of  
s  
s  
on  
ly

of  
te  
it  
ly  
re  
as  
he  
he  
ess  
he  
an  
ke  
ier  
ed,

ve  
he  
nas  
ow  
the  
on-  
the  
th,  
ris-  
our  
de-  
ion  
ng,  
ion  
on  
ce,  
ost

ol.,



P  
T  
name  
No  
Cont

P  
copy  
publi

B

NOTE

10

W

PERF

Runs 2  
Minu

\$100  
Railway S

at the Dep  
He

C

I

LO

IT TH

W

L. H.

POSTAL NOTICE.—The Home, Continental, Canadian, and American Postage of this part is 2d.

**To Correspondents and Contributors.**—All manuscripts should be sent to 56, Paternoster Row, and must have the name and address of the sender clearly written thereon, and in any accompanying letter *the title of the MS.* must be given. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Writers are recommended to keep copies of their MSS.; miscellaneous Contributions being sent in too great numbers to be returned unless stamps are sent to cover postage.

**Payment and Copyright.**—Payment for accepted manuscripts is made on publication. The receipt conveys the copyright of manuscripts to the Trustees of the Religious Tract Society, with liberty for them, at their discretion, to publish such works separately. Republication by authors on their own account must be the subject of special arrangement.

# BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION,  
AND IS DISTINGUISHED FOR UNIFORMLY SUPERIOR QUALITY.

NOTE.—Purchasers should insist on being supplied with BROWN AND POLSON'S CORN FLOUR. Other kinds asserting fictitious claims are sometimes offered for the sake of extra profit.

10/6 <sup>THE</sup> WATERBURY 15/-

THE  
WATERBURY  
WATCH.

PERFECT TIMEKEEPER. GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS

KEYLESS. RELIABLE.  
DURABLE. ACCURATE.

Runs 28 Hours with one winding. Regulates to a Minute a Month. Rarely gets Out of Order. Repairs Never Exceed 2s. 6d.

£100 INSURANCE will be Paid to the Next-of-Kin of any Person Killed by Railway Accident while Wearing a Waterbury in Great Britain or Ireland during 1887. Railway Servants excepted.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

At the Depots of the Company, and at W. H. Smith & Sons' Bookstalls.  
Head Office: 17, Holborn Viaduct.



NOW READY.

THE NEW SHORT-WIND  
WATERBURY

Embodies all the qualities which have made the WATERBURY famous throughout the World as a Timekeeper, and possesses, in addition the following advantages:—

- 1.—IT WINDS IN A DOZEN TURNS OF THE CROWN.
- 2.—THE HANDS SET FROM THE OUTSIDE.
- 3.—IT HAS A VISIBLE ESCAPEMENT.

For Testimonials, Press Notices, &c., apply  
17, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.

## HORROCKSES' CALICOES & SHEETINGS

ARE THE BEST.

HIGHEST AWARDS AT ALL THE GREAT EXHIBITIONS.

## HORROCKSES LONG CLOTHS, CALICOES AND SHEETINGS

MAY NOW BE OBTAINED FROM

FREDK. CORDEUX, SONS & CO.

ST. JAMES' BARTON, BRISTOL.

AT THE WHOLESALE LIST PRICE FOR ANY QUANTITY. The following are the most useful numbers in LONG CLOTHS, and are sold in the Extra Soft finish ready for use:—

LONG CLOTHS 36 INCHES WIDE ... A<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>1</sub>, H, M<sub>2</sub>, MT, M, E<sub>2</sub>, E, S, BBB, LLL, MMM, EEE.

Write for Patterns and Prices, which will be sent Post Free to any Address, and Parcels Carriage Paid to any Railway Station in England. N.B.—In Ordering, please quote this Paper.

# NEW BOOKS AND EDITIONS.

## PICTURES FROM HOLLAND.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A., author of "Norwegian Pictures," etc. With One Hundred and Thirty-two Illustrations. Imperial 8vo. 8s. cloth boards, gilt edges.

The volume of the Pen and Pencil Series for 1887. The engravings are more numerous than in most volumes of the Series, and depict many of the characteristic features of Dutch architecture, art, scenery, and life. In the letterpress special attention is paid to Dutch history, the rise and extraordinary development of the Dutch school of painting, and to the natural features and social customs exhibited by the different provinces.

## THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

Including a Sketch of Sinai. Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the late Rev. SAMUEL MANNING, LL.D., author of "Those Holy Fields," "Swiss Pictures," etc. NEW EDITION, revised and partly re-written by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A., author of "Norwegian Pictures," etc. With many New Engravings. Imperial 8vo. 8s. handsome cloth gilt.

This book has been carefully revised throughout, and in parts rewritten. Section IV. is entirely new, giving a necessarily brief sketch of recent discoveries in Egypt, including the marvellous find of mummies at Deir-el-Bahari, and the interesting work of the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Many of the old engravings have been omitted and replaced by 54 illustrations of the best class, including engravings of the mummied face of the "king who knew not Joseph" and his father, Seti I.

## THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS.

From the War with Rome to the Present Time. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A., Vicar of Old Shoreham, author of "Wykehamica," etc. 8vo. 8s. cloth boards.

This book aims at supplying the want that has long been felt for a brief, consecutive sketch of Jewish History from the destruction of Jerusalem down to the present time. Mr. Adams has made this subject a special study, and his work will be found suitable for the general reader, without in any way departing from scholarly accuracy and completeness.

## THE DISEASES OF THE BIBLE.

By Sir J. RISDON BENNETT, Ex-President of the Royal College of Physicians. *Ry-Paths of Bible Knowledge*, Vol. IX. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

Sir Risdon Bennett has studied all the references in the Bible to diseases of various kinds in the light of the fullest and best knowledge of the present state of medical science. Such subjects as leprosy, demoniacal possession, etc., are carefully considered; and it cannot but be a great help to intelligent study of the Bible to have the latest scientific view of these and kindred subjects.

## LIFE ON THE CONGO.

By W. HOLMAN BENTLEY, of the Baptist Missionary Society. With an Introduction by Rev. GEORGE GRENFELL, Explorer of the Upper Congo. Crown 8vo. With Portrait of Stanley and Eleven Illustrations. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

A sketch by a well-known worker in this recent and great mission field of the conditions of life there, of what has been done there, and of the openings for further labour.

## DR. EDERSHEIM'S "BIBLE HISTORY."

Israel and Judah from the Decline of the Two Kingdoms to the Assyrian and Babylonian Captivity. Being the Seventh and concluding Volume of the Bible History, containing full Scripture Reference and Subject Indexes to the whole series. By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, M.A. (Oxon.), D.D., PH.D., Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint, Oxford, author of "The Temple: its Ministry and Services," etc. Crown 8vo. 3s. cloth boards. The complete work can now be obtained in four volumes, uniformly bound in neat cloth boards, 16s. the set.

**Present-Day Tracts. Special Volume.** Containing the Six Tracts on the Non-Christian Religions of the World. Nos. 14, 18, 25, 33, 46, 51. By Sir W. MUIR, Drs. LEGGE, MURRAY, MITCHELL, and H. B. REYNOLDS. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

**The Present Conflict with Unbelief.** A Survey and a Forecast. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Editor of the "Present-Day Tracts." No. 53. Second Series. 4d. in covers.

## THE CHRISTIAN CLASSICS SERIES.

**The Enchiridion addressed to Laurentius.** Being a Treatise on Faith, Hope, and Love. By AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hippo. "Christian Classics Series." Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards, gilt top.

One of the most interesting and helpful works of the great theologian. It abounds in helpful practical suggestions; it is a masterly exposition of the place of love in the Gospel dispensation; and it is a happy specimen of the style of the man who for fourteen centuries has been a great power in the Christian Church.

**Short Biographies for the People.** By various Writers. Vol. IV., Nos. 37-48. 1s. 6d. cloth boards. Contains the new Biographical Tracts for the year. The subjects are Chalmers, Livingstone, Juan and Alfonso de Valdez, Burder, John a'Lasco, Isaac Watts, Alderman Kelly, John Foxe, Christmas Evans, Palissy, Faraday, and Gossner.

**John Evangelist Gossner.** By the Rev. JAMES CRAIG, D.D. With Portrait. "New Biographical Series." No. 48. 1d., or 8d. per 100.

## THE BOY'S OWN BOOKSHELF.

Edited by G. A. HUTCHISON, Editor of the "Boy's Own Paper."

**I.—Adventures of a Three Guinea Watch.** By TALBOT BAINES REED. With Illustrations. Small 4to. 4s. cloth boards.

**II.—Football. A Popular Handbook of the Game.** By Dr. IRVINE, C. W. ALCOCK, and other recognised authorities. With Plans of Grounds, and other Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

**III.—Cricket. A Popular Handbook of the Game.** By Dr. W. G. GRACE, Rev. J. PYCROFT, LORD CHARLES RUSSELL, F. GALE, and others. With Portraits, Plans of Grounds, and numerous other Illustrations. 2s. cloth.

**IV.—A Great Mistake. A Tale of Adventure.** By T. S. MILLINGTON, author of "Straight to the Mark," etc. With many Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.



# NEW ILLUSTRATED STORIES.

**Count Renneberg's Treason.** A Tale of the Siege of Steenwijk. By HARRIET E. BURCH, author of "Wind and Wave Fulfilling His Word," etc. Illustrated by E. Whymper. Crown 8vo. 5s. cloth boards.

A story of one period of the great struggle between the Dutch and the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. It is based upon fact, and the story of the Count's treachery and the account of the siege are historical.

**Joyce Graham's History; or, Overcoming Evil with Good.** By H. A. GOWRING. *Sunflowers Series*. No. XV. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

A love-story in which the deteriorating influence of selfishness and the power of faith are illustrated in the experiences of the chief characters.

**Esther.** By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, author of "Nellie's Memories," etc. Imperial 16mo. *Girl's Own Bookshelf*. Vol. VIII. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. cloth boards.

It illustrates in a striking and beautiful way that the faithful discharge of ordinary domestic duties is as really Christian work as visiting the poor, etc., and that attention to one form of Christian service does not justify the neglect of another.

**The Children of Madagascar.** By H. F. STANDING, of Antananarivo. With many Illustrations from Native Sketches. Small 4to. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

An account of Madagasy children, similar to "The Children of India," "Child Life in Chinese Homes," etc. Written by one who has spent years in teaching them. The facts are all first hand. Special attention has also been paid to the results of missionary work.

**The Fortunes of the Frejhaltds.** A Story of Russian Life. By MARY E. ROPES, author of "Out of Cabbage Court," "Prince and Page," etc. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 2s. cloth boards.

A story of Russian life involving incidents of Nihilist plots. Full of interesting pictures of St. Petersburg ways and scenes.

**Dibs.** A Story of Young London Life. By JOSEPH JOHNSON of Sale, author of "Ruth's Life Work," "The Master's Likeness," "Uncle Ben's Stories," etc. With many Illustrations by Alfred Pearse. Imperial 16mo. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

This story sets forth the irresistible influence of the Spirit of Jesus Christ over the life of a wild and wayward boy of the London streets, who had in him true and clear grit and character, with a spark of real genius of song. It abounds in humour and pathos, and shows how seeming failure may be true success.

**Sunday Afternoons at Rose Cottage.** Bible Talks with Mamma. By Mrs. WATERWORTH, author of "Blessings for the Little Ones," etc. In very large type. With Illustrations. Small 4to. 1s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

**The Soft Tongue, and the Bones it Broke;** and other Stories of Welsh Life. *Large Type Series*. No. 89. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. cloth boards.

**The Patriot Prince.** A Sketch of the Early Life of William the Silent. By HARRIET E. BURCH, author of "Maggie Dawson," etc. *Volumes for the Young*. No. 190. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 1s. cloth boards.

**The Glory of the Sea.** By DARLEY DALE, author of "The Great Auk's Eggs," "Swallow-tails and Skippers," etc. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

A capital boy's story, in which the study of shell-fish is illustrated, and which contains many amusing incidents that happen to the boys who search out the names and habits of the "Glory of the Sea" and other specimens.

**Brook and River.** By E. L. DAVIS, author of "The Town's Benefactor," etc. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth board.

By the author of a popular book on the Sunday Question. Written for girls, and intended to show the evils that come from making chance acquaintances and allowing them to get upon terms of friendship.

**Hope Reed's Upper Windows.** By HOWE BENNING, author of "Quiet Corners," "Ursula's Beginnings," etc. Imperial 16mo. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

A beautiful story by the author of "Quiet Corners." It shows how powerful an influence for good upon all around an earnest truehearted girl may exert.

**A Child Without a Name.** By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN, author of "Lenore Annandale's Story," etc. Illustrated by C. Whymper. Imperial 16mo. 3s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

A tale by this well-known writer, turning upon the fact that a little boy who has been saved from a wreck lost all memory of his name and former history. He is brought up by a childless old squire, and becomes the means of bringing back love and faith to the old man's heart.

**Another King.** By JANET EDEN, author of "Hester's Home," etc. 3s. 6d. cloth boards. With Illustrations by E. Whymper. *Sunflowers Series*. No. XIV.

A tale involving the history of two or three working-class families, showing how the head of one of them a hard, sceptical, unforgiving man, was brought to the peace and life of the Gospel.

**Tied and Bound.** By E. R. GARRATT, author of "Free to Serve," etc. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

The story of three girls, illustrating how selfishness may appear even in an outwardly religious life, and that true happiness cannot be found apart from Jesus Christ.

**Sundial Court.** By LUCY TAYLOR, author of "Led into Light," etc. Illustrated. 2s. cloth boards.

The story of Reuben Ray, who is led by the influence of a friend to child-like trust in God, and who becomes in turn the means of blessing others.

**Brave Archie.** By the author of "Sketches and Stories of Life in Italy," etc. *New Ninepenny Series*. No. 45. With Coloured Frontispiece. 9d. cloth boards.

**The Captain of the School, and Other Stories.** *Little Dot Series*. No. 96. With Coloured Frontispiece. 6d. cloth boards.

**Made on Purpose.** A Story of Russian Life. By SALEM HALL. *Fourpenny Series*. No. 19. With Illustrations. 4d. cloth boards.

**Lily's Adventure.** *Fourpenny Series*. No. 20. With Illustrations. 4d. cloth boards.

## NEW ILLUSTRATED ANNUALS.

### THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL.

The Eighth Volume of the "Girl's Own Paper."

Containing 832 pages of interesting and useful reading. Stories by popular writers; music by eminent composers; practical papers for young housekeepers; medical papers by a well-known practitioner; needlework, plain and fancy; helpful papers for Christian girls; papers on reasonable and seasonable dress, etc., etc. Profusely Illustrated.

Price 8s. in handsome cloth; 9s. 6d. cloth extra, with gilt edges.

### THE CHILD'S COMPANION ANNUAL.

Full of pretty Pictures and interesting reading for little folks, with a Coloured Frontispiece. 1s. 6d. coloured boards; 2s. neat cloth; 2s. 6d. handsome cloth, full gilt.

### OUR LITTLE DOTS' ANNUAL.

The first yearly volume of the Monthly Magazine for little boys and girls. Full of Pretty Pictures and short stories, in bold clear type. 1s. 6d. coloured cover; 2s. neat cloth; 2s. 6d. handsome cloth, full gilt.

### THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL.

The Ninth Volume of the "Boy's Own Paper."

Containing 832 pages of Tales of Schoolboy Life, and of Adventure on Land and Sea; Outdoor and Indoor Games for every Season; Perilous Adventures at Home and Abroad; Amusements for Summer and Winter; and Instructive Papers written so as to be read by boys and youths. With many Coloured and Wood Engravings.

Price 8s. handsome cloth; 9s. 6d. cloth extra, with gilt edges.

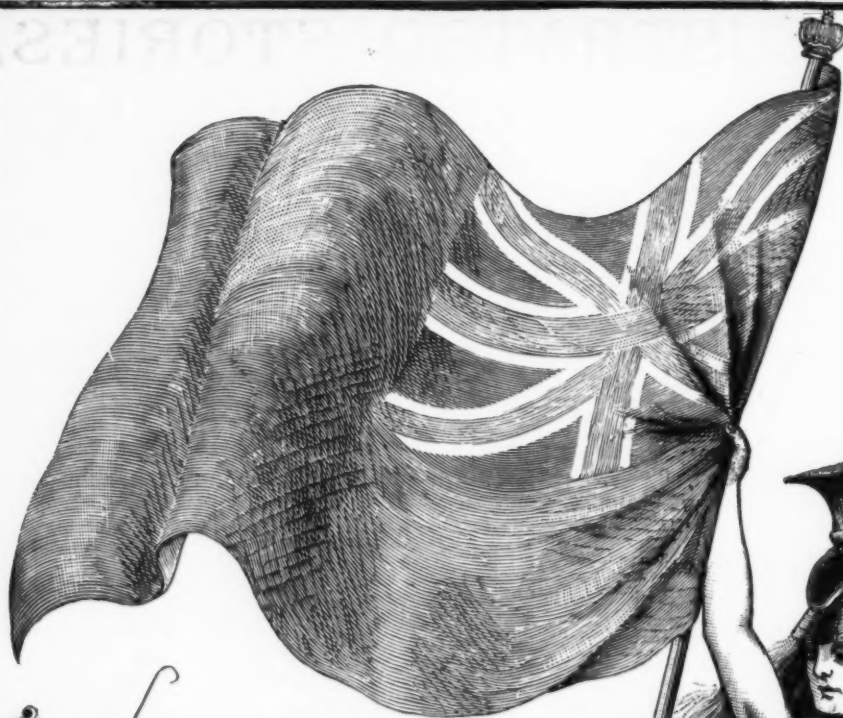
### THE COTTAGER AND ARTISAN. ANNUAL VOLUME.

The Volume for working People in Town and Country. Full of Large Pictures, forming quite a family scrap-book. Much of the letterpress is in large type. 1s. 6d. stiff coloured cover; 2s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt edges.

### THE TRACT MAGAZINE. ANNUAL VOLUME.

Containing a variety of interesting reading. With numerous Illustrations. A useful volume for loan circulation, or for the family, parish, district, or servants' library. 1s. 6d. cloth boards.

London:—THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56 PATERNOSTER ROW, 65 ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, & 164 PICCADILLY.



**IT STANDS SUPREME!!**

# THE IMPERIAL COLD WATER SOAP

(REGISTERED)

**Stands Supreme for All Household Purposes.**

Declared by those who use it to

**EXCEL IN STRENGTH  
EXCEL IN DURABILITY,  
EXCEL IN CLEANSING PROPERTIES.**

Made in 1-lb. Packages,

And Sold by respectable Grocers and Dealers everywhere.

Far more Economical than the So-called Cheap Soap now so common.

Every Housewife should ask for, and insist upon having,

**LAWSON'S  
IMPERIAL COLD WATER SOAP.**

To be had Wholesale Only of the Sole Makers,  
**LAWSON, PHILLIPS, & BILLINGS,  
MARSH SOAP WORKS, BRISTOL.**

Makers also of Laundry, Bath-Room, Nursery and  
Toilet Soaps of every description.



[To Face Page 3 of Wrapper.]

**DIVISION OF PROFITS, 1887.**  
**NATIONAL PROVIDENT**  
**INSTITUTION** FOR MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE.  
 FOUNDED 1835. FUNDS £4,280,000. CLAIMS PAID £6,800,000. PROFITS DECLARED £3,400,000.  
 NEXT DIVISION 20 NOVEMBER, 1887, IN WHICH ALL NOW INSURING WILL PARTICIPATE  
 OFFICES—48, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON. ARTHUR SMITHER, *Actuary and Secretary.*

# Taylor Bro's Cocoa

**HOMŒOPATHIC. "MARAVILLA." PURE CONDENSED.**

SOLD IN PACKETS AND TINS BY GROCERS AND STOREKEEPERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE COLONIES.

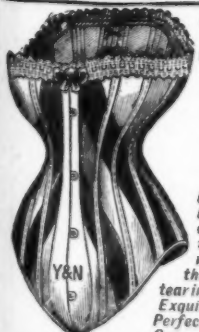
Legion of Honor, 1878.  
 Royal Portuguese Knighthood, 1883.  
 Gold Medals and other Distinctions.  
**JOHN BRINSMEAD & SONS' PIANOS.**  
 FROM 35 GUINEAS UPWARDS.  
 18, 20, and 22, WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.  
 LISTS FREE.

**BROWN & GREEN'S**  
**"GEM"**  
 COOKING STOVES.  
 30 different sizes, great saving of Fuel, and bake splendidly. Price Lists free. Also Kitcheners & Heating Stoves.  
 BROWN & GREEN, Lim., 69 & 71, Finsbury Pavement, E.C.



**CARR'S PATENT TAPES.**  
**CAUTION.**  
 Other and inferior makes of WOVEN LADDER WEBS are now being sold.  
 The ORIGINAL and BEST has the name CARR'S stamped on ONE cross-strap in every yard.  
 Ask for **CARR'S** Stamped Ladder Web, and see that the name is there, FOR **VENETIAN BLINDS**

**OUR TOOLS FOR**  
**WOOD CARVING**  
**METAL TURNING**  
**CARPENTRY &c**  
**ARE THE BEST.**  
 CATALOGUE WITH 890 Illustrations  
 By Parcel Post 6/-  
 R. MELNISH & SONS, Fetter Lane LONDON.



Newest Invention—Greatest Novelty.  
**THE Y & N PATENT**  
**DIAGONAL SEAM**  
**CORSET.**  
 Patented in England and on the Continent. Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric. Exquisite Model. Perfect Comfort. Guaranteed Wear.  
 The Queen says: "These Corsets are a new departure. The material is cut on the cross, and the component parts being also arranged diagonally, the seams have no strain. They are admirably modelled, exquisitely neat and strong, and the workmanship all that could be desired." Beware of worthless imitations. Every genuine Y & N Corset is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal Seam Corset, No. 216," in oval. Gold Medal New Zealand Exhibition, 1884. GOLD MEDAL HIGHEST AWARD for Corsets, London International Exhibition, 1884. LATEST AWARD!!! GOLD MEDAL, International Exhibition, Edinburgh, 1886. Sold by all Drapers and Ladies Outfitters in the United Kingdom and Colonies.



**INDIAN MUSLIN.**  
 PURE CREAM-COLOURED MUSLIN  
 (25 inches wide), washes well, useful for.  
**DRESSES,** 90 yds. for 12/6  
**CURTAINS,** Free per Post  
**BLINDS,** On receipt of Postal Order.  
**DRAPERIES,**  
**SHADING, &c.,**  
 And in Colours much used for Decoration, Balls, Bazaars, Entertainments, &c. Beautiful Effects at a small cost. Novelties also in Useful and Fancy Fabrics for Dresses and Draperies.  
 PATTERNS AND PRICES POST FREE.  
**JOHN KAY & SONS,** BURNLEY WOOD MILLS, BURNLEY.



Always  
ask for

# Cadbury's

Guaranteed  
Pure and Soluble.

# Cocoa

(REGISTERED.)



HOME, SWEET HOME!

The sweetest homes are  
those where HUDSON'S  
EXTRACT OF SOAP  
is in daily use.



HUDSON'S SOAP for all Domestic Washing, Cleansing, and Scouring.  
Lathers Freely—Softens Water. HUDSON'S SOAP for plates, dishes,  
knives, forks, &c. Leaves no smell. Packets ONE PENNY, Everywhere.

CONSUMERS OF TEA can SAVE FROM 10 to 20 PER CENT.  
BY PURCHASING THESE TEAS.

**ED & CO'S**  
**PURE**  
**TEAS**

Our Teas are of the highest quality, and  
are supplied at the Wholesale Prices.  
Write for Samples and contrast with Tea used  
hitherto. CARRIAGE PAID TO ALL PARTS.  
Prices, 1s. 8d. and 3s. per lb.

ELLIS DAVIES & CO., 44, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

**LEE**  
BEST 6 CORD SEWING  
**COTTON**  
CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD  
GREAT STRENGTH, SPLENDID QUALITY,  
OF ALL DRAPERS

8 LARGE GLASSES OF DELICIOUS 2D  
CUSTARD AT A COST OF

## BIRD'S Custard Powder

The Original and only  
Genuine. No Eggs re-  
quired. Save half the  
cost, and it half the  
trouble. Sold every-  
where, in 6d. and 1s.  
boxes, and 2d. packets.  
Recipes for tasty dishes  
enclosed in each box.

To prevent disappointment  
see that each Packet bears  
the name of the Inventors  
and Manufacturers  
ALFRED BIRD & SONS,  
Derbyshire Works, Bir-  
mingham.

"PASTRY  
and  
SWEETS"  
ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birmingham, will send, post free, on  
receipt of address, the new and enlarged edition of "Pastry  
and Sweets," a little work containing practical hints and original  
Recipes for tasty dishes for the dinner and supper table.

FREE  
PER  
POST

To Secure

# Reckitt's Blue

Genuine, always see the name on the wrapper.

Allen & Hanburys  
"Perfected"  
Cod Liver Oil

"Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—*Lancet*.  
"Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—*British Medical Journal*.  
"No nauseous eructations follow after it is swallowed."—*Medical Press*.  
"It can be borne and digested by the most delicate; is the only oil which does not  
"repeat," and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled bottles  
only at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d. and 5s. Sold everywhere.

**BYNIN, Liquid Malt**, forms a valuable adjunct to  
and nutritious Food, but a powerful aid to the digestion of all starchy  
and farinaceous matters, rendering them easy of assimilation by the most en-  
feebled invalid. BYNIN being liquid is entirely free from the inconvenient  
treacle-like consistence of ordinary Malt Extract; it is very palatable, and  
possesses the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a  
valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, 7s. 9d.